



# MARVEL

## VOLUME 3

Alias  
Amazing Spider-Man  
Daredevil  
New X-Men  
The Pulse



TM

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS



MICHAEL GAYDOS NO.22

# Alias

TM



PARENTAL ADVISORY  
**EXPLICIT**  
**CONTENT**

THE SECRET  
ORIGIN OF  
JESSICA JONES  
2 OF 2



Previously in

# ALiAs

created by  
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BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

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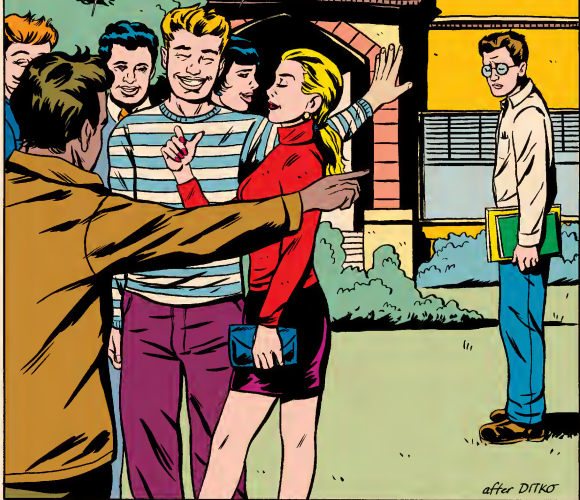
Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



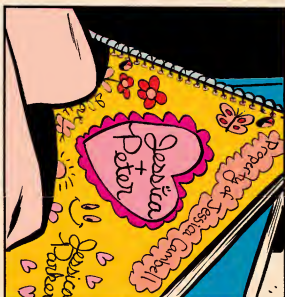
fifteen years ago

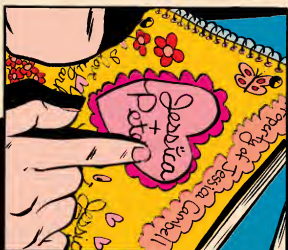
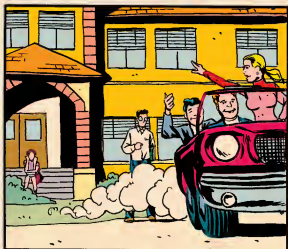
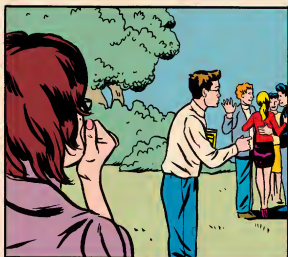
SAY, GANG!  
WE NEED ONE  
MORE GUY FOR THE  
DANCE! HOW ABOUT  
PETER PARKER  
OVER THERE?

ARE YOU  
KIDDIN'? THAT  
BOOKWORM WOULDN'T  
KNOW A CHA-CHA  
FROM A WALTZ!



after DITKO

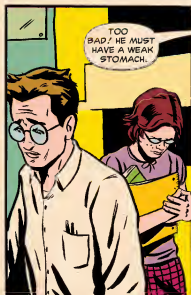
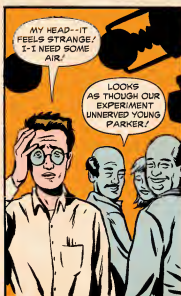
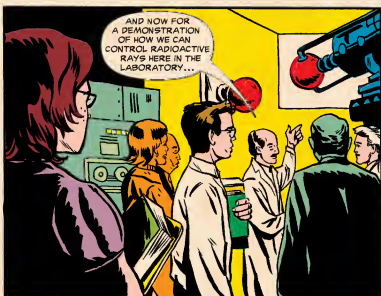




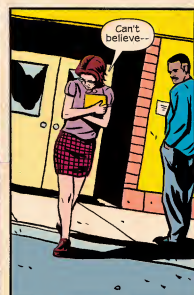
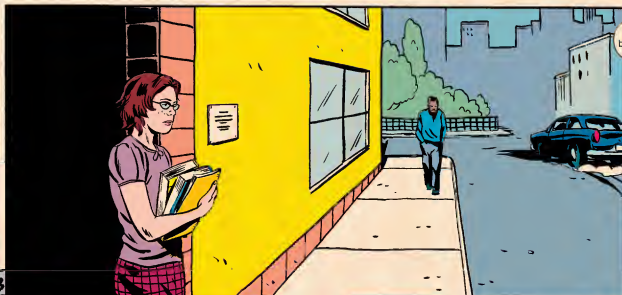
Today.  
Today's the  
day.

Worst  
thing?

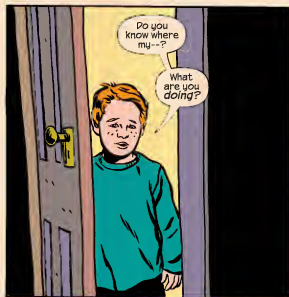
He  
says  
no.



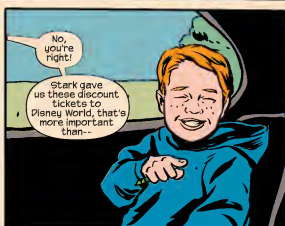
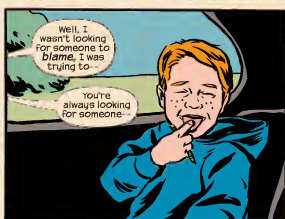
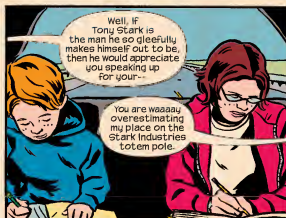
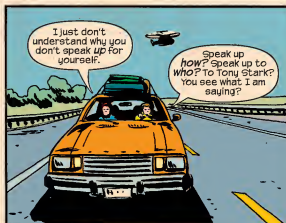


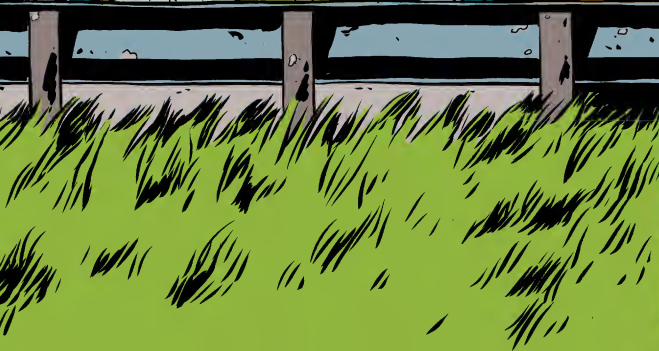
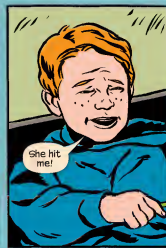






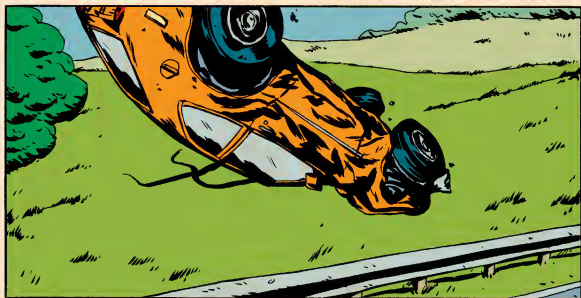
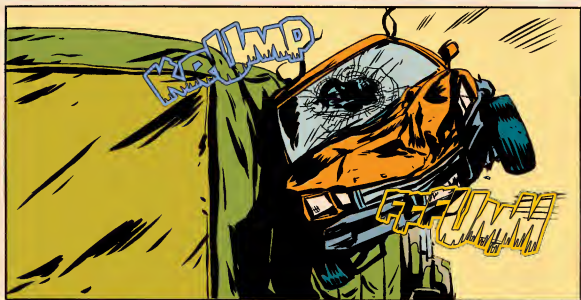
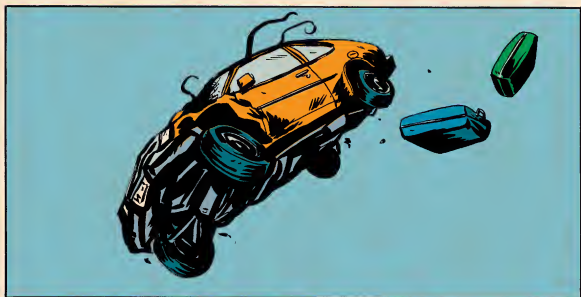












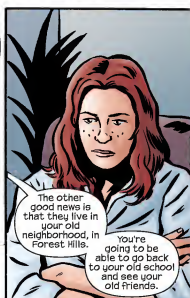
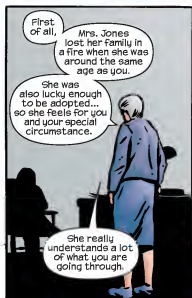
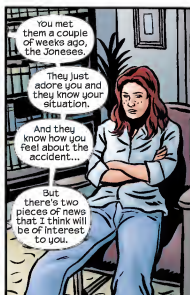
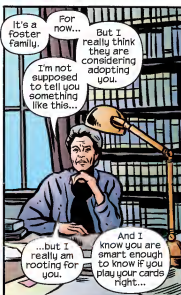


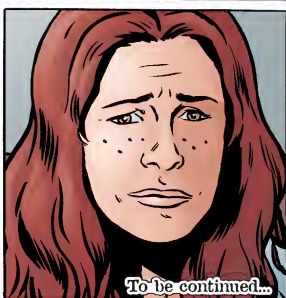
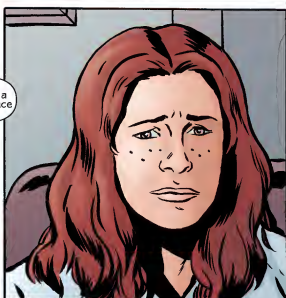
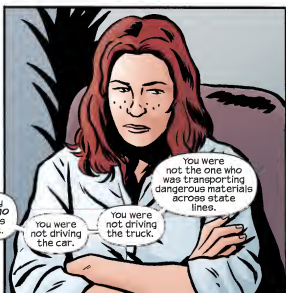












**MARVEL**  
PG 51 4000

STRACZYNSKI  
ROMITA JR  
HANNA

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN





# PROLOGUE. Las Vegas, July 3, 1937.



The story of the Vegas Thirteen is a piece of understated, low-drama back to the future. The story involved a meeting of some of the most powerful blue chips from New York and Nevada.



The meeting was called at the height of the struggle between the Mafia families fighting for control of the Vegas casino, gaming, bootlegging and prostitution businesses.

It was to be a common Mafia plot to resolve the conflict peacefully. Seven bosses, seven businessmen, all agreed.



It was only as the drink began that they noticed only one boss was present. Standing was Alvin Karpis, from New York. There sat trusted businessmen, George East, who was present. The rest were concerned, assuming that Karpis had maybe been declined.



They did not know that Karpis had discovered they were working for one of the rival families, and had helped arrange a reward for on one of Karpis's men. To say the least, they were not off guard.



And Karpis was not off guard.





The result, according to Mob word of mouth, was the biggest hit of its kind since the Saint Valentine's Day Massacre. Six leading Mafia figures and their lieutenants, plus Forelli's consigliere, wiped out in one night, in one bold move.

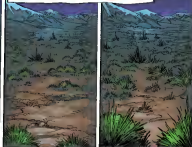
But the Mob had learned a few lessons since the last time something like this was attempted. They wanted no evidence that could be printed in newspapers or magazines. No photos. No witnesses.

No bodies.

Forelli's men carried the bodies out of the Goldfinger Hotel and Casino and transported them across the Nevada desert, well off the beaten track.

The story suggests that the bodies were brought to a pit dug by earth movers in an isolated part of the desert, far from cities or roads, and Forelli's men proceeded to pile the bodies into a mass grave once used for illegally dumped chemicals from several nearby factories.

Here ended the careers of some of the most notorious members of the New York and Nevada crime families. Men raised in blood, who understood only violence, and whose lives ended in a shower of bullets.



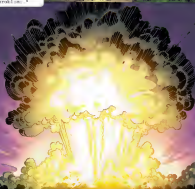
AP NEWS — In a move designed to keep United States military assets at peak readiness, the Pentagon today announced a return to limited testing of high-energy weapons.

"We're looking to gather data on the new technologies we've developed and the degree they may enhance the amount of energy output received, giving us higher yields from smaller payloads," explained General Maxwell Stewart, Pentagon liaison.

"We'll start out with underground testing using what we call pocket devices, small enough to have no effect or environmental impact outside a very small part of the Florida desert. No fallout, no outside damage."

"Our first test will be with a pocket Gamma Device."

"We don't anticipate any problems."





"We believe that gamma rays may have been crucial to the development of life on Earth," explained UCL's Dr. Henry Davis, a leading proponent of gamma ray research.



"That process was set in motion when gamma rays struck the pre-organic compounds and chemical soup of primordial Earth."



"And from that dark, barren wilderness, came life."



"Then, as God said on the seventh day, "



"...let the good times roll."



"So, are we having a good time, or what?"





















rip  
You talk to the girl?  
rip  
Yeah, pretty much up



rip



They said this place was paying off that Project Gemini, you think it's a real deal?

Yeah  
Are not?



Oh... just a guess  
First, I'm gonna knock out my car with hydroplaning and after that...

no what're you gonna do now?



I may need to bring in a consultant...

Yeah, when the car of those...  
Project Gemini...  
I got a gas, the car is real good with that at all...

Well, well, look what I found over here...

What's that?



The part of your brain that knows when to shut the hell up, just as a good thing, a devil one.

So here's what I'm thinking: we get dinner, then maybe a show, the evening producers, even if it isn't the A base anymore, or we can do that near show, the one I can't even remember...



Oh, well, carry...

...we can...



It's not convincing if I just your heart. The way I know this is just your heart. It's not your heart. It's just about...

Parler?



You know that thing people do, where they take a lot because they're nervous so they try to keep things moving, don't let any silence into the conversation, just keep it all light?

Maybe



I was just thinking that... it's a good thing we're just that. I mean it's been a while since we've been around each other, but I think it would be a shame if there were that kind of awkwardness, don't you?

Because it's good. I see where I like that song, "Bounce of Solenoid." I liked "Solitude of the Lamb." I'm even big on "Sweet Night," even when it's a young off boy, which it always is, and...



Could I have another one of those if you've got a minute, because that was good. The whole lip thing, and the fact that you're a girl, I could do that all night, and I go on, perfect day.

Yeah



Parler, how things are, but sometimes...

When Ali came back, I was afraid the Parker luck would hold up, and we wouldn't have any time to spend with each other. That one of my favorite people would come out to play, but so far it's been...

**EEEEEEEEEE!  
HELP!**

— Peter —

**EEEEEEEEEE!  
SOMEONE  
HELP!**

Shugh, Peter. He'll comment on a big spider suit after the game.



Looney! What the hell are you?

About time I wondered what you were gonna do.

**EEEEEEEEEE!**



You did try to get my attention?

It's not like you gave me your phone number. What else am I gonna do?

You know how many other guys came by before you finally showed up? Besides, this half the Fantastic Four, which I guess mostly by the comic too.

**EEEEEEEEEE**



So why didn't you call one of them?

I don't know them. I know you one because in my life is plenty of them.

Two days ago and I finally was going steady. You're such a jerk!

Die more nervous and I'm playing "MCA" on the radio. Oh, Louis is German.

I'm all yours.





There we did a search on the inactive files we keep on guys who are presumed dead or missing, but don't know for a fact. Because sometimes guys are there and they come out of hiding behind their names and surprise us.

Gurt answers, we found a match.



This thumbprint, over here? It belongs to a mob enforcer named Scarlo Costello.



So if you know who this guy is, why...

Well, on him, whatever.

God, this is what happens when you don't tell people. First what, then he says, "You always like this?"



So yeah, we know who Scarlo Costello is. First problem is he was legit, soon in risk, and he was thirty-two years old at the time. That's make him...

Scarlo Costello.

You're doing it again.

Sorry, it's a math thing. I can't help myself.



Second problem... the fingerprint on the index finger belongs to Jimmy "Little Bear" Picante. Also considered dead or missing, and I wasn't telling you how old he was when he disappeared in '81 because I can't remember you said the man living on the same floor, but...



Wait a minute.

Two fingerprints, from two different guys, on the same hand? That's not possible.

That's why I called you. Well, not your body, who can do this too a little of what is probably a little outside my range.



Anything else on this guy?

Yeah, two things. First, one of the witnesses heard him say, "The Force is the Force and back in lower Manhattan, he's a grocer."

Green?

Green. As in, it's not really being.













MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL  
PG 46  
426

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV



MARVEL.COM

HARDCORE  
1 OF 5

# DAREDEVIL

THE MASKED FEAR!





ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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**JOE QUESADA**

EDITOR IN CHIEF

**BILL JEMAS**

PRESIDENT

Previously in Daredevil...

One of the biggest tabloid newspapers in the city outted Matt Murdock with the following headline: Daredevil's Secret Identity Revealed!

The secret is out.

Matt Murdock is now faced with a continuing uphill battle of publicly denying his secret life as Daredevil because simply admitting it would get him disbarred and he would face jail time.

But Matt's public struggle makes his alter ego more popular with the people than ever before.

Meanwhile, the ousted Kingpin of crime left the streets of Hell's Kitchen ripe for the picking.

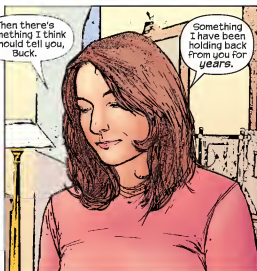
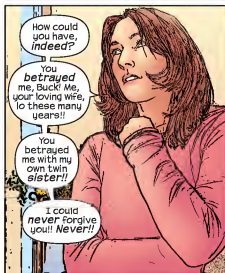
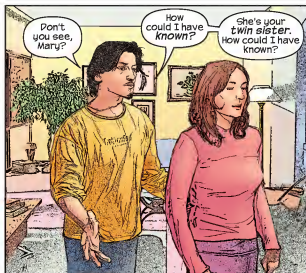
The Owl, selling a drug called MGH (mutant growth hormone), a new street drug that gives the user temporary genetic powers, tried to use Daredevil's new public troubles to his benefit.

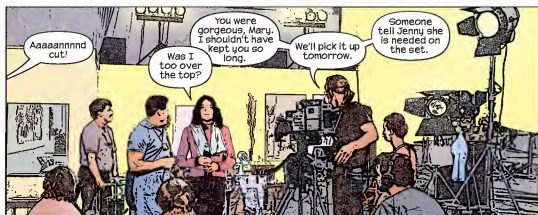
When the FBI raid The Owl's club, The Owl makes a run for it, but Daredevil steps in and publicly beats him.

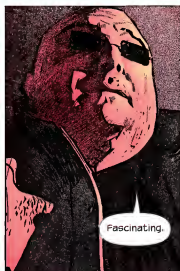
Earlier, Daredevil rescued a blind girl named Milla from almost being hit by a truck. When Milla came to visit Matt Murdock to thank him for saving her, they struck up an odd attraction and went on a date. A date that was interrupted when overzealous police detectives brought Matt in for questioning.

And now... The Kingpin has returned and is on a quest of revenge against those who ousted him from his once untouchable label of KINGPIN OF CRIME.

## Hardcore • Part 1

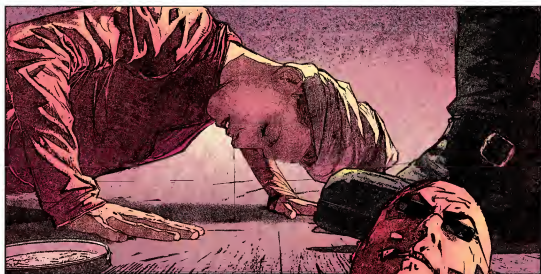
















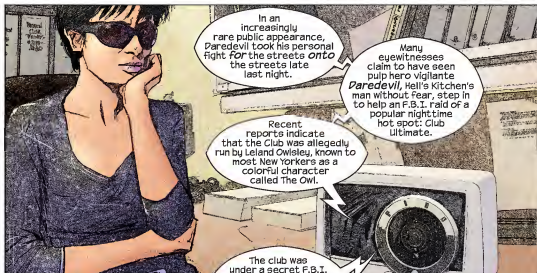
Mary,  
darling, I  
missed you  
so much.

So very  
much.



"Quite  
contrary."

Said Mary  
Mary.



In an increasingly rare public appearance, Daredevil took his personal fight for the streets onto the streets late last night.

Many eyewitnesses claim to have seen pulp hero vigilante **Daredevil**, Hell's Kitchen's man without fear, step in to help an F.B.I. raid of a popular nighttime hot spot: Club Ultimate.

Recent reports indicate that the Club was allegedly run by Leland Owlsley, known to most New Yorkers as a colorful character called The Owl.

The club was under a secret F.B.I. investigation for drug trafficking and other alleged criminal activity; the local bureau of the F.B.I. flashed a warrant and raided the club at 2:22 in the AM.



When the raid turned abruptly violent, The Owl made an attempt to escape through the crowd, only to find himself face-to-face with the red-cowled Daredevil right in the middle of the street.

"It was an old school street fight," said one observer of the violent brouhaha.

As previously reported, rumors have been flying for months that blind attorney Matt Murdock is the costumed vigilante... or is somehow connected to him.

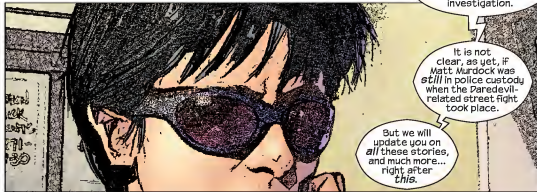


--the newspaper that initially made the allegations against Murdock in the first place.

As reported in our evening newscast, Murdock and an unidentified woman were taken into questioning by police as part of the murder investigation of Uri Rosenthal, owner and publisher of the Daily Globe--

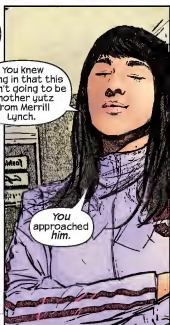
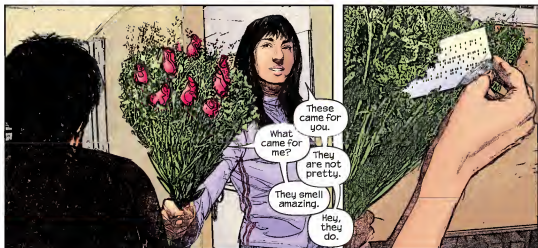
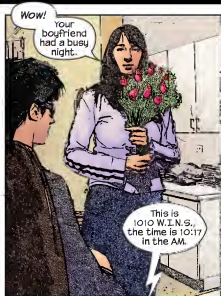
The police have informed the media that Murdock is *not* a suspect in that investigation and that the questioning was routine and professional.

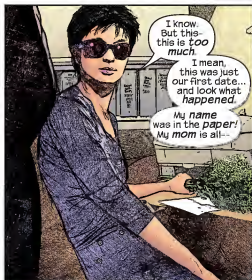
Police Captain Garadon went on record to **thank** Murdock for his cooperation in their investigation.



It is not clear, as yet, if Matt Murdock was **still** in police custody when the Daredevil-related street fight took place.

But we will update you on **all** these stories, and much more... right after **this**.





I know.  
But this is too  
much.

I mean,  
this was just  
our first date...  
and look what  
happened.

My name  
was in the paper!  
My mom is all--



You ask  
me- it's the best  
first date I ever  
heard of.



What?



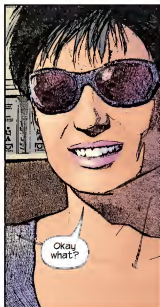
Did he kill  
the guy the  
cops asked  
about?



No. No, he  
was at his office.  
I was there then.  
He didn't--



So,  
okay.



Okay  
what?



Okay.  
Let's go  
over it...

He's totally  
Robert Redford  
when he was  
young.

He's built.

He's rich.

He's  
successful.  
He's vaguely  
famous.

He's  
clearly  
ambitious.

I'm saying  
maybe we're  
setting our sights  
a little high here.  
This guy is a major  
catch.



He puts  
on a devil  
costume!







I give you credit for running as far away from me as you possibly could, Walter.

I almost gave up on ever finding you...



...but as I lay in bed one night I remembered a conversation we had over drinks with the Mayor.



"...Find a girl who looked like Rita Hayworth in Gilda..."

...and drink myself to death."

You said: "What I really would like to do is cash in all my chips and buy a little townhouse in Argentina..."







Wilson, I didn't take one dime of your money.

I did what I promised you I would do.

Your wife killed your son. Vanessa did it. Not me.



I did—your words: I did everything in my power to give Vanessa whatever she needed.



And do you *really* think that it was my *wish* for you to conspire to destroy my empire... and to murder my son?

under the circumstance--

Be quiet!



Then I take it Vanessa is no longer with us.



Well...

Knowing as we both do that this is probably the last conversation we will ever have...

Why don't you think about what kind of a man you are if your own son conspires to have you killed...

...while the only woman you love would rather destroy your empire, steal all of your money, and leave you to bleed to death in some foreign country...

...than be with you.

L'chaim, fat ass.

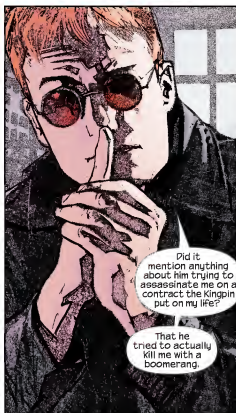


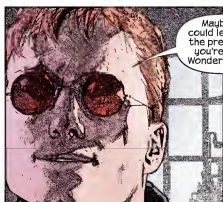
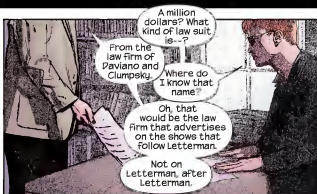




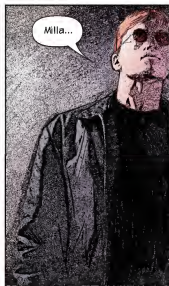
# SON & MURDOCK

## ATTORNEYS AT LAW













It's me,  
Mary.







**MAX**  
COMICS

TM

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS



MICHAEL GAYDOS NO. 23

PARENTAL ADVISORY  
**EXPLICIT  
CONTENT**

# Alias<sup>TM</sup>

THE SECRET  
ORIGIN OF  
JESSICA JONES  
2 OF 2



Previously in

# ALiAs

created by  
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

story

MICHAEL GAYDOS

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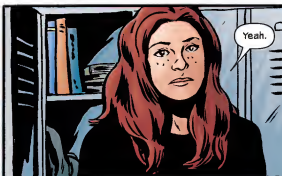
editor in chief

BILL JEMAS

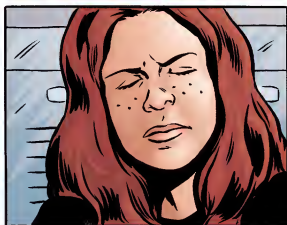
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.











Rrrr!!  
Freaky coma  
girl!!



Dude,  
don't...come  
off...



Rrrr!!!  
Commaaa!!!

Cooooomaaaaa!!!  
Coommaa!!



Nyyaarrgghh!!



Ah!

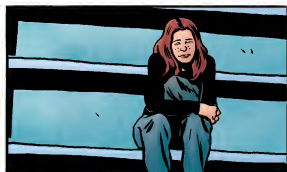


Fuckers!

Seriously,  
all of you, die!



Just  
die!!



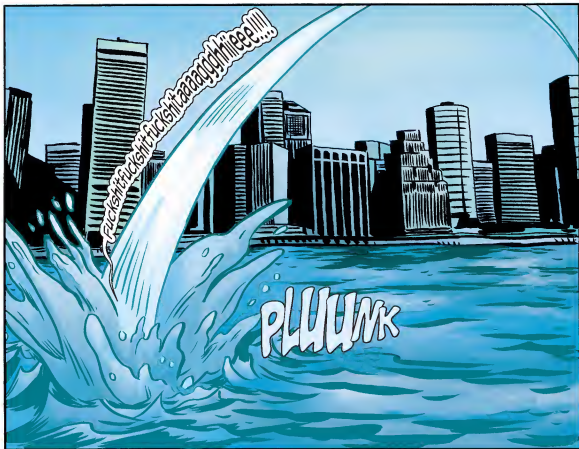


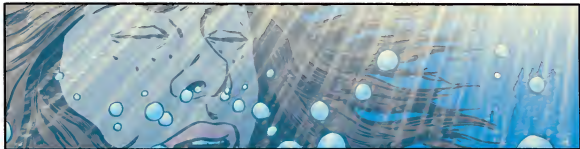
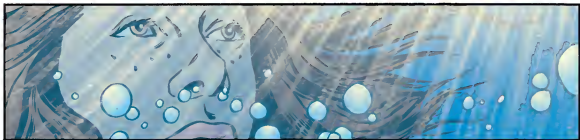
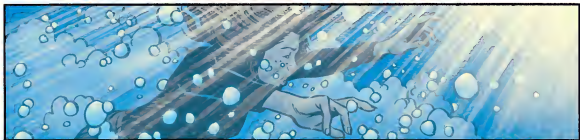
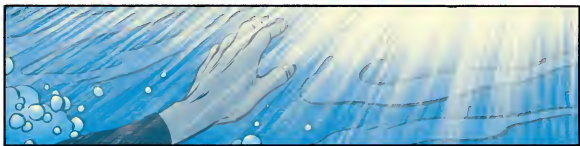


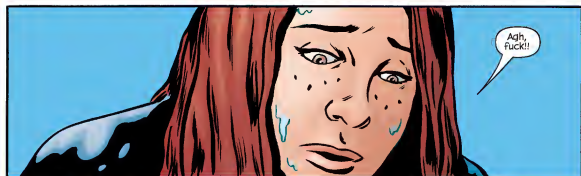
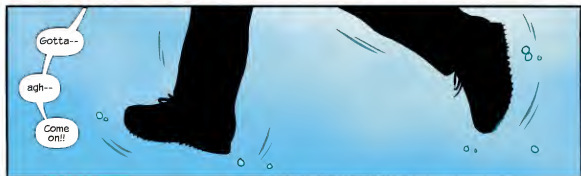




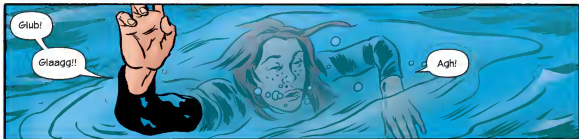
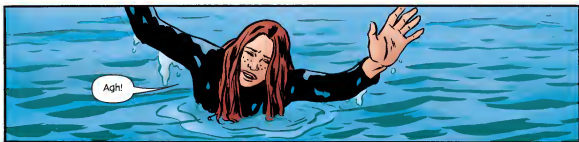
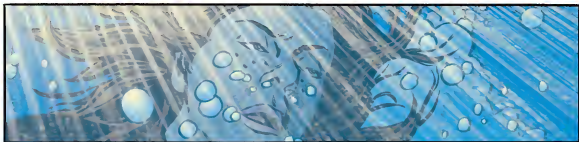
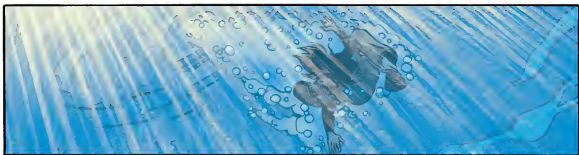


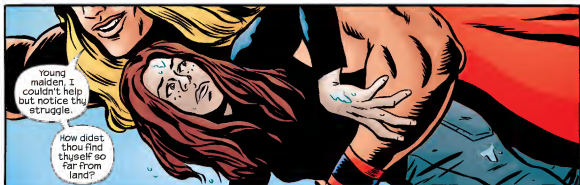


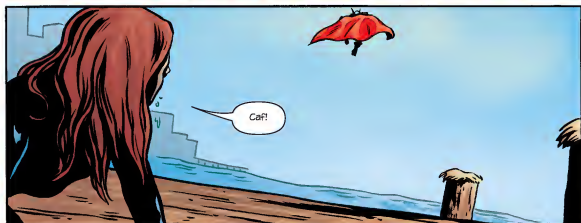


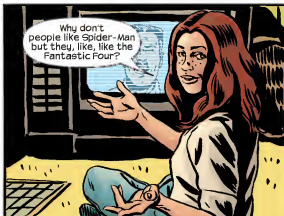
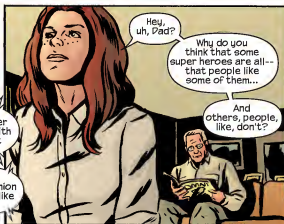
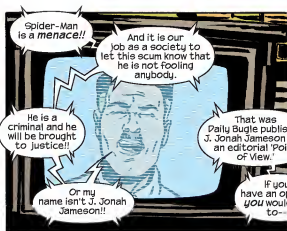


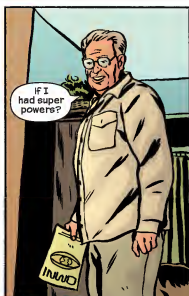




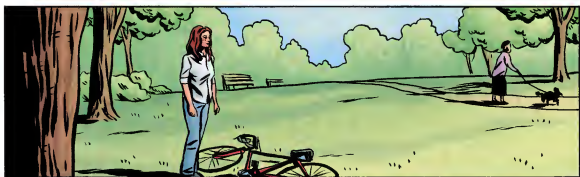








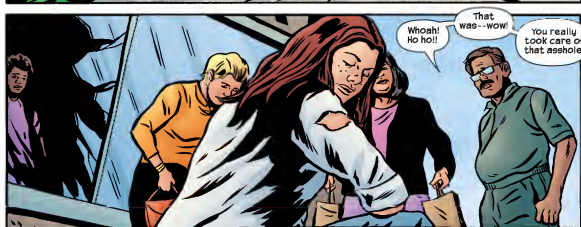
















Next issue: purple

**MARVEL**  
PG 52

STRACZYNSKI

ROMITA JR.

HANNA

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



DIRECT EDITION



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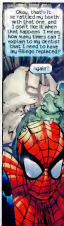






























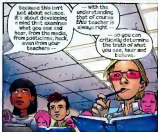




The three key ingredients in science are observation, analysis, and replication.

You observe what's happening, analyze the possible causes, then attempt to replicate the events to verify that your analysis was correct.

But it all starts with observation.



Because this isn't just about science. It's about developing a mind that examines what you see and hear, from the media, from politicians, heck, even from your teachers --

-- with the understanding that of course this teacher is always right --

-- so you can critically determine the truth of what you see, hear and believe.



Observation makes you aware of life. So much of the time, we let the moments pass by without really seeing them, appreciating them. We get so caught up in where we're going that we don't see where we are.

A scientist has to think about the future but live in the moment, see the moment.



"It starts with making a conscious effort to be aware of the world around you."

"Vietnam?"  
"Where, the hell is Vietnam?"



"Otherwise you will find that truth is a constantly shifting concept."

"So right-track tapes are the format of the future..."

"No, wait, cassette..."

"Oh, right, that's the..."

"Paper? That's storing music in underwear now?"  
"No, that's a tape, get hold of yourself..."



"Otherwise the world can just pass you by."

"We built the biggest towers in this world... and somebody knocked them down?"

"We elected an actor president?"

"Prisons are under suspension and a half-mad singer is called Madonna?"

"Rock-and-roll? Don't make it grade school!"



"HAD THE WHOLE FREAKING WORLD GONE MADD?"







I prefer to think of it as high-tech spyboy series.

The text page used to meet readers at the end of plan seven.



From a distance, he looks like an old, tired man staring at the end of his life and the consequence of one part.

I force myself to remember who and what he was, and what he did. Even the guys grow old.

Here's the pity.

Okay, you can start the celebration. I'm here. No what is the problem?



Look at the water. What do you see?

All the junk that I wash up on the Jersey shore by morning just as God intended. Other than that, not much.

Secretly.



One hour ago, there was a boat here.

It came in under cover of darkness. It was from one of our overseas suppliers.

Drugs or smuggled goods?

I do not deal in drugs, fled business.

Okay, smuggling, then. And...



Do you see a boat here now...



"The captain radios in to say they had arrived. Then silence. About an hour later, we received one last message."

"They were screaming."



"Then... silence."



The captain, his crew, they were from Italy, half of them did not even know or understand what it was they were carrying. They were only there. It was a good job, a paying job. A chance to see New York.



You are concerned with the parents of innocents, Spider-man. This I know about you. There are many of them, not all of them, were innocents.



As far as my daughter.



She knows little of what is said about me, and believes me. What I have done in this past, is what I have done. If there was a price to be paid, I was willing to pay it.

It is not right that she should pay the price for my sins.

Not right at all.



I will tell you as much as I can. You will perhaps understand why I cannot say more.

And perhaps you will understand more than I wish you to understand. It is unfair to say, a chance I must take.

Do you remember when I asked you if you had plans for the weekend, and you said no?

Yeah...



"You do now."



"These were dangerous people, Spider-Man. Others know. Others, daughters of the old school, back when they still spelled gangsters the right way."



"I think I... may know where this ended up. Just sources, you understand. It would help me to sleep at night to know they are still... where they were."

"Where they should be."

"Because..."



"Is there anything else you need?"

"No, I'm fine, thanks."

"Are you sure?"



"Webster Forelli said I was to make sure you had everything and... anything you wanted."

"That sure must be very uncomfortable!"

"No, I uh..."



"But you can leave the mask on if you like."



"Tell the truth, I like it. Spider-Man, please!"



"So, now it is going with our quest?"

"Fine..."



"Just fine."

"Just slide the food through the web and nobody gets hurt."



No lines at the airport.  
No waiting for a car. No  
flats, no mums, right into  
the pickiest set of wheels  
I've ever touched.



The private jets, the  
money, the women,  
the style... I began to  
understand how a guy  
can get pulled into  
this life.

Which just  
makes it that  
much scarier,  
if you ask me.



It would be to reach  
the spot, "wouldn't it?"  
But mob guys aren't  
exactly known for  
their imagination.

HONK!  
HONK!

What  
the...

Doesn't make it a bit  
harder to find what I'm  
looking for, though.



EVEN NINETY-YEAR-OLD GRANNAS SAY STOP MESSING AROUND WITH GAMMAS!



Hey,  
how's it  
going?

Great,  
dude, where've  
you been?

Well,  
I...

No sweat, man. We've  
been here for days. Always  
time for new blood to show  
up, so the rest of us can  
take a break.

They attack  
the first, but point  
the middle before we  
could do anything, but  
now that we're here,  
they can't. Look, my  
radio's broken.





The Army boys are pissed, but we're on pissed land, and they can't do anything until they can get a restraining order, and our guys in town are fighting it all the way.



That's great, I mean, it's a good cause. But what made you think I'm with you? I was just driving and —

Climb, man, don't play around. No one what you had.



Ground zero, man.

Ground zero.



The problem with the desert is that there's nothing to swing from.



But like I always say, when life hands you a lemon...

...suck it in somebody's eye and run like hell.



Question is, what does a test site have to do with these bodies are supposed to be buried?



Get her to  
be safe  
then sorry.



-- If you'll  
come this way,  
General, we'll  
show you the  
latest.



Ever since we found  
the first living samples,  
we've been carefully digging  
through the layers, pulling  
out whatever we  
can find.



So far we've identified  
the remains of nearly a  
dozen people. We're pretty  
sure all of them were males,  
but we're still running  
tests. We also found  
traces of bullet  
fragments.

Apparently  
this used to  
be some kind of  
chemical dump,  
decades ago.

What  
were the  
bodies doing  
here?



unknown. All we do know is that  
all these chemicals interacted the  
same of the deceased, preserving  
them against the ravages of time.  
The desert climate also helped,  
the heat cooking the chemicals  
over the course  
of decades.



When the gamma  
bomb was detonated  
above ground, it must  
have interacted with  
the chemicals and the  
preserved organic  
material and --

And  
what?



The skin samples we've  
removed so far from the site  
have essentially reconstituted  
themselves. Bone, skin, a heart,  
or a circulatory system, or  
organ, they continue to  
survive. We actually can't  
figure out how to kill  
the tissue.



But this is what we're worried about the most. As you can see, something dug its way out of the blast crater after the explosion.

Not possible. Nothing could have survived that explosion.



That's correct, sir. Nothing that was alive before the blast.

But that doesn't cover something that was dead, or artificially preserved, prior to the blast.



We don't know for sure, but given the missing body parts, it's possible that some of the pieces may have actually merged into one coherent form. Given what it would have taken to dig out from under tons of debris, the opening burst may have also given it tremendous strength.

Great, just great. That's just what we need...



...a Japanese puzzle ball that can't be killed because it's already dead...

I'd sure hate to meet one of those in a dark alley, somewhere.



To be continued.

MARVEL KNIGHTS®

MARVEL  
PG 47  
427

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV



MARVEL.COM

HARDCORE

2 OF 5

# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Previously in Daredevil...

One of the biggest tabloid newspapers in the city ousted Matt Murdock. Daredevil's secret identity was revealed.

The secret is out.

Matt Murdock is now faced with a continuing uphill battle of publicly denying his secret life as Daredevil because simply admitting it would get him disbarred and he would face jail time.

But Matt's public struggle makes his alter ego more popular with the people of Hell's Kitchen than ever before.

Meanwhile, the ousted Kingpin of Crime left the streets of Hell's Kitchen ripe for the picking.

The Owl, selling a drug called MGH (mutant growth hormone) — a new street drug that gives the user temporary genetic powers—tried to use Daredevil's new public troubles to his benefit.

When the FBI raid The Owl's club, he makes a run for it, but Daredevil steps in and publicly defeats him.

And now... The Kingpin has returned. Wilson Fisk is on a quest for revenge against those who ousted him from his once untouchable label of Kingpin OF CRIME.

## Hardcore • Part 2







No-- wait,  
did you say  
Four?

I'm  
sorry-- that's  
350.



All of  
a sudden  
it's 350.

Thank you  
muchly.



Go see  
my associate  
wearing the purple  
Nike sweatshirt  
'round the other  
side of this here  
arch... and thank  
you for shopping  
with us.

Have  
a nice  
day.



Okay,  
that's the  
haul.

Take  
twenty off  
the top for  
yourself...

Then take  
the rest over to  
the guy-- tell him I need  
more product. And that  
it's becoming a  
concern.

Tell him I  
don't have enough  
to run my corner  
tomorrow.

I need  
product.

Yeah.  
You  
got it?

I  
knows.  
No dilly-  
dallyin'.

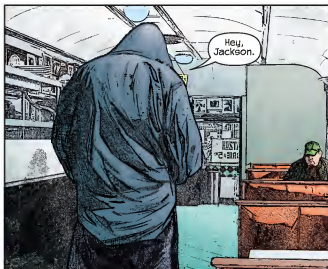
Rodney



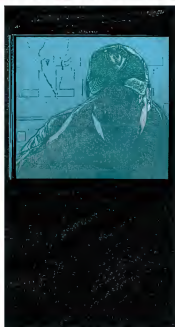
And don't  
skim nothing or  
someone's gonna  
hurt you.

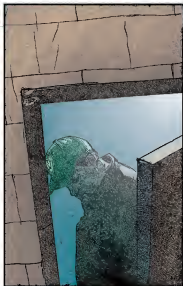
I  
knows.











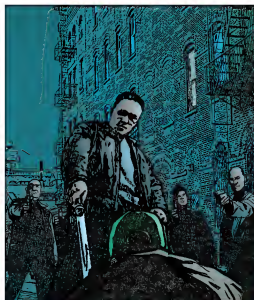
Hello?

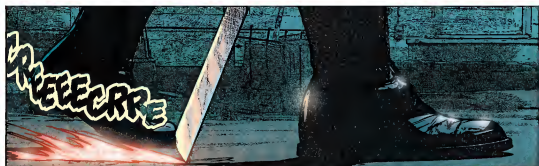


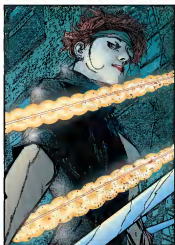
Oh my God...



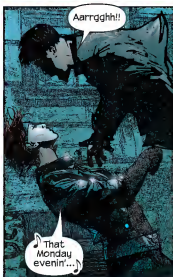
















Aagh!! Oh!!  
Oogghh!!

Every  
other day,  
every other  
day



Every  
other day of  
the week is  
fine,

Yeah!!!

Aaagghhh!!!!



And  
the thing  
is...

I didn't  
even eat the  
cheese.



Aaggh--  
guk.

Oh my  
God...





Wilson

Do you know who I am?



Can I make him burn?



No, sweetie. He has a job to do.

Lackey, I want you to tell your master to stay in Philadelphia or I will kill his daughter.



Y-yes.



Oh, thank God...



Thank God you're back, Mr. Flek.

What's your name?

Samuel. I- I used to collect for you through Dini.

Can I make him burn?

Samuel, I leave it to you to put the word out.



Tell them...

In the back.

After ten PM tomorrow.



Josie's.

In the back.

Ten.

ONE DAY AGO



I don't know if you remember me, Mr. Fisk...

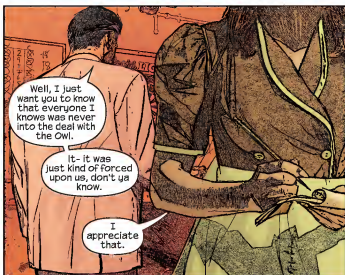


But I kinda used to work for you, during that whole 'tablet' situation-- back in the day.

I remember you.

Just muscle and stuff.

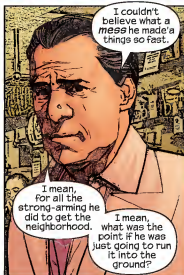
I remember.



Well, I just want you to know that everyone I knows was never into the deal with the Owl.

It- it was just kind of forced upon us, don't ya know.

I appreciate that.



I couldn't believe what a mess he made a things so fast.

I mean, for all the strong-arming he did to get the neighborhood.

I mean, what was the point if he was just going to run it into the ground?



What I got here is a small token of my appreciation...

All the money you'd made us over the years and- and all the protection you done brought us over da years.



I wanted you to know that if you do get back into it you can count on my support and my business.

Thank you.



It- it woulda been more but times been tough without you. Shaky, you know?

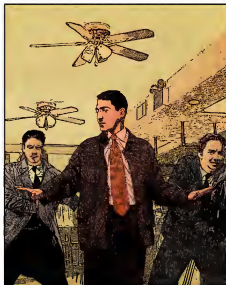
I mean, this Owl jerk didn't know nothing about runnin' the streets.

Not like you, not like...

I hope you plan on declaring that on your federal income tax, Fisk.







This is for you.



Recently, you raided a nightclub that the Owl was running, but...

He also had an office down at the pier.

At this office he set up surveillance equipment in an attempt to catch Matt Murdock, dressed in his Daredevil outfit, doing something you agents would be able to pinch him for.



We imagine that he was never able to get anything on Daredevil.

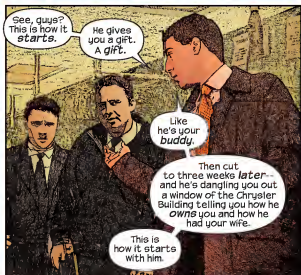
But what he *did* get is very clear footage of his own incriminating meetings with a half dozen drug dealers.

Known drug dealers that work in this city.

This puts the Owl away for good.



This is for you.





















TM BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS MICHAEL GAYDOS NO. 24

# Alias™

**PURPLE  
PART 1**



PARENTAL ADVISORY  
**EXPLICIT  
CONTENT**

Previously in

# ALIAS

created by  
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

story

MICHAEL GaYDOS

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MaTT HOLLINGSWORTH

colors

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letters

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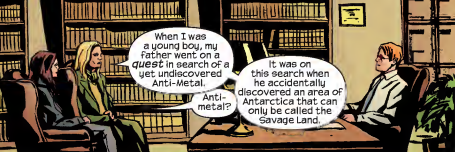
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



# Murdock and Nelson, Attorneys at-Law, Hell's Kitchen





When I was a young boy, my father went on a quest in search of a yet undiscovered Anti-Metal.

Anti-Metal?

It was on this search when he accidentally discovered an area of Antarctica that can only be called the Savage Land.



It's a jungle paradise hidden deep in the bowels of Antarctica. It is a land described as "the land time forgot."

Jungle animals long thought extinct live and walk freely. Dinosaurs and man coexist.

This is the land I make my home.

No shit.

Oh!! Y'know, I read about this-- this is for *real* then?



Wow, how did you make it out of there?

I didn't.

I met a sabretooth tiger-- and it was in his care and protection that I grew to manhood.

In the jungle?

In the Savage Land.

No shit.



My wife Shanna and I have had no luck finding Zabu. He has been missing for months.

We have exhausted every possible lead or--or idea we had on where to find him.

We need your help--a detective's help.



After Federal agents found what my father had discovered, my father feared for our safety and took me back to the Savage Land to live.

Soon after we arrived, natives killed my father, leaving me an orphan in the tropical wild.

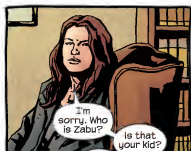


I eventually became referred to as Ka-Zar, "Son of the Tiger!"

As I said, it is there I make my home.



Someone with intuitive skills in the area of--







## Alias Investigations

Hi  
Ms. Jones.

My name  
is Jim Eldred. I  
would like to  
schedule an  
appointment.

I think--I'm  
pretty sure the  
Hulk is fucking my  
wife.

I don't  
have proof or  
anything but I see  
the way she looks  
at him on the TV  
and there's  
something--

I--uh--I  
would like to  
hire you to  
follow her.

Jesus!

Ever since the  
Daily Bugle said something  
nice about me the wackos  
have been popping out of  
the effin' woodwork.

I can't  
take these  
losers' money.

Well, I could.  
But, I can't.

I need a *real*  
case. A real case.  
Something *juicy*.

Tsk--and I was such a  
bitch to that Ka-Zar hotty  
but I couldn't go to the  
fucking jungle in the middle of  
fucking nowhere.

Matt's probably  
pissed, but I was  
getting so nauseous  
in his office and I had  
to get out of there.

Still feel  
like I might--

I should call and  
apologize before  
he totally--

Um, hi,  
I am calling for  
Jessica Jones.

My name is  
Kim Rourke. I am--  
uh--calling on behalf  
of a--a few families that  
are all looking for some--  
uh some information  
about the same  
person.

I  
don't know if  
that is something  
you do or not, I  
have never called  
an investigator  
before.

Initially I  
had called Avengers  
Mansion about our  
problem and a woman  
said I should call  
you...

...and that  
not only did you  
have incredible  
intuitiveness as an  
investigator...

...but you  
also had a prior  
history with the  
person.

We need  
help getting  
information  
on--well...

His  
name is  
Killgrave...



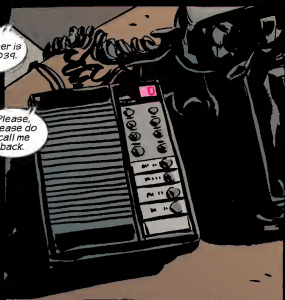
...but--but  
they call him the  
Purple Man in the  
newspaper.

This is--  
well, this is a very  
important situation for  
us and I really hope  
you call us  
back.



My cell  
phone number is  
212-555-4039.

Please,  
please do  
call me  
back.



Thank  
you.

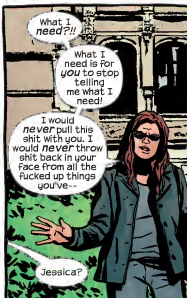
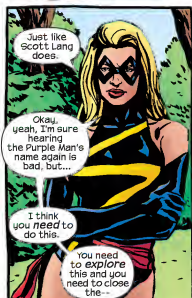
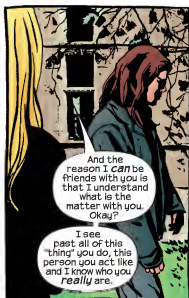


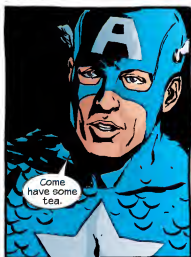
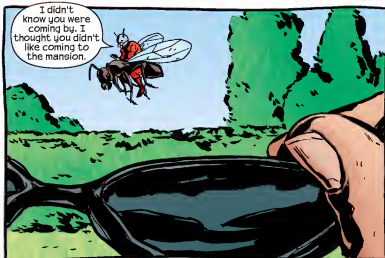


# Avengers Mansion



















# Alias Investigations



Um, hi,  
I am calling for  
Jessica Jones.

My name is  
Kim Rourke. I am--  
uh--calling on behalf  
of a--a few families that  
are all looking for some--  
uh some information  
about the same  
person.

I  
don't know if  
that is something  
you do or not, I  
have never called  
an investigator  
before.



Initially I  
had called Avengers  
Mansion about our  
problem and a woman  
said I should  
call you...

...and that  
not only did you  
have incredible  
intuitiveness as an  
investigator...

...but you  
also had a prior  
history with the  
person.



We need  
help getting  
information  
on--well...

His  
name is  
Killgrave...

...but--but  
they call him the  
Purple Man in the  
newspaper.









What do you know about Killgrave, the Purple Man?

Uh--um--I know that Killgrave was a spy for another country and--and that he tried to steal some sort of experimental gas.

And that the gas infected him, or something, and that the contents drenched him and died his skin.

Oh.

What?

He--uh--we never knew exactly how it was he got his powers--

Oh, well, why don't--why don't you tell me what you know.

There were--there were 84 people eating at a Penny's not ten miles from here.

84 people died in that restaurant, because this maniac wanted some eggs in quiet.

This is just one of forty recorded incidents like this, incidents that, frankly, I can't even find the words for.

I just don't--

This thing--

With hypnosis--they say that the hypnotist can't make you do anything you don't already want to do.

Killgrave walked in, ordered some eggs, he announced that the noise was bothering him and asked everyone in the restaurant to stop breathing.

The cook and dishwashers were the only survivors. They made him his eggs.

He quietly ate them, read a paper and left.

Eggs.

I looked it up, I asked I know.

My sister--she did not want to kill herself! There's no way she--

It isn't hypnosis.

Killgrave, um, has the power to overpower people's wills.

He can make people do whatever he wants.

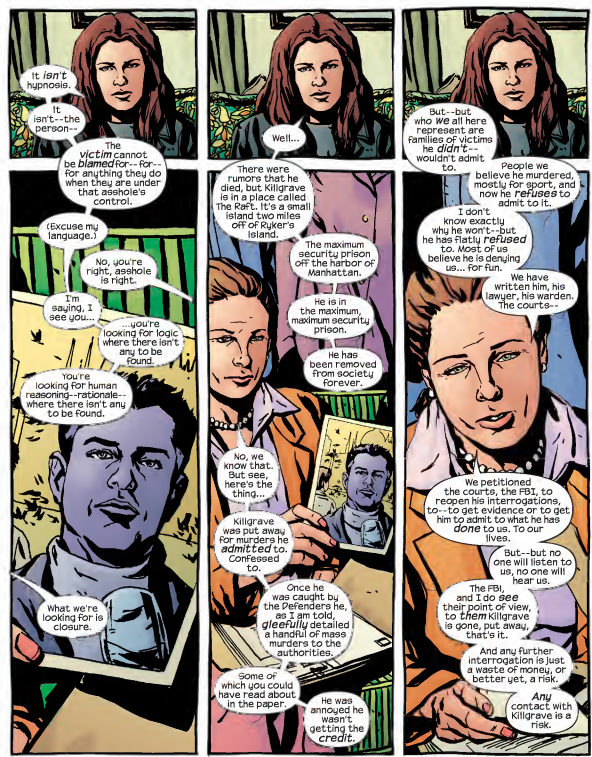
His power originates from his skin cells.

The pheromones and--and other secretions in his skin produce a combination of these psychoactive chemicals...

...which are inhaled by people without them knowing--against their will--

or absorbed from the air through the skin.

And supposedly the chemicals induce a monomania--an overwhelming--mania.



It isn't hypnosis.

It isn't the person--

The victim cannot be blamed for--for anything they do when they are under that asshole's control.

(Excuse my language.)

No, you're right, asshole is right.

I'm saying, I see you--

...you're looking for logic where there isn't any to be found.

You're looking for human reasoning--rationality--where there isn't any to be found.

Killgrave was put away for murders he admitted to. Confessed to.

What we're looking for is closure.

Some of which you could have read about in the paper.

He was annoyed he wasn't getting the credit.

Well...

There were rumors he murdered, mostly for sport, and now he refuses to admit to it.

The maximum security prison off the harbor of Manhattan.

He is in the maximum, maximum security prison.

He has been removed from society forever.

No, we know that. But see, here's the thing--

Once he was caught by the Peledanders, as I am told, gleefully detailed a handful of mass murders to the authorities.

Any contact with Killgrave is a risk.

But--but who we all here represent are families of victims he didn't wouldn't admit to.

I don't know exactly why he won't--but he has flatly refused to. Most of us believe he is denying us--for fun.

We have written him, his lawyer, his warden. The courts--

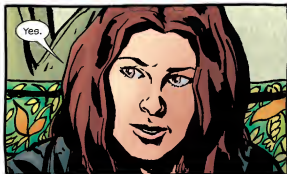
We petitioned the courts, the FBI, to reopen his interrogations, to--to get evidence on to get him to admit to what he has done to us. To our lives.

But--but no one will listen to us, no one will hear us.

The FBI and I do see their point of view, to them Killgrave is gone, put away, that's it.

And any further interrogation is just a waste of money, or better yet, a risk.

Any contact with Killgrave is a risk.







E IS FOR EXTINCTION

ONE OF THREE

# NEW X-MEN





WOLVERINE  
YOU CAN  
PROBABLY STOP  
DOING THAT  
NOW.



**THIRTY THOUSAND  
YEARS EARLIER:**

THIS  
IS HOW IT  
HAPPENED  
THE  
LAST  
TIME.



HOMO SAPIENS NEANDERTHALENSIS.  
THE LAST, UNLUCKY REMNANTS OF  
THEIR KIND.

SOON TO  
BE REPLACED BY A  
SMARTER, FASTER, MORE  
AGGRESSIVE SPECIES:  
HOMO SAPIENS  
SAPIENS.

MEET OUR  
ANCESTORS,  
WIPING OUT THE  
COMPETITION.

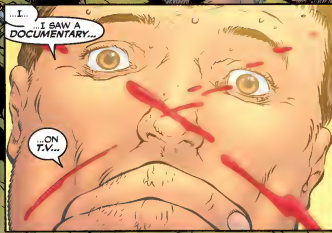


DOES IT  
HAVE TO BE SO  
REAL? THEY'RE  
BITING PIECES  
OFF.



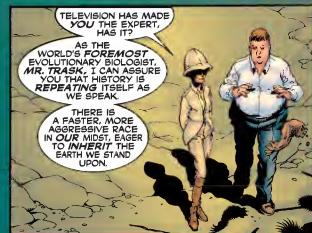
I'M SURE  
I. THERE'S NO  
EVIDENCE.

TO PROVE THAT  
NEANDERTHAL MAN WAS  
SLAUGHTERED...



...I... I SAW A  
DOCUMENTARY.

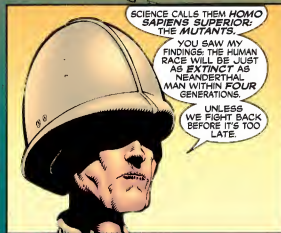
...ON  
T.V...



TELEVISION HAS MADE  
YOU THE EXPERT.  
HAS IT?

AS THE  
WORLD'S FOREMOST  
EVOLUTIONARY BIOLOGIST,  
MR. TRASK, I CAN ASSURE  
YOU THAT HISTORY IS  
REPEATING ITSELF AS  
WE SPEAK.

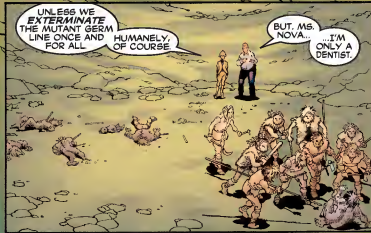
THERE IS  
A FASTER, MORE  
AGGRESSIVE RACE  
IN OUR MIDST, EAGER  
TO INHERIT THE  
EARTH WE STAND  
UPON.



SCIENCE CALLS THEM HOMO  
SAPIENS SUPERIOR.  
THE MUTANTS.

YOU SAW MY  
FINDINGS: THE HUMAN  
RACE WILL BE JUST  
AS EXTINCT AS  
NEANDERTHAL  
MAN WITHIN FOUR  
GENERATIONS.

UNLESS  
WE FIGHT BACK  
BEFORE IT'S TOO  
LATE.



UNLESS WE  
EXTERMINATE  
THE MUTANT GERM  
LINE ONCE AND  
FOR ALL.

HUMANELY,  
OF COURSE.

BUT MS.  
NOVA... I'M  
ONLY A  
DENTIST.

SCOTT SUMMERS/CYCLOPS

JEAN GREY

EMMA FROST

HENRY MCCOY PH.D./BEAST

LOGAN/WOLVERINE

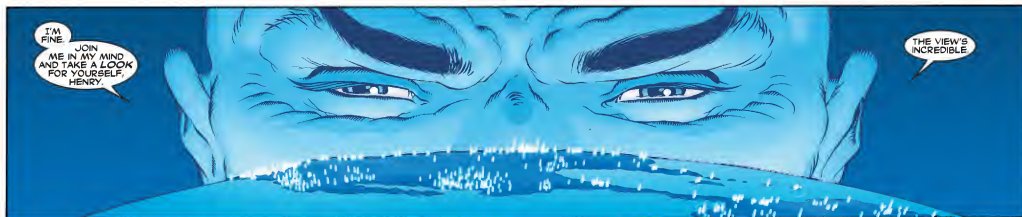
**E IS FOR EXTINCTION**  
ONE OF THREE

**MORRISON • QUITELY • TOWNSEND**  
HASLERLIN • COMICRAFT • FRANCO • POWERS • QUESADA









I'M FINE.  
JOIN  
ME IN MY MIND  
AND TAKE A LOOK  
FOR YOURSELF.  
HENRY.

THE VIEW'S  
INCREDIBLE.



YOUR CERBERA  
NETWORKS LIKE A  
GLOBAL POSITIONING  
SYSTEM. THE RADIANT  
PEAKS ARE MUTANT  
WAVEFORMS.

WE'RE  
OBSERVING  
THE DISTINCTIVE  
SIGNATURE OF THE  
X-GENE WHICH  
GIVES EACH OF  
US OUR SPECIAL  
GIFTS. AM I  
CORRECT?



THIS IS  
VERY UNUSUAL,  
CHARLES.  
YOUR  
THOUGHTS ARE  
ACTUALLY FORMING  
SOME KIND OF  
CONDENSATION  
ON THE WALLS  
ALL AROUND YOU.

ALL THOSE  
LIGHTS ARE NEWLY  
EMERGING MUTANTS.  
JEAN.

WHAT'S  
THAT?



WHAT'S THAT BIG  
ONE? USE THE  
ZOOM.

I JUST  
SAW THIS  
ENORMOUS  
SPIKE IN SOUTH  
AMERICA.

PROFESSOR?



I MISSED IT.  
THERE'S SOMETHING...  
AROUND COLOMBIA,  
ECUADOR, PERHAPS...  
I THOUGHT I FELT  
A TRACE. BUT...  
ENHANCE  
X200.



IT  
MUST HAVE  
BEEN A TRICK  
OF THE TWINKLE  
IN YOUR EYES.  
HANK.

IT WAS LIKE A  
FLARE...A GENETIC  
FLARE...SOMEONE  
COULD BE IN  
TROUBLE.



I REALLY DID SEE  
SOMETHING...

LOOK  
AT THE  
WORLD.  
THERE  
ARE SO MANY  
MUTANTS  
OUT THERE.  
HANK.



MORE  
AND MORE OF  
US ALL THE  
TIME.  
I WONDER  
WHAT IT  
MEANT?



SCOTT AND  
LOGAN ARE ON THEIR  
WAY HOME FROM  
RESCUE OPERATIONS  
IN AUSTRALIA.

WHY DON'T  
WE ASK THEM TO  
LOOK IN ON YOUR  
FLARE, HENRY?



I'VE  
NEVER BEEN  
LUCKY DOWN  
UNDER.

BUT HEY...ENOUGH ABOUT  
MY LOVE LIFE.

TELL YOUR  
GRANDKIDS YOU  
JUST WALKED AWAY  
FROM A SENTINEL  
ATTACK, BUB.

THAT'S  
IF IT DIDN'T  
SCARE YOU  
STERILE.

...THING  
WAS AS TALL AS  
A HOUSE.

YOU'RE  
X-MEN?

HE'S  
WOLVERINE. I'M  
CYCLOPS.

STEVE.

MY MATES  
MOSTLY CALL  
ME UGLY  
JOHN.

X-MEN

NO SMOKING PLEASE,  
WOLVERINE.

YOU HAVE RAPID-HEALING  
GIFTS. THE REST OF US ARE  
RUNNING ON LUNGS.

I CAN'T HELP  
SMOKING. SPACE CADET  
SUMMERS.

THE BIG,  
BAD SENTINEL  
SET ME ON FIRE.  
REMEMBER?

I'M DEALING WITH THE  
EMOTIONAL AND PHYSICAL  
SIDE EFFECTS IN MY  
OWN WAY.

»NIN»: SENTINEL HARDWARE'S GETTING OLD...  
FIVE THOUSAND ROUNDS OF LIVE AMMUNITION.  
TWO DEATH RAYS. FOUR INDEPENDENT ROLLS  
ROYCE ENGINES. THREE MILLION  
DOLLARS WORTH OF RAM...

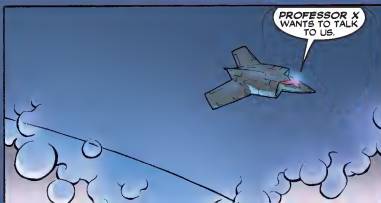


»NIN»: FIVE  
MINUTES LATER,  
IT'S RUST ON MY  
KNUCKLES.

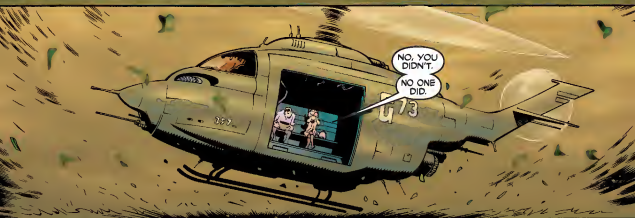
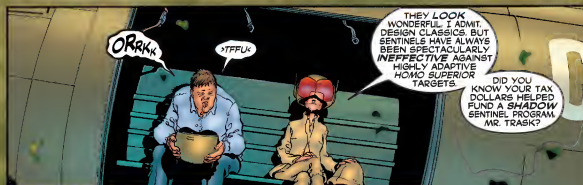
LET'S HOPE THOSE  
WERE SOME OF THE  
LAST SENTINELS  
WE'LL EVER SEE.  
THEY LOOKED LIKE  
DECOMMISSIONED  
GOVERNMENT  
ORDNANCE.

ROGUE  
MACHINES LEFT  
OVER FROM  
THE BIG MUTANT  
WITCHHUNTS  
A FEW MONTHS  
BACK.











A NEW GENERATION OF MUTANTS IS EMERGING. THAT MUCH IS CERTAIN.

THEY WILL BE CALLED FREAKS, GENETIC MONSTROSITIES. THEY WILL BE MOCKED, FEARED, SPAT UPON AND ACCUSED...



OF STEALING HUMAN JOBS, EATING HUMAN FOOD, TAKING HUMAN PARTNERS...

BUT THEY **ARE** EMERGING IN THE INNER CITIES, IN THE SUBURBS, IN THE DESERTS AND IN THE JUNGLES.

AND **WHEN** THEY EMERGE, THEY WILL NEED **TEACHERS**. PEOPLE WHO CAN HELP THEM OVERCOME THEIR ANGER AND SHOW THEM HOW TO USE THEIR STRANGE GIFTS RESPONSIBLY.

THEY WILL NEED **US**.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW SCHOOL UNIFORMS?



SUDDENLY I DON'T HAVE TO LOOK LIKE AN **IDIOT** IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

I WAS NEVER SURE WHY YOU HAD US DRESS UP LIKE SUPER HEROES ANYWAY, PROFESSOR.

THE PROFESSOR THOUGHT PEOPLE WOULD **TRUST** THE X-MEN IF WE LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING THEY **UNDERSTOOD**.



THAT'S CORRECT, SCOTT.

HOWEVER...I'VE BEEN WORKING ON **BETTER** WAYS TO ENCOURAGE PEOPLE TO TRUST **MUTANTS**.

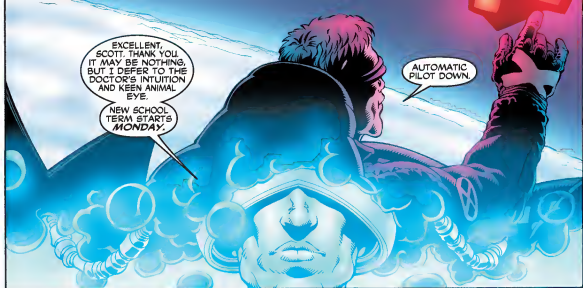


TELL IT TO THE KID WITH **THREE** **FACES** HERE IN THE PASSENGER SEAT OF THE X-WING, CHUCK.

AH...**IGNORE** LOGAN. PROFESSOR XAVIER ECUADOR'S NO PROBLEM.

WE CAN EASILY SWING OVER THERE ON OUR WAY HOME.

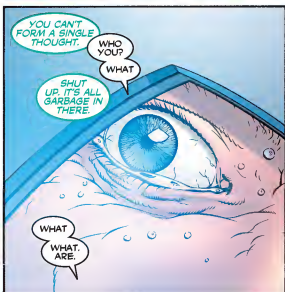
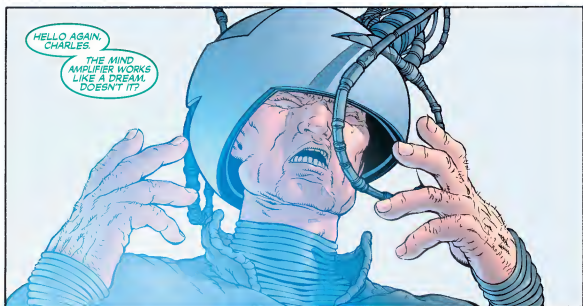














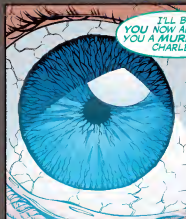
I AM  
WHAT'S  
EATING YOUR  
MIND.

»UCH«

»SHUCH«



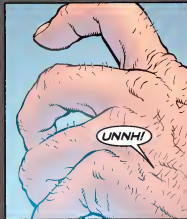
RELAX  
AND BE  
REPLACED.



I'LL BE  
YOU NOW AND MAKE  
YOU A MURDERER,  
CHARLES.



THE FIRST,  
THE OLDEST  
AND THE LAST  
ENEMY.



UNNH!



THE TERROR  
AND THE HATE  
YOU THOUGHT  
WOULD NEVER  
RETURN.

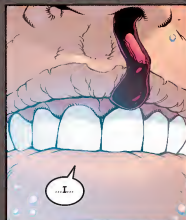


CHARLIE'S  
BIG, UGLY  
SECRET.

THE  
NIGHTMARE  
ON THE DARK  
SIDE OF YOUR  
DREAM.



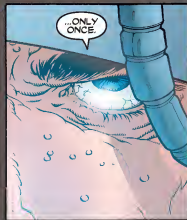
SURRENDER,  
CHARLES.



...I...

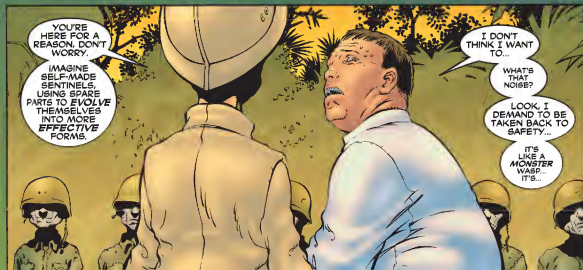
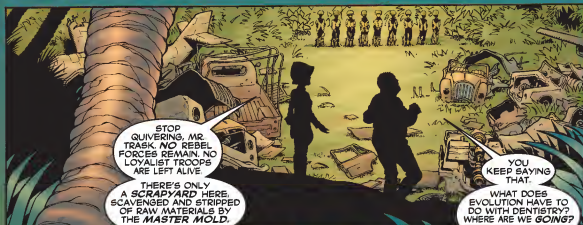


...I'LL...  
SAY THIS...



...ONLY  
ONCE.

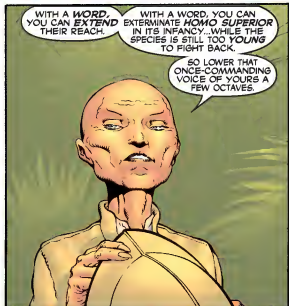
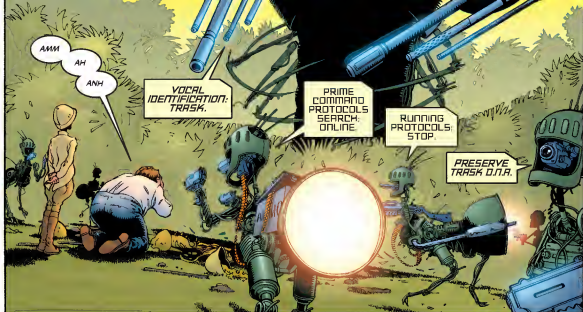














FORGET YOUR  
DENTAL PRACTICE,  
MR. TRASK.  
YOUR  
FUTURE LIES IN  
GENOCIDE.

**MARVEL**  
PG 53 494

STRACZYNSKI  
ROMITA JR.  
HAYMA

# *the* AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



# STAR LINE PARTS AND PIECES



-- and you have no idea what a relief it is to be able to talk to someone else about Peter's...

Well, about Peter.

I notice you're not married. Sorry. Mom by name is there a reason for...

I still have... a problem with that name, Mom. For as long I've lived with it, I don't really want to think about...

I know I can't work my way in from that name, but that costume, to find Peter I'll have to work my way out, from Peter, to that name. He's who I care about, no matter or later, I hope I'll come to care about... the other half of him.

I know what you mean. It took a long time for me to get past that part of it.

No I always make sure to remember that the face on the other side of that mask is the one I would make up to spend a morning. That I would love every night.

It's been slow since we got back, we're still sort of finding each other, but --

Sorry, Mom? -- about -- the most amazing thing, MJ --

Peter? -- well, slow down. What's all that noise?

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... a bunch of people protesting the gamma bomb trials. They've taken over the city, and there's a curfew on a private jet, and the flight attendant made a pass at me, then I came all the way out here in the desert. ...



... and I found the place where those men were killed back in '07, killed and dumped in an illegal chemical waste dump. No nobody knew there was anything here when they got off the gamma bomb.



... and I think it may have involved the bioweapon and chemicals and something leaked out of the blast system, something big and I think it was the thing that's been going off or worse, could it be bigger ...



... only bigger a million times, not one million, which is why it had more than one set of fingerprints, it's a composite of thirteen dead mobsters translated by gamma ray impulses. So how about that, huh?



Wait a minute, a flight attendant made a pass at you?

And the American, huh? I'm coming home.

Home.





They took  
away our  
lives. Our  
names. Our  
homes.



Home.



Home.



Home.



Home.

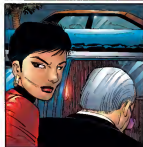


Everything we  
were. Everything  
we had.



Home.

FUTURE  
SITE  
OF  
Queercore Industries





Yeah, it does. I mean, he didn't say he was the one who gave the order to have those guys killed, but then again, he wouldn't.

So what're you going to do about it?

What I promised I'd do.



Popper doesn't come who enter in the way of his wants to kill people, like assassins, killer people, by staying close to people, being his bodyguard. I have a chance to stop this thing.

And then what?



I don't know. I don't know if this thing can be stopped, or killed. And about if that's possible, there's still the issue of who and what Popper is, who's probably hurt and so many people as Popper, maybe more.



I mean, it's ironic, you know? Popper makes up, and because he's turning up the plots, I can fight, he stop him, but I can't reach Popper because what he does, he does in secret, behind closed doors. Subtly. Quietly. With an army of lawyers to back him up. It's just...

You're scared.

Yeah. I guess I am.





























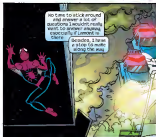




Some thing he  
there... didn't  
expect either.  
Just need to  
figure out  
what it was.



And this might  
be just the thing  
to help me do it.



No time to stick around  
and answer a lot of  
questions I would really  
want to answer answers  
especially if I wasn't in  
trouble.

Because, I have  
a plan to make  
along the way.



Every thing  
is, I would  
feel sorry for  
me... that's it.



Now I remember  
what they were in  
the, how many  
people they  
probably killed.



Then all of a  
sudden I don't  
and so much  
that he was  
hurt a little.

...again.

...except that I don't like being played for a fool!



-- and it'll be right there when it is!



You do that again, Over.

And you wish I have to wait for that thing to come you don't. I'll do it now you look by hand.



I was concerned that you would not do what was necessary to stop him. You do not know what he is capable of. You do not know the kind of things he has done.

You're right, I don't. You do. You know why. Because you're just like him.



Neither of you cares who gets hurt, who gets caught in the middle of your little wars. The people you want in there, don't even check to make sure there's nobody in the way.

You were told not to hurt you!



That's not the point! Now I'm telling you for the last time, you left me-- so that my way, no nobody gets hurt, or--

Leave my father alone!





**M**<sup>TM</sup>  
**A**  
**X**  
**COMICS**

BENDIS

GAYDOS

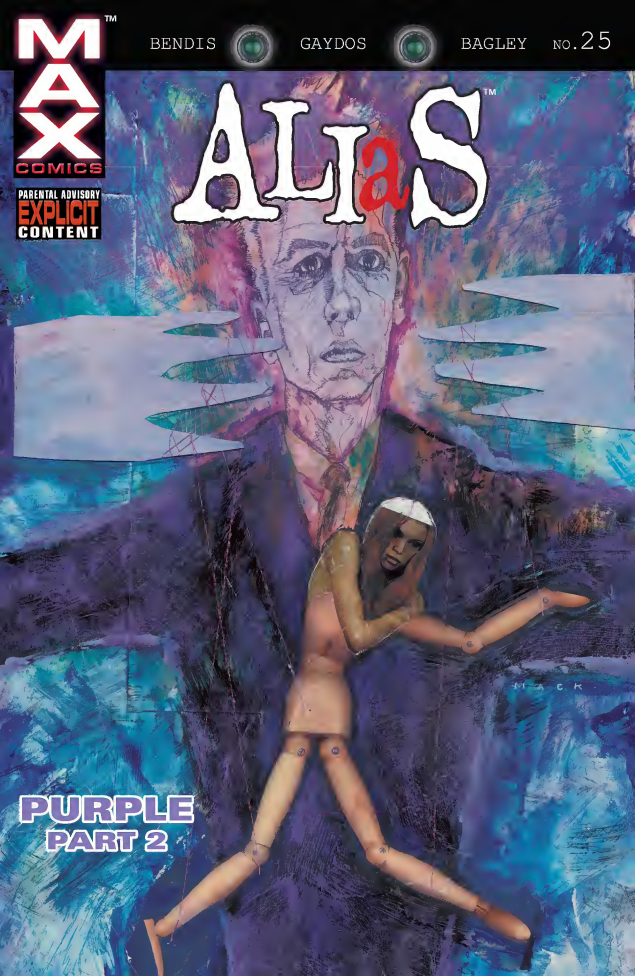
BAGLEY

NO. 25

# Alias<sup>TM</sup>

PARENTAL ADVISORY  
**EXPLICIT  
CONTENT**

**PURPLE  
PART 2**



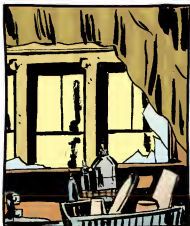
















WHEN HIGH-SCHOOL STUDENT JESSICA JONES WAS ALMOST KILLED IN AN ACCIDENT WITH A MYSTERIOUS MILITARY ISOTOPE, SHE FOUND THAT SHE HAD DEVELOPED AMAZING POWERS! JESSICA HAS VOWED TO USE HER POWERS FOR GOOD, CHAMPIONING THE CITY AS THE BRIGHTEST STAR IN THE MARVEL UNIVERSE.

STAN LEE  
PRESENTS:

**JEWEL** IN:

# PURPLE HAZE

I TELL YA,  
THANK GOODNESS  
FOR FLYING!

IT GIVES ME  
A MINUTE TO STOP  
THINKING ABOUT LOOKING  
FOR A JOB OR THE FACT  
THAT I JUST CAN'T FIND  
A BOYFRIEND.

WHAT'S A  
GIRL GOT TO DO  
IN THIS TOWN TO  
FIND A DECENT  
GUY?



BASHFUL  
**BRIAN BENDIS**  
WORDS AND CREATED BY

MAGNIFICENT  
**MIKE GAYDOS**  
ART BOY

MARVELOUS  
**MARK BAGLEY**  
ART PAGES 8-11 & 18-23

MAJESTIC MATT  
**HOLLINGSWORTH**  
COLORS

DELIGHTFUL  
**PEAN WHITE**  
COLORS 8-11 & 18-23

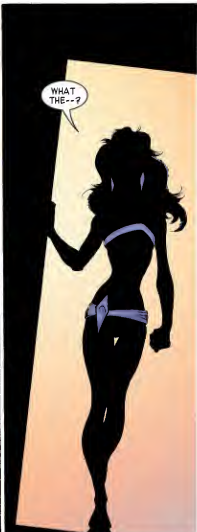
VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S  
**COOL CORY PETIT**  
LETTERS

MINDFUL  
**MARC SUMERAK**  
AMAZING  
**ANDY SCHMIDT**  
ASSISTANT EDITORS

TERRIFIC  
**TOM BREVOORT**  
EDITOR

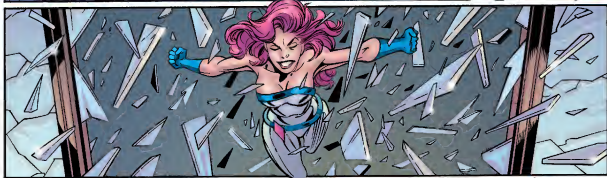
JAW-DROPPING  
**JOE QUESADA**  
EDITOR IN CHIEF

BRILLIANT  
**BILL JEMAS**  
PRESIDENT

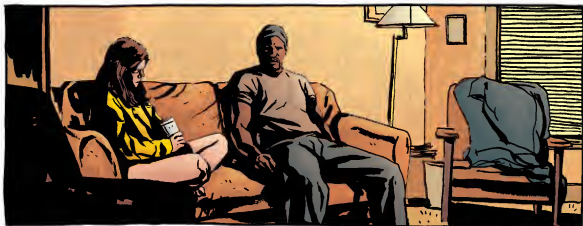


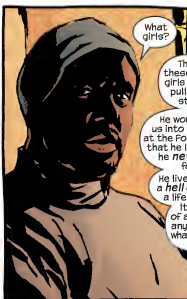














Beg him.

He'd just sit there and at his 'request' I would beg him for it.

I would beg him to fuck me...

I would beg him 'til I cried.



You hear me? You get where this is going?

Eight months!

I lay at his feet.

I slept on his floor.

I bathed him.



He told me-- he would run his fingers through my hair and he would tell me...

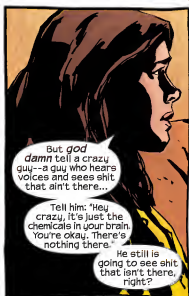
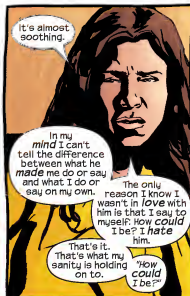
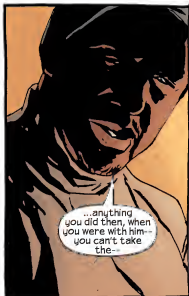
That he was doing this to me for every fucking time Daredevil beat the shit out of him...

That this was for every time Spider-man did *whatever* to him...

He was going to make me beg him for it.













THIS SHIT!!

THIS SHIT!!



DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I CAN'T STAND THIS FUCKING--I REALLY DESPISE HIM.

YOU KNOW WHAT? I SWEAR TO GOD! ON ALL THAT IS HOLY THAT IF I KNEW WHO THIS FUCK REALLY WAS--

--THIS SELF RIGHTEOUS PIECE OF CRAP--

--I WOULD MOLEST AND TORTURE EVERYONE IN HIS LIFE.

I WOULD TURN HIS LIFE INTO--INTO--



YOU KNOW WHAT? I AM SO SICK OF LOOKING AT YOU ANYHOW.

PUT ON YOUR STUPID, FUCKING SLUT COSTUME AND I WANT YOU TO GO OVER TO AVENGERS MANSION, OR--OR THE BAXTER BUILDING--

--OR WHEREVER IT IS THESE STUPID FUCKING COSTUME FRAT BOYS HANG OUT AND FUCK EACH OTHER--

--AND I WANT YOU TO BEAT HIM!!

YOU HEAR ME? YOU STUPID, STUPID LITTLE BITCH!!

I WANT YOU TO TAKE A RUSTY PIPE AND I WANT YOU TO SHOVE IT UP DAREDEVIL'S STUPID FUCKING ASS!!

ANY COSTUME FUCK YOU FIND ALONG THE WAY--FUCKING KILL THEM!

GO!! GET OUT OF MY SIGHT AND NEVER COME BACK!!



Now, the second I'm out of range of Killgrave's chemical bombardment of my brain...

The *second* I get the hell away from him, I start coming out of it.

Finally.

The *brainwashing*, or whatever the fuck it is, starts wearing off.

And it wasn't a pleasant experience.

I mean, this mind control shit he's been pumping into me has *been* there for eight months.

Every day, every night: eight months.

And so as soon as Killgrave *wasn't* there, my body, my brain--it had no fucking idea what to do!!

I was having some kind of a nervous breakdown.

I found myself *still* determined to do what he told me to do, but now I could feel my body trying to stop.

But I'm still going ahead with my mission.

I knew what I was doing was fucked up, but I couldn't--stop--doing--it.

I bolt right towards Avengers Mansion looking for Paredevil, just like he told me to...

(Even though I know as well as anyone on the plane that Paredevil isn't there, shouldn't be there, and I don't think has *ever* been there).



But I can't *stop* doing what Killgrave told me to do.

I *can't* stop.

I can't *stop*.

Also now, I can't *see* straight. My head is *throbbing*. I--I can hear my heart: looking for a way right the fuck out of my chest!

And I *still* don't *stop* what I'm doing.

So just--just as I am getting there, a couple of those Avengers jet things are coming in for a landing.

The Avengers are just coming home from some big mission.





And here I am,  
all whacked out.

And I know I sound  
like a retard, but from  
my fucked up point of  
view I was doing what  
Killgrave asked.



I swooped down and  
tried to kill Daredevil.

Except it wasn't  
Daredevil, not even  
close. It was the  
Scarlet Witch...

(Who I happen to  
be a *huge* fan of)



And she was totally  
caught off guard and  
I'm god damn lucky I  
didn't take her head off.

And, I don't know if it  
was just the act. The  
hitting.

But the second  
I hit her--I was  
*finally* awake!

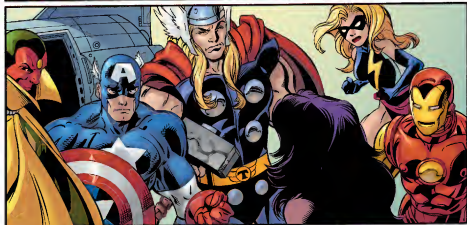


I knew where I was  
and what I was doing.

More importantly--  
I knew what I just did  
and what it *looked* like.

It all happened in  
a *second*!!

I mean, a *second*.



There I am surrounded  
by not only the Avengers,  
who are just shocked to  
shit to find themselves  
coming home from some  
huge cosmic whatever...

(where they probably  
saved the whole  
fucking universe...)

...and there they  
are looking at some  
costumed bimbo who  
just swooped down  
and *hit* one of them!!



Who, now, was just  
standing there with a  
stupid look on her face.





And, oh yeah, not only was it the Avengers that I happen to side swipe...

But I pick a day where the Avengers and the Defenders, the old school classic Defenders, are doing some big *team-up*.

So not only do I got Captain America, Thor, Iron Man, and the Scarlet Witch's husband ready to just beat my ass...

...but now I got the fucking Incredible Hulk, that Dr. Strange dude, the Namor guy...

All of 'em.



I mean, I was--I was so *fucked* it wasn't even funny.



And I could--I could imagine in my mind's eye the scene where I try to say: 'I'm sorry everyone, I thought she was Daredevil and I think I was under someone else's mind control, but now I'm not. I'm okay now.'



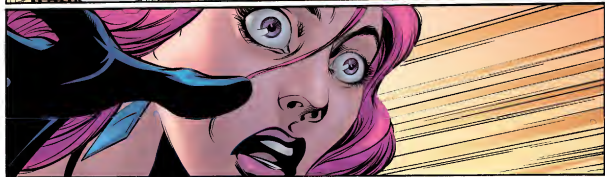
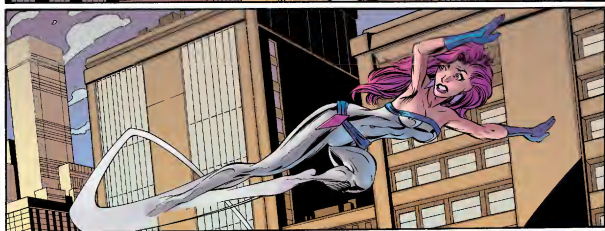
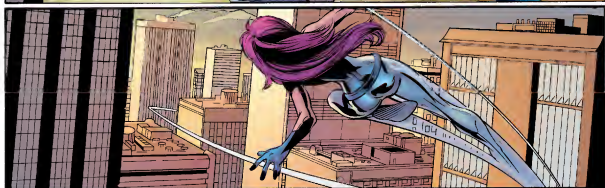
I could hear my brain trying to form the explanation and I heard how *fucked* it sounded, so I just...

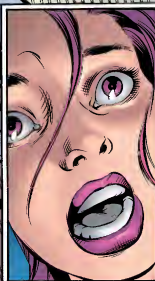


I mean, what the hell could I do?









And that--that  
was the fun part.

To be continued...

MARVEL

AUG 2001 \$3.99 GRANT MORRISON ■ FRANK QUITELY ■ TIM TOWNSEND

E IS FOR EXTINCTION

TWO OF THREE

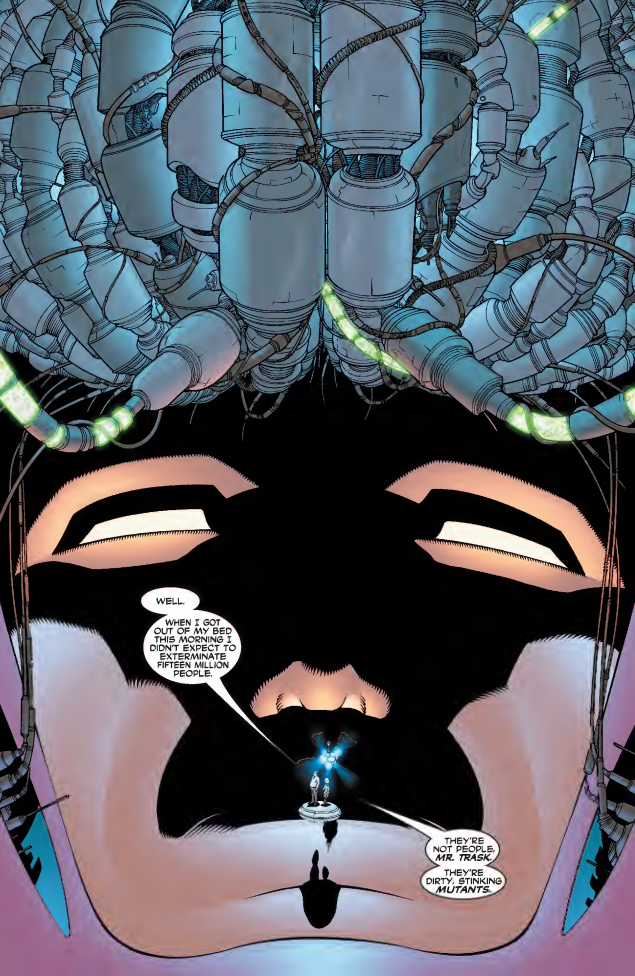
NEW



MEN<sup>®</sup>



FRANK  
QUITELY  
TOWNSEND  
D.



WELL.

WHEN I GOT  
OUT OF MY BED  
THIS MORNING I  
DIDN'T EXPECT TO  
EXTERMINATE  
FIFTEEN MILLION  
PEOPLE.

THEY'RE  
NOT PEOPLE.  
*MR. TRASK.*  
THEY'RE  
DIRTY, STINKING  
*MUTANTS.*





AND HERE  
COME SOME OF  
THEM NOW.



LOGAN  
WOLVERINE



HANK MCCOY  
BEAST



EMMA FROST  
WHITE QUEEN



CHARLES XAVIER  
PROFESSOR X



JEAN GREY  
PHOENIX



SCOTT SUMMERS  
CYCLOPS

## e is for extinction TWO OF THREE

GRANT MORRISON SCRIPT FRANK KUTELY PENCILS  
TIM TOWNSEND W/MARK MORALES INKS • HI-FI DESIGN COLORS  
RS/COMICRAFT/SAIDA LETTERS • PETE FRANCO ASSISTANT EDITOR  
MARK POWERS EDITOR • JOE QUESADA CHIEF • BILL JEMAS PRESIDENT

WHAT  
HAPPENED?

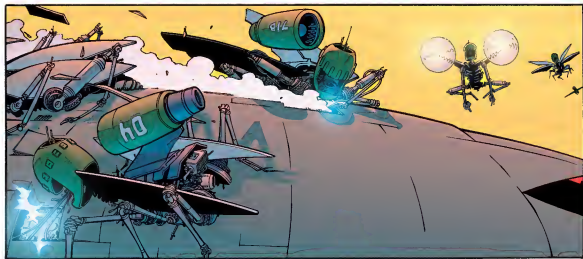
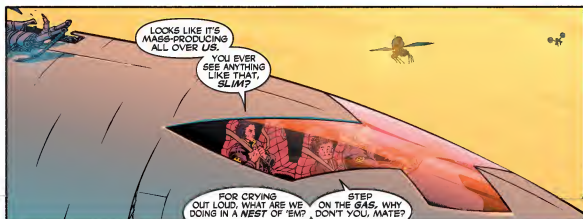
ONE MINUTE  
I'M FOLLOWING  
THROUGH INTO MY  
CALVINS UNDER A  
GIANT ROBOT SENTINEL  
HAND IN BUNNY  
HARBOR. THEN I'M  
IN SPACE.

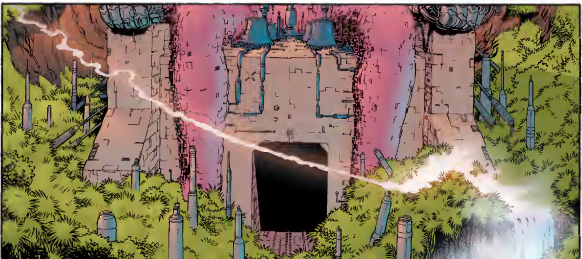
SO  
BACK TO  
SLEEP. UGLY  
JOHN. WE LIKE  
YOU BETTER  
THAT--

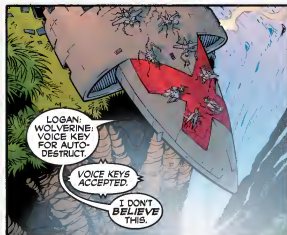
DID  
SOMETHING  
JUST HIT  
US?

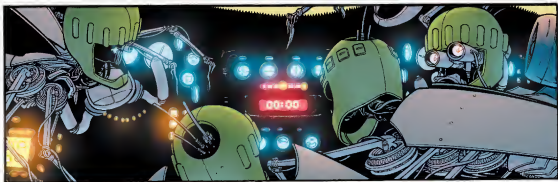
IT'S A  
SENTINEL















OKAY.  
HOW DO WE  
GET HIM OUT OF  
THIS?

NOTHING  
MUCH HERE; OLD  
CANS... SCRAP AND  
SALVAGE AND SOME  
ELECTRONICS.



YOU EVER  
SEE A SENTINEL  
LOOK ANYTHING  
LIKE THIS?



I'VE SEEN ENOUGH.  
SENTINELS **HUNT**  
MUTANTS,  
LOGAN.

THEY **KNOW** WE'RE HERE.  
I FIGURE OUR ONLY OPTION  
IS TO DISABLE THE  
MASTER MOLD.

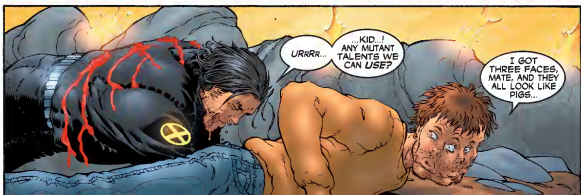
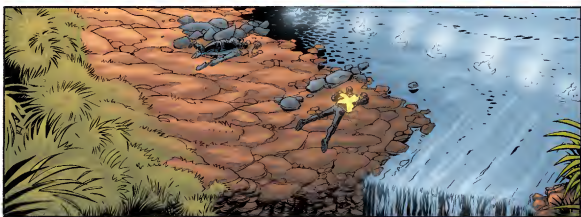
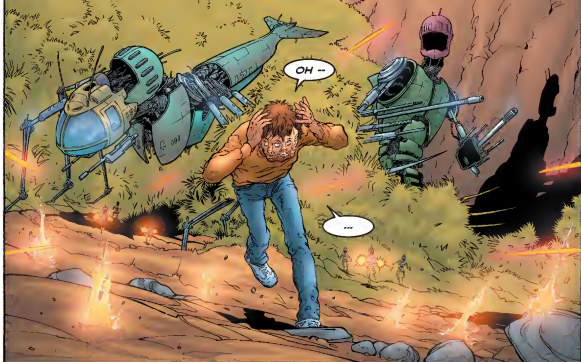
SO  
WHOSE IDEA  
WAS IT TO DIVERT  
VIA ECUADOR WITH  
A CIVILIAN IN  
TOW?

=URRR=

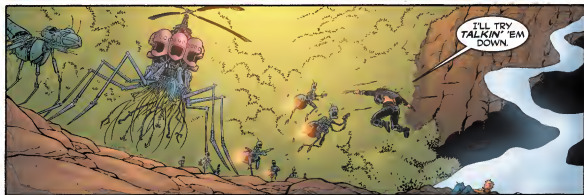


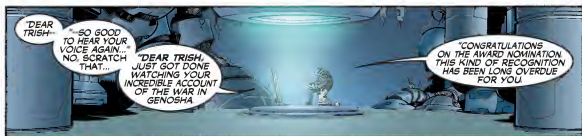
OH --



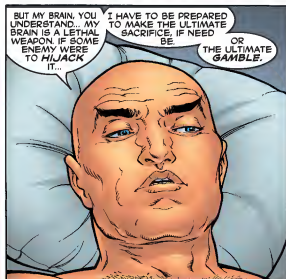
















IS IT EVIL...  
MS. NOVA?

WHAT I'VE  
JUST DONE...  
SOME PEOPLE  
WOULD CALL IT  
EVIL. WOULDN'T  
THEY?

WERE THE  
DOCTORS WHO  
WIPED OUT THE  
ENTIRE SMALLPOX  
SPECIES EVIL?

IN A WORLD  
WITHOUT VALUES  
OR MORALITY, GOOD  
AND EVIL ARE JUST  
CHOICES ON THE MENU  
OF THE MIGHTY,  
MR. TRASK.



WHEN  
THEY HEAR *WHY*  
YOU LAUNCHED  
FOUR SUPERSONIC  
DEATH MACHINES INTO  
THE MOST DENSELY  
POPULATED MUTANT  
AREA ON  
EARTH...

I THINK  
THEY'LL SAY  
'BY GOD, HE WAS  
EVIL, YES... BUT  
EVIL IN A GOOD  
WAY.'

I WOKE  
UP A DENTIST...  
AND SOON I'LL BE  
THE WORLD'S  
GREATEST MASS  
MURDERER.

THEY SAY  
PEOPLE CAN  
COMMIT *ANY*  
ATROCITY GIVEN  
THE RIGHT  
EXCUSE...



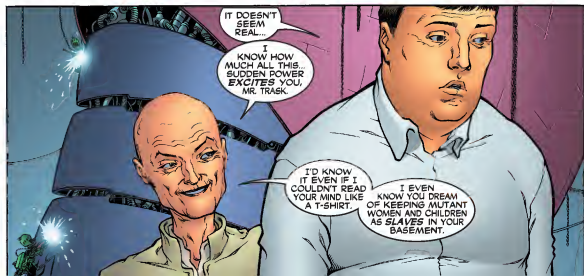
IT'S A SPECIAL FEELING.  
ISN'T IT?

BEHIND THE MASK  
OF LIBERAL RESPECTABILITY,  
WITH ITS SAFE OPINIONS, WE  
ALL HATE THE MUTATIONS.  
DON'T WE?

HOW CAN IT BE  
*MURDER* WHEN  
THEY'RE GERMS  
OR VERMIN?

THERE WON'T  
BE TIME FOR  
THEM TO FEEL  
PAIN. WILL  
THERE?

IT WILL BE  
HUMANE?

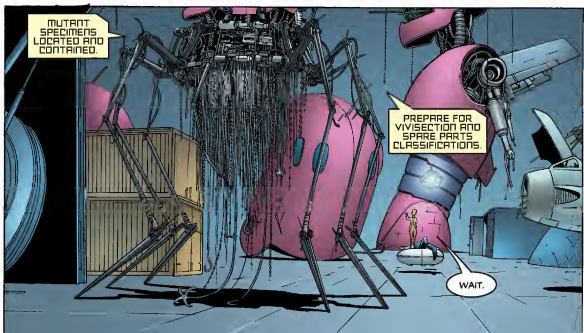
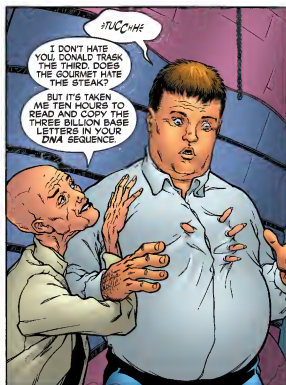


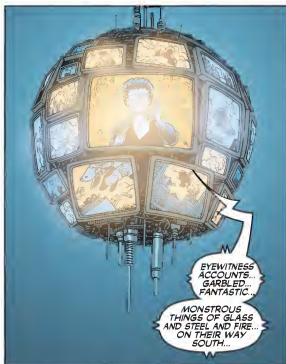
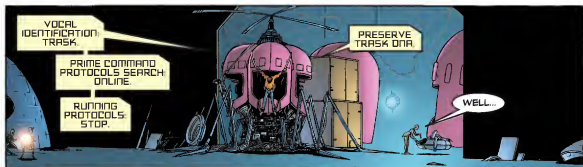
IT DOESN'T  
SEEM  
REAL...

I  
KNOW HOW  
MUCH ALL THIS  
SUDDEN POWER  
*EXCITES* YOU,  
MR. TRASK.

I'D KNOW  
IT EVEN IF I  
COULDN'T READ  
YOUR MIND LIKE  
A T-SHIRT.

I EVEN  
KNOW YOU DREAM  
OF KEEPING MUTANT  
WOMEN AND CHILDREN  
AS *SLAVES* IN YOUR  
BASEMENT.



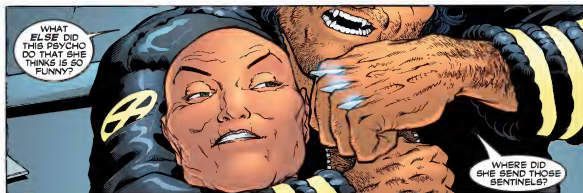


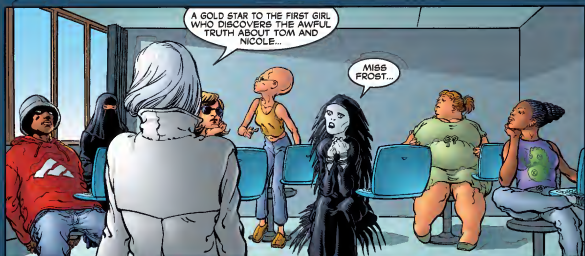
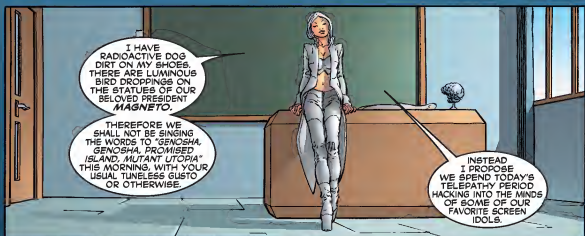


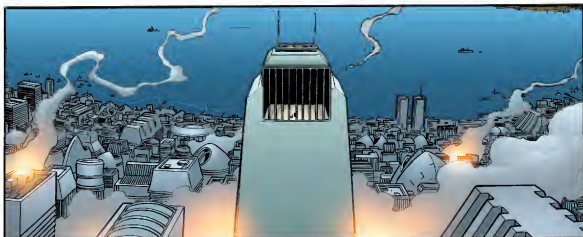
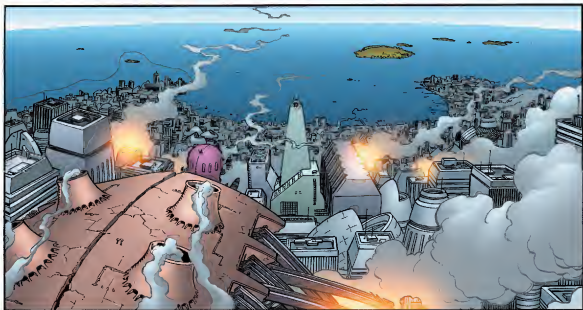
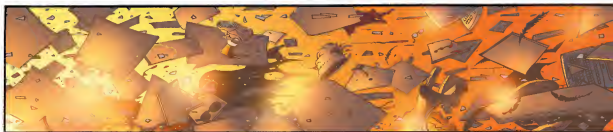


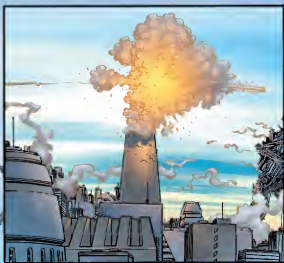
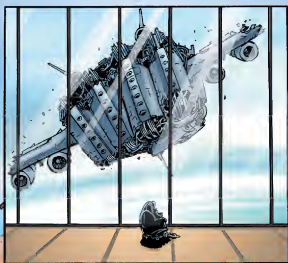


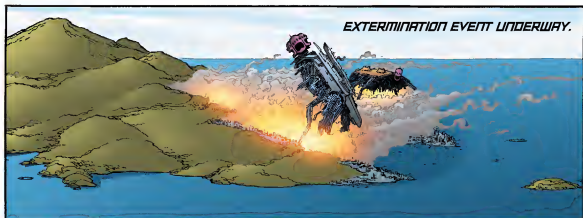




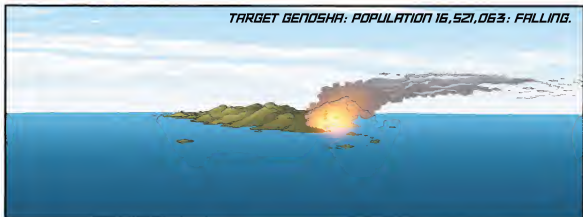








**EXTERMINATION EVENT UNDERWAY.**



**TARGET GENOSHA: POPULATION 16,521,063: FALLING.**



**POPULATION 11,001,467**

NO  
ONE SAW IT  
COMING... THEY  
WERE DRINKING  
TEA... MAKING  
LOVE.



**8,290,025**

**800,000**

**763...**

ALL THOSE  
LIGHTS... GOING  
OUT... NO ONE  
SAW...



# MARVEL KNIGHTS<sup>®</sup>

MARVEL  
**PG** 48  
428

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV



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**HARDCORE**

**3 OF 5**

# DAREDEVIL<sup>®</sup>

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE. DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Previously in Daredevil...

One of the biggest tabloid newspapers in the city outed Matt Murdock. Daredevil's secret identity was revealed.

The secret is out.

Matt Murdock is now faced with a continuing uphill battle of publicly denying his secret life as Daredevil because simply admitting it would get him disbarred and he would face jail time.

But Matt's public struggle makes his alter ego more popular with the people of Hell's Kitchen than ever before.

Meanwhile, the ousted Kingpin of Crime left the streets of Hell's Kitchen ripe for the picking.

The Owl, selling a drug called MGH (mutant growth hormone) — a new street drug that gives the user temporary genetic powers — tried to use Daredevil's new public troubles to his benefit.

When the FBI raid The Owl's club, he makes a run for it, but Daredevil steps in and publicly defeats him.

And now... The Kingpin has returned. Wilson Fisk is on a quest for revenge against those who ousted him from his once untouchable label of Kingpin of Crime. The Kingpin sets Typhoid Mary, one of his deadliest and most insane assassins, after Matt as a distraction — giving the Kingpin time to get his house in order.

Typhoid Mary, using her pyrotechnic powers, sets Matt on fire right on the steps of his law office, right in front of Milla and his bodyguard ex-super hero Jessica Jones.

## Hardcore • Part 3















What's going--

You're okay, Milla, just stay--

What's that smell?

You're okay, stay inside!! Somebody get her--everyone get away from the windows and doors

What's that smell??

Mary!!!



HELMUT LANG

Hssssssssss!!!

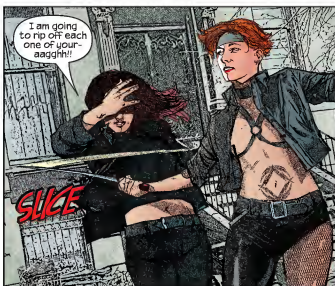


WHOOOSH



Oh my God!

What is it? What's going on!?!























I wouldn't bother you like this, but I just spent the day at your offices... trying to keep the crime scene clean for my agents.

The press is back in full force.

(Just so you know.)

Some great job you're doing keeping your secret identity a secret with the big super hero team-ups on your doorstep in broad daylight.

(I'm being sarcastic.)



Why is the FBI handling the crime scene?



Because we took it away from local.



Why did you take it away from local?

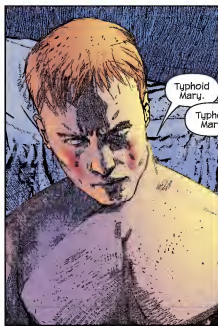


Because it's the Kingpin.

I had a run in with him just last night.

Kind of a: 'get outta town. This is your warning' kind of thing.

And this Crazy Mary or whatever her name is--



Typhoid Mary.

Typhoid Mary.

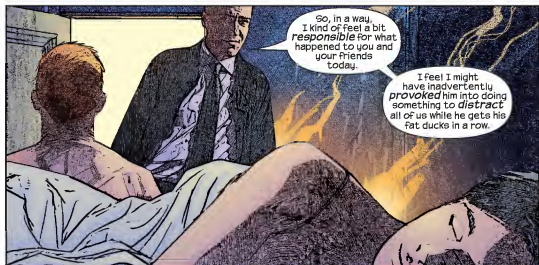


She was there with him, all snugly buggly.

Sickening, really.

On many levels.





So, in a way, I kind of feel a bit responsible for what happened to you and your friends today.

I feel I might have inadvertently provoked him into doing something to distract all of us while he gets his fat ducks in a row.



Is Mary in custody?

Yes, we have her.

For all the good it will do.

There is not a thing that dingdong can say or do that will hold up in a court of law.

Not a thing.



But that's the genius of the Kingpin, I guess.

I mean, he yanked our chains with this crazy knowing that best case: she kills everybody.

Worst case: there's nothing there that will stick.

She's the perfect distraction.

She's a piece of toilet paper. He used her blue.

He's putting his house in order.



Oh, he's putting his house in order.

And as far as we can tell it's coming together for him way too quickly.

(For those of us who still think there's good in the human race.)

More I think about it... we would have been better off leaving The Owl where he was and letting the two of them try to kill each other.



Listen, this Mary, whatever you do with her, she has abilities.

She can - she has pyrotechnic telekinetic--

I have her file.

We got her tucked away and doped up on horse tranquilizers.

Y'know, she's on my favorite soap.

Kind of a bummer they're going to have to write her character off.

(Just hope they don't pull a Darren and replace her.)

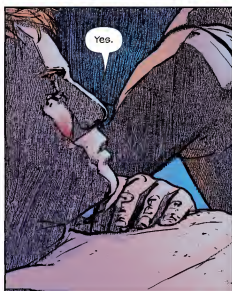
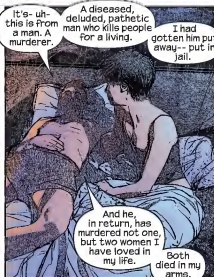
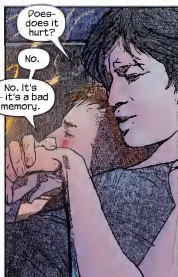
Who's that on the bed?















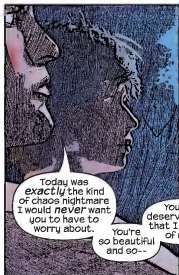
Uh--  
Where is  
he now?



I don't  
know.  
He's out  
there.  
Somewhere.  
I'm sorry.  
I told you when  
we met... how  
dangerous this  
is.



I have  
to live with  
this.  
I have  
to deal with  
lunatics hellbent  
on being  
idiots.  
Today  
was a perfect  
example.



Today was  
*exactly* the kind  
of chaos nightmare  
I would *never* want  
you to have to  
worry about.

You're  
so beautiful  
and so--



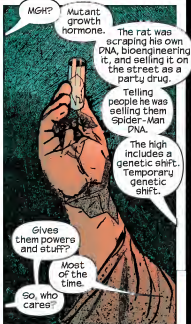
You do not  
deserve the mess  
that I have made  
of my life.

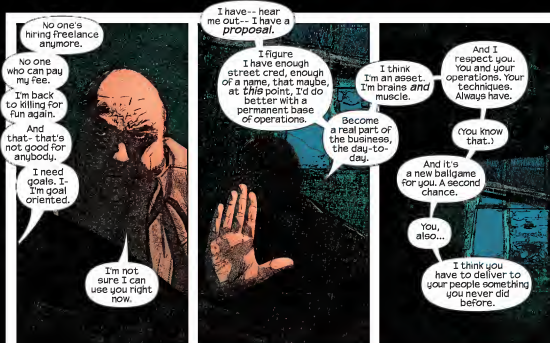
And ever  
since you've met  
me... there's been  
nothing but.

I- I can't  
for the life of me  
think of a reason  
why you'd want to  
stay here.



Because  
I'm quite fond  
of you.









**MARVEL**  
PG 54

• STRACZYNSKI  
ROMITA JR  
HANNA

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



DIRECT EDITION



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100

# THE BALANCING OF KARMIC ACCOUNTS

**J. MICHAEL  
STRAUTMAN  
BOB  
JOHN  
KIMURA  
PETER**

SEITE 100

**WAGNER, JAMES**  
**STEWART WILLIAMS**  
**JOSEPH WILLIAMS**

**PART C**  
**MEDICAL**  
**EXAMINER**

Unfortunately, the kind of places that do this kind of testing aren't open for another four hours, and I can't wait that long.

And even if they were, I couldn't afford the tuition anymore.

“Because, that’s what the water-hard community really needs. A good medical idea, something we could protect.”

I mean, if Captain America can have a red, white and blue shield, why can't the rest of us just have blue shields? And why am I always the one who has the best of these ideas?

Because I spend too much time  
in self-actualization, that's why  
you think the thing women about  
getting his back into it? Haha  
He's just because I worry  
about these things

**Abstract** **Keywords:** *adolescents, delinquency, family, intervention, parents, self-esteem, social skills, treatment, violence*

Keywords: *workplace spirituality, organizational commitment, organizational citizenship behavior, organizational trust, organizational identification, organizational social capital*

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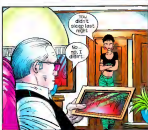






















That's why it's me! It's me! I'm the one who gave the order for all thirteen of you to be murdered. I was the one who sent you to the commission for approval. Your problem is with me. Just... leave her out of it.

Forell, you got stupid. Well, you got old. Whether you die first or second, you're both equal.

There are times the soldier in me gets out of the way of the scientist. When I have to figure out how to beat somebody.

And then the scientist has to get out of the way of the spider. The better. The more of me that enjoys this.

Break down the things that only I can do, precisely because I'm the only one who can do them. I can make this. Then, I know it.

The scientist started this invention. I see me in the for.

Now the spider has to finish it.

No, that's right.

Get going! I'll cover you!

But— I mean it!

Because one of us isn't leaving this room in one piece!

NOBODY'S GETTING OUT OF HERE ALIVE! NOBODY!

NOBODY'S GETTING OUT OF HERE ALIVE! NOBODY!

NOBODY'S GETTING OUT OF HERE ALIVE! NOBODY!



















I don't think I've ever  
seen anyone just  
put that big bag on.  
When you needed for  
the check --

Yeah,  
that was pretty  
heavy.

Doesn't  
happen every  
day.

No...



Something I've been wondering...  
when you put this on, I don't... I don't  
just take things together with the  
bag, and to change back and  
forth by how hard or how hard  
was... I got the impression it was  
something you've thought  
about before.

I mean, you're a fast  
thinker, but I can  
tell when people  
are thinking about  
things for a while.



Yeah,  
I've...

Look, even  
so often, and of  
course to take over, or  
control it, or speed  
up to see if the bag  
gives... when that happens, it's  
up to the rest of us  
to stop it.



So, maybe in our odd little  
community would deny it, but  
we all really watch each other when  
we're in public, looking for  
something, or doing that  
big, over come.

In case  
they don't have  
to stop it... or  
I have to  
stop it. But we  
never talk about  
it, then.



So in that case,  
you must've thought  
about how to break  
the rule.

That's  
right.

So does  
that mean  
you've figured  
out how to  
break it?

Oh!



At my friend's  
party last  
time...

You're not  
getting out of it  
that easy, Peter. Could  
you really beat  
the rule?



Yeah, yeah,  
I could.

But  
the only way  
to do it, to  
really stop him,  
would be to  
kill him.

I hope I  
don't ever have  
to make that  
decision. And  
I don't even  
want to think  
about it, but how  
not on a day  
like this.



No. Not on a day like this.  
It's nice to be able to put  
something back to a  
good way.

Great  
money you've  
over spent,  
Peter. I'm ahead  
of you.





And she'd be proud of you too

I hope so, M3

I love you

I know

But it will hurt, doesn't it?

Maybe not, M3. Almost all.

**M  
A  
X**  
COMICS

PARENTAL ADVISORY  
**EXPLICIT  
CONTENT**

BENDIS

GAYDOS

BAGLEY

MAYS

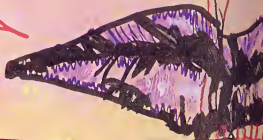
NO.26

all you the truth  
**Alias**<sup>TM</sup>



**PURPLE  
PART 3**

feel



Previously in

# ALIAS

created by  
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS  
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS  
MARK BAGLEY/ART THIBERT  
Pages 2-4  
RICK MAYS  
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH  
DEAN WHITE  
Pages 2-4, 6-10  
colors

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CORY PETT  
letters

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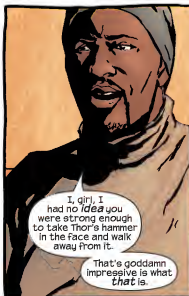
assistant editor

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editor

JOE QUESADA  
editor in chief  
BILL JEMAS  
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.







"I was fast enough to dodge the one, but..."







"The Avengers.  
The goddamn  
Defenders...  
all of 'em."

"They were all ready  
to beat my ass-- as  
well they should have--  
except Carol Panvers."

"Carol and I knew  
each other. We  
weren't Friends yet  
like we are now, but  
we knew each other."

"I guess Iron Man couldn't  
hear her over all his motors,  
and the wind and whatever,  
because..."

"And, listen,  
to be honest..."

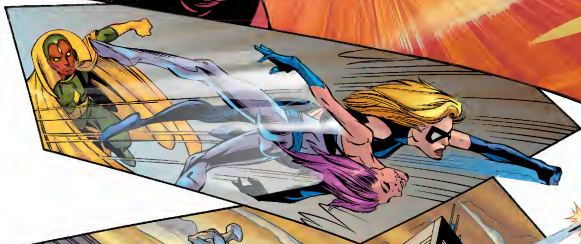
"The time I've spent telling you  
all this has taken longer than  
the entire thing took."

"This entire thing lasted a  
*second--a half a second.*"

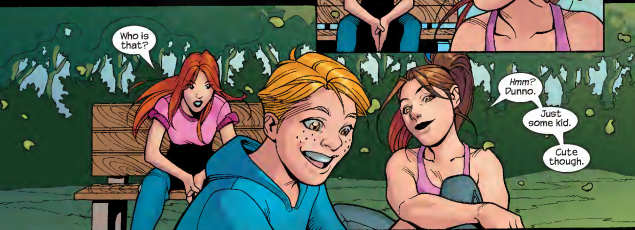
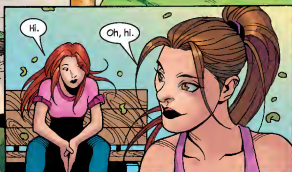
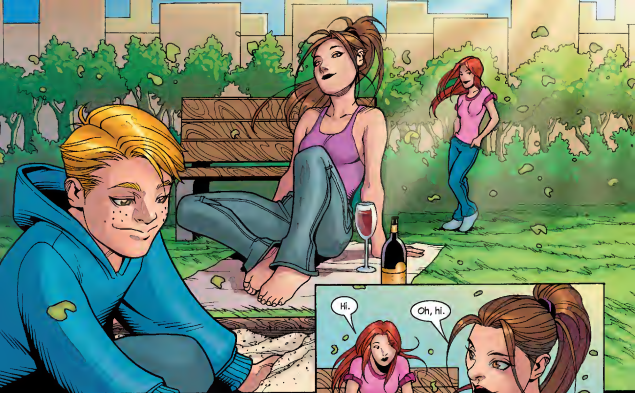
"I mean, Whoom!  
Thor. Whoosh!  
Iron Man."

"And before I could  
even focus on the  
fact that the Vision..."

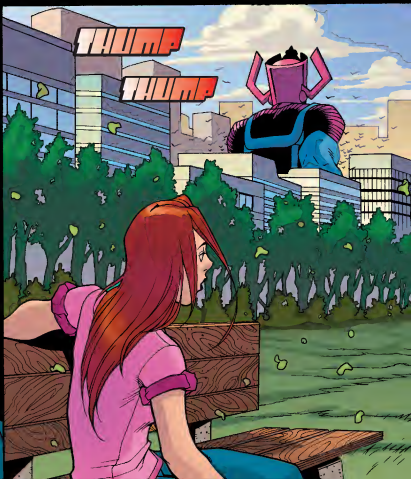
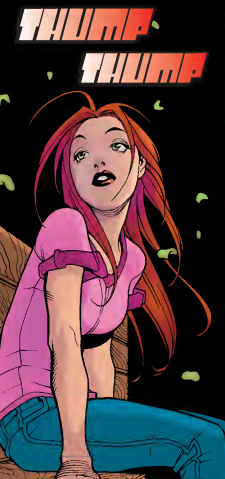
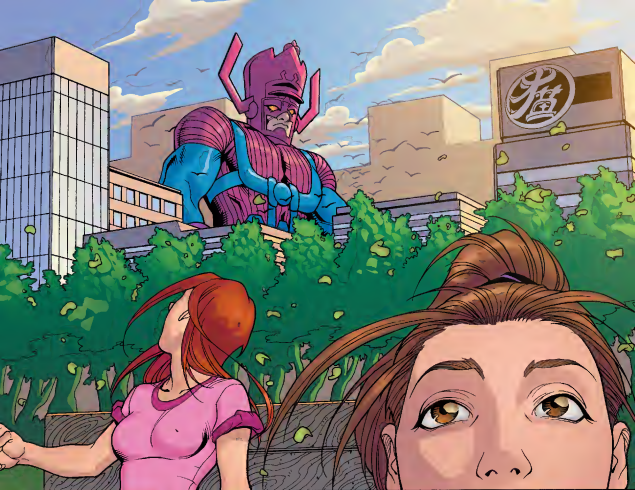
"...the Scarlet Witch's  
husband, or whatever...  
was coming right at me--"



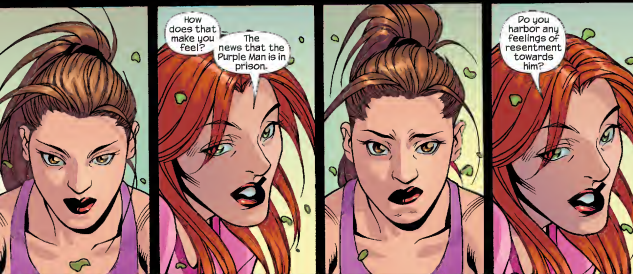
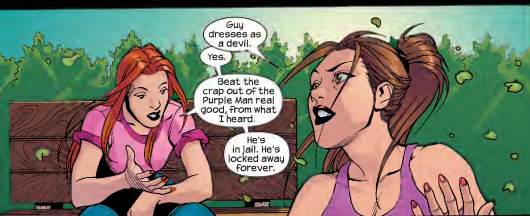
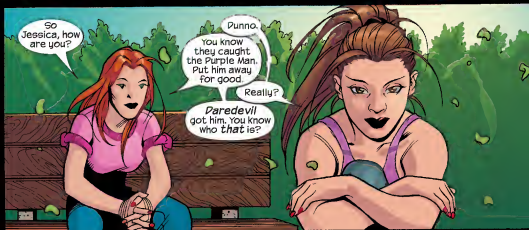
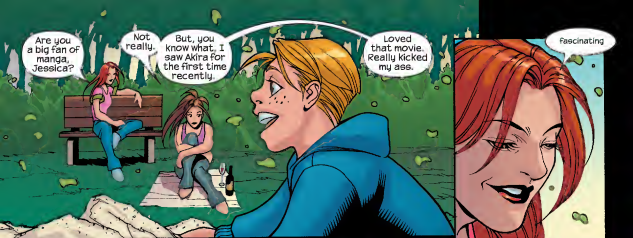


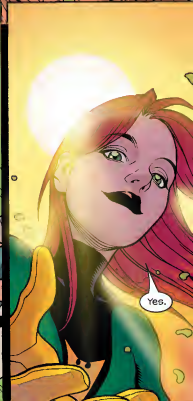


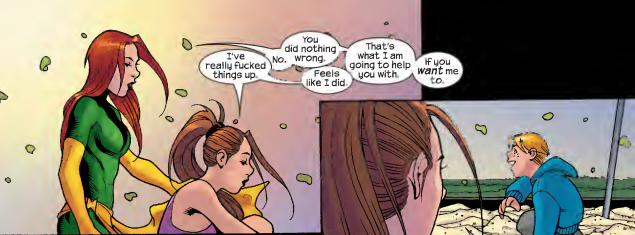






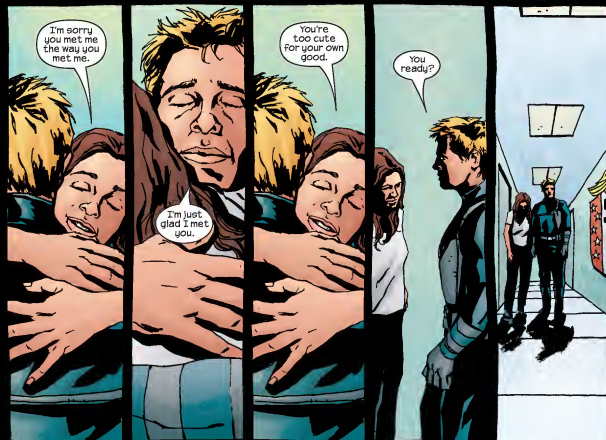
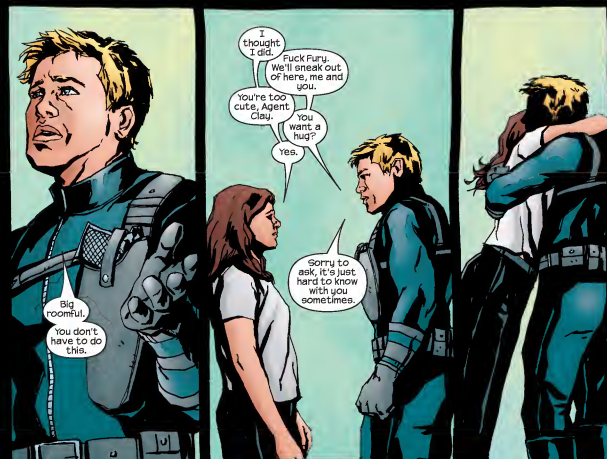


















Yeah,  
okay...  
I, uh, on the  
same note, I am  
sorry for--



Well, you  
were hardly to  
be blamed for  
that.



Still.



See, that  
was all nice and  
painless.

Okay, we have  
something else to  
talk to you about.

I think you'll  
be looking for a  
job when this is  
all over.

If you're  
interested, we'd  
like *you*, Jessica,  
to be the S.H.I.E.L.D.  
liaison to the  
Avengers.

It means,  
following some  
training and tests,  
you would become a  
level six agent of  
S.H.I.E.L.D. Answering  
to myself and  
myself only.

You would  
also be an auxiliary  
Avenger when  
needed.



you'd be  
in charge of  
communication  
between the two  
organizations  
on a day-to-  
day--

you're  
offering me  
a job?



you're  
perfect  
for it.

What you  
went through...  
and you came out  
the other side in  
one piece?

I've  
enjoyed  
our talks over  
the months,  
Jessica.

You're a  
survivor, and  
a fighter, and  
we need you on  
our team.



Did you  
know about  
this?

I did--  
yes. It was  
half my  
idea.



You know,  
when you're  
ready?



This--  
what *is* this?  
A payoff or  
something?

Nothing  
of the--

No. No no.  
Nothing like  
that.

Jessica,  
I--we talked  
about this. You  
and I.



No.

Carol...

I'm done  
with all of this  
anyhow. All this  
costumes and  
shit.



You say  
I've got what  
it takes.

And I'm  
sitting here  
thinking: what are  
you, out of your  
mind?



Did you  
see what  
happened  
to me?

That is the  
result of having  
the *opposite* of  
having what it  
takes.



Thank  
you.

No.



I'm--I'm  
sorry for all  
of this.

Thanks for  
coming down here  
and everything. For  
the closure of  
it.



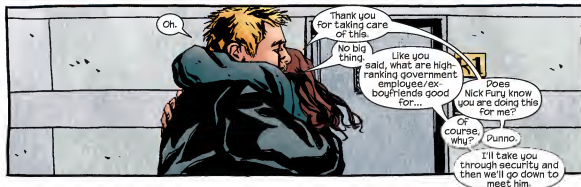
But  
no...

I'm  
done.











So  
this is "The  
Raft."

Worst  
of the  
worst.

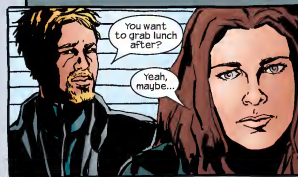
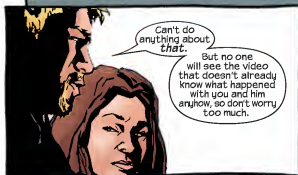
Like who?  
Who do you  
got here?

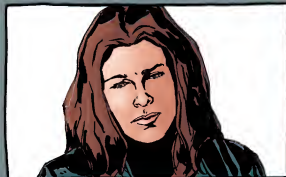
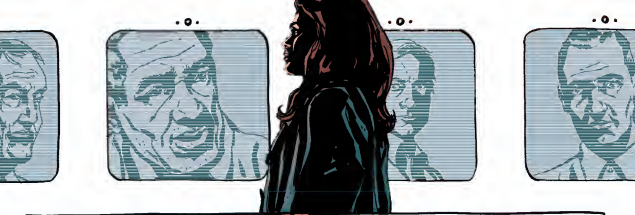
Let's  
see.

We got  
Baron Blood,  
Bushwacker, Carnage,  
Crossbones, Jigsaw,  
Tiger Shark, Tombstone,  
Vermin, a goofball calls  
himself Radioactive Man,  
Scarecrow, Mister  
Hyde...

Yeah,  
okay...

I haven't  
even *heard*  
of half these  
guys.





Jessica Jones.  
If it isn't my  
favorite comic  
book character  
of all time.



To be continued...

MARVEL

SEP 2001 116 GRANT MORRISON ■ FRANK QUITELY ■ MARK MORALES

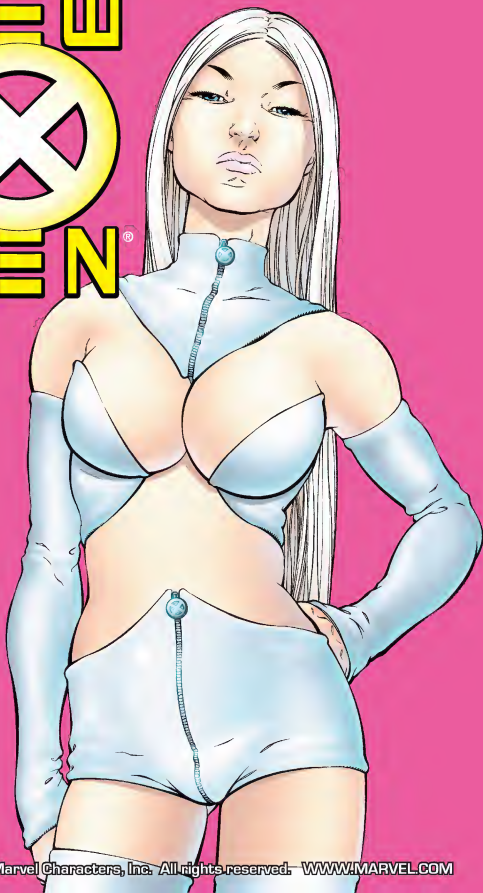
E IS FOR EXTINCTION

NEW

THREE OF THREE



MEN



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I DON'T  
KNOW HOW TO  
BREAK THIS TO  
YOU, BUT YOUR  
DATING DAYS MAY  
BE OVER, MY  
FRIEND.





STAN LEE PRESENTS:

# NEW

**E IS FOR  
EXTINCTION  
OF**

**GRANT  
MORRISON**  
WRITER

**FRANK  
QUITELY**  
PENCILER

**MARK MORALES  
DAN GREEN**  
INKS

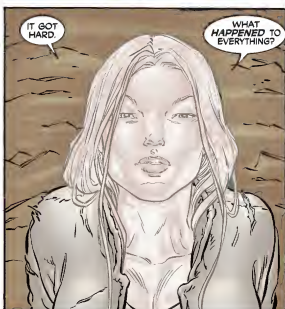
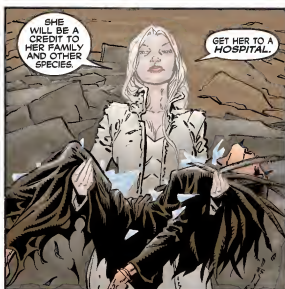
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MARK POWERS EDITOR  
JOE QUESADA CHIEF  
BILL JEMAS PRESIDENT

# MEN









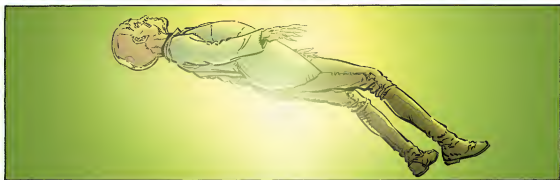




YOU SEVERED  
HER VOCAL CORDS.  
WOLVERINE?

EXECUTIVE  
DECISION, CHUCK.  
SHE WAS VOICE-  
ACTIVATING THE  
SENTINELS.

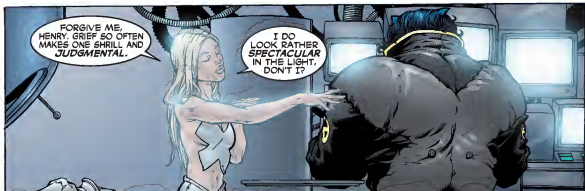
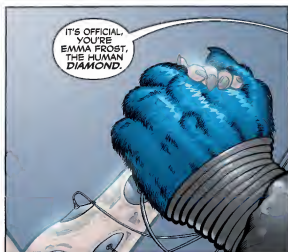
SHE'S GOT  
HER OWN PERSONAL  
HEALING GIFTS. AND RIGHT  
NOW THEY'RE WORKING HARD  
TO FIX UP THE TISSUE DAMAGE.  
SO WE DON'T HAVE MUCH  
TIME TO STAND AROUND  
FLAPPING OUR  
GUMS.



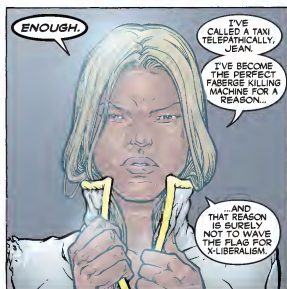
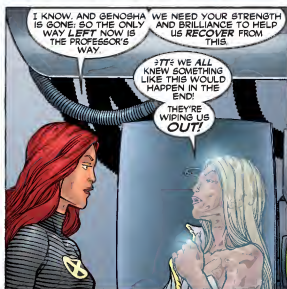
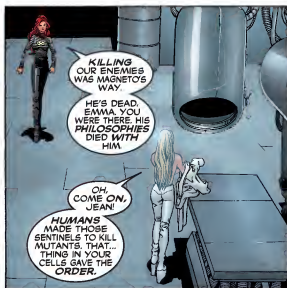
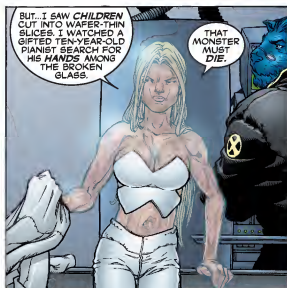
SIXTEEN  
MILLION  
MUTANTS ARE DEAD.

WHY?



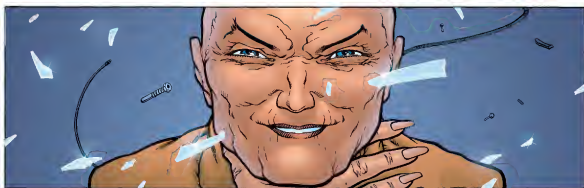




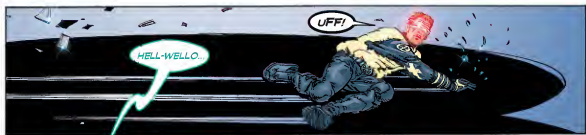




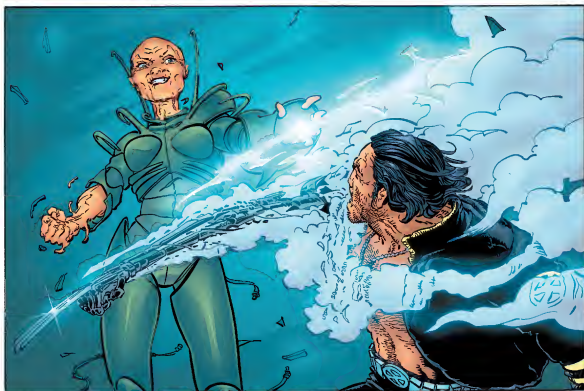




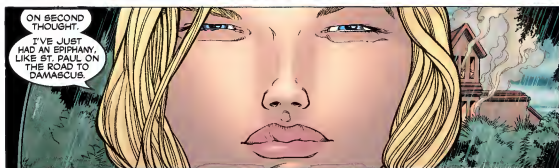
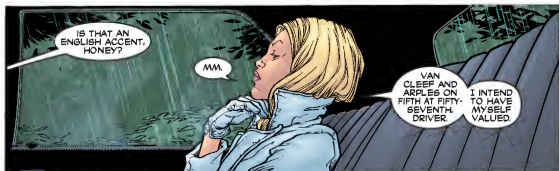






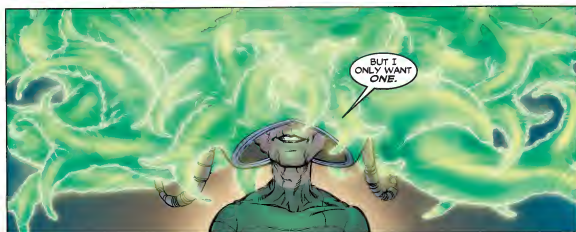
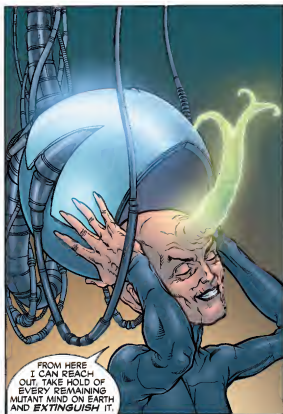
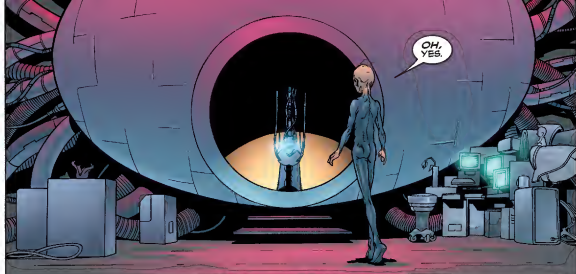




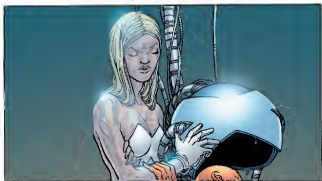


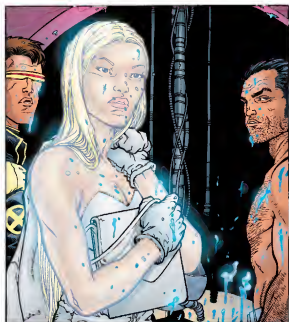


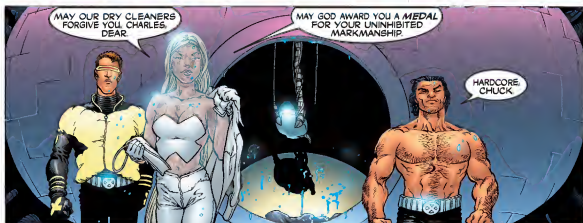


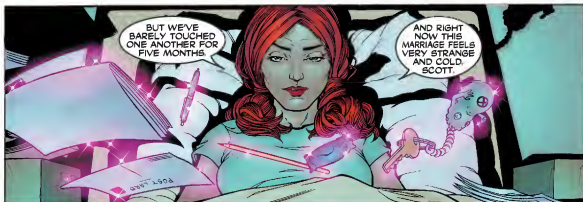


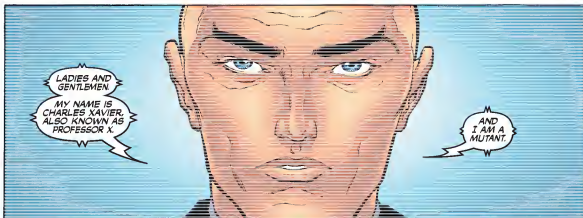














MARVEL KNIGHTS®



BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV

# DAVE DEVIL

WITHOUT FEAR!

HARDCORE  
4 OF 5

ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE. DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

Previously in Daredevil...

One of the biggest tabloid newspapers in the city outted Matt Murdock: Daredevil's secret identity was revealed.

The secret is out.

Matt Murdock is now faced with a continuing uphill battle of publicly denying his secret life as Daredevil because simply admitting it would get him disbarred and he would face jail time.

But Matt's public struggle makes his alter ego more popular with the people than ever before.

Daredevil rescues a blind girl named Milla from being hit by a truck. When Milla comes to visit Matt Murdock to thank him for saving her, they strike up an odd attraction and are in the beginning stages of a relationship.

And now... The Kingpin has returned. Wilson Fisk is on a quest of revenge against those who ousted him from his once untouchable label of KINGPIN OF CRIME.

The Kingpin starts a series of covert maneuvers to distract Daredevil from tracking his moves.

The Kingpin commits a murder that points the police to falsely investigate Matt Murdock. The Kingpin then recruits Typhoid Mary, one of his deadliest and most insane assassins, to attack Matt Murdock in his civilian life, endangering all of his employees and his new girlfriend.

Bullseye, who has assassinated both of Daredevil's greatest loves, approaches pin and offers Matt Murdock's death in return for a piece of the Kingpin's new

the King-  
empire.

## Hardcore • Part 4



Hey, Porgy?  
It's Matt. Yeah.  
Did I wake  
you?

When  
did you go  
home? I know.  
I figured.

You'll  
take care of  
the staff. Write  
them checks,  
I guess.

Today must  
have really-- she  
quit? Tsk-- That's  
too bad.

Yeah.

How about  
Luke Cage  
though, huh?  
I know.



And we  
have to offer  
Jessica some  
kind of--  
what?

Yeah,  
Milla's still  
here.

I know.  
No.

She said  
she doesn't  
live in fear.

Yeah.  
Absolutely.



I like  
her a great  
deal.

No, I  
am going  
out tonight.  
It's the Kingpin.  
This whole  
thing.

Well, *you*  
can put on the  
costume and I  
can stay  
here.

No? You  
sure?

You want  
to be my sidekick?  
I never asked. I  
should'a asked. You  
sure? Ha-- Okay.  
Okay.

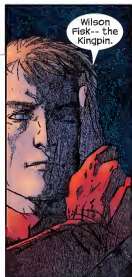


Matt?

I'm  
right here,  
Milla.











No, oh, no.

I want you to stay... or do whatever you want.

You can stay here as long as you like.

I am *not* kicking you out-- I just have to do this.



O-okay.



What I would like to do, though, is take you on a *proper* date.



That would be very nice.



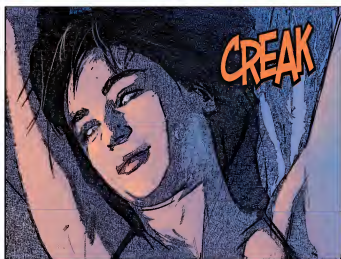
When was the last time you went to Lincoln Center?



My father used to take me there all the time.

So you would like to go?

Very much so. It's maybe my favorite place in the entire world.



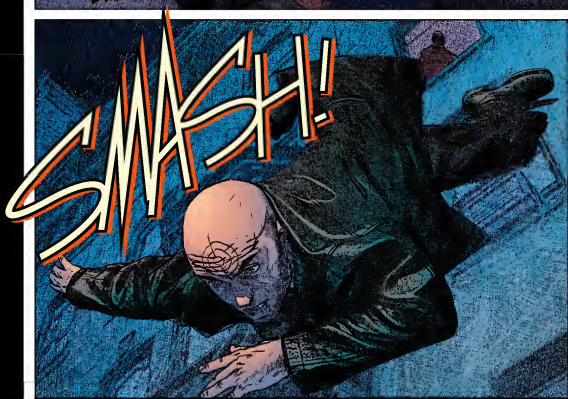


EEEK











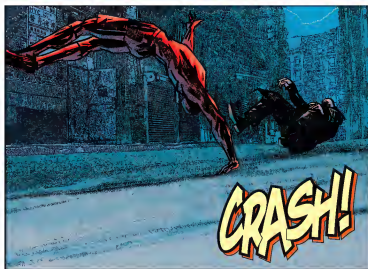


Milla...  
Call the  
police!



Tell them  
anything you  
want.

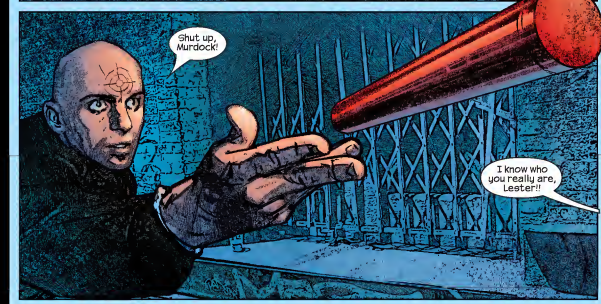
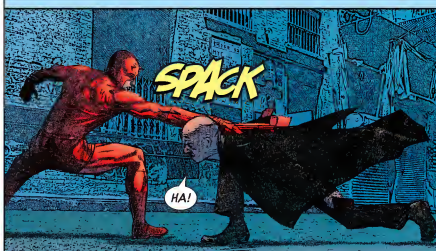












Agent D-Driver? My name is Mills Ponovan.  
I-I was with Matt Murdoch today at the... yes.





Guess we're even then, Matthew!!

Everybody knows everything about everybody.

**SPOK!**



Please help...



Such a smart ass!

You know I wish it was earlier in the day-- I'd love to get a witness or two on this-- really make a *show* of it before I send you straight to Hell!!

Yo!

People of this %^&# Hell's Kitchen!!

Drag your fat butts away from the TV and watch history in the making!!



Hey, you think when you die and go to Hell, you'll still get to wear the costume?



Either way...

...say hi to all your girlfriends.



Aaggh!!



FUMP

I went looking for you, Lester. Did you know that?

While back-- I decided I was going to find you and kill you in your sleep.

I was going to kill you and no one would ever know I did it.

Ask!

And in looking for you, I finally found out all about the big mystery that is you.

I know about your prostitute of a mommy and how you don't even know who your daddy is--

I know what happened to you in high school-- I know!!

And after finding out your entire pathetic, uninteresting story--

I know why-- I know why you keep coming around here, Lester!!

You keep coming around here, Lester!! I want me to put you out of your misery!

Your secret, secret origin.

And I know why it's a secret. It's pathetic!!

KRAK!



Aakk!!



Because you don't have the guts to do it yourself!!

But I'm not going to do it!! You hear me?!!

I'm not getting sucked into your nightmare!!

Because I just don't care!!

You hear me, Lester, I don't care about you!!

No one cares!! You're an animal!

Your mommy doesn't care. Your daddy never cared!!!

No one cares if you live or die!!

You mean nothing!! You are nothing!







What is this? Huh?

What is this, a tattoo on your head? You psycho!

Aagh!!

What is this supposed to be? Your logo? Your super cool bad ass logo?

It's your--



Shut up, animal!!

**SPAK!**



You want my attention-- I'll give you my attention. I'll give you some meaning.



I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT!!



THIS CIRCLE...

**AAARRGGH!!**

...IS FOR ELEKTRA!!!



And this circle...

Aaarrgggh!!



And this center point right here...

...is for KAREN!!!

...is for when you finally realize that no one cares!!

**AAARRGGH!!**

That I don't care about you!!

That Kingpin USED you!!



That you serve no purpose in this world!

edgskkk!!

That you mean NOTHING!!

And when you FINALLY realize how pathetic and disgusting you REALLY are...

And you FINALLY have the GUTS to do what you are begging ME to do FOR you--



WHEN YOU FINALLY HAVE THE GUTS TO END YOUR MISERABLE EXISTENCE....!!!

HERE!!

AIM  
TRUE.

Aim  
to kill.





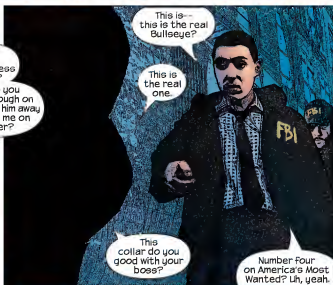


Foof!

Well...

Do I have to officially press charges?

Or do you have enough on him to put him away without me on paper?



This is-- this is the real Bullseye?

This is the real one.

This collar do you good with your boss?

Number Four on America's Most Wanted? Uh, yeah.



Well, then this is your early--agh-- this is your birthday present then--

I'm not getting you anything else.

Nngg!!

You'd press charges, even if it meant--?

This--this is *that* important.

You are an enigma...

...he's only number four?



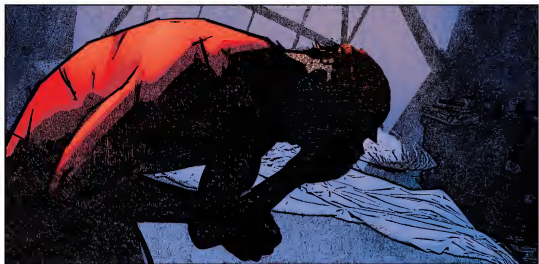
Hospital?

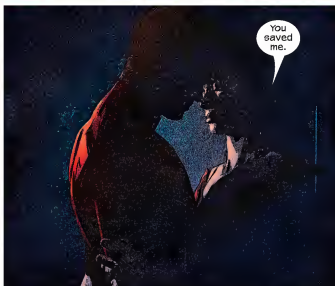
No.

We need to talk about the Kingpin.

I'll call you tomorrow.







**MARVEL**  
PG 55 498

AVERT  
STRACZYNSKI  
ROMITA JR.  
JEANNA

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®



DIRECT EDITION



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# Unintended Consequences

SCRIPT BY  
 STEVEN AYKROYD AND DAVID LEEYER AND JIMMY KATZ  
 (FROM THE SCREENPLAY BY STEVEN AYKROYD AND JIMMY KATZ)  
 STORY BY STEVEN AYKROYD AND JIMMY KATZ  
 (FROM THE SCREENPLAY BY STEVEN AYKROYD AND JIMMY KATZ)  
 PRODUCED BY STEVEN AYKROYD AND JIMMY KATZ  
 ASSOCIATED ENTITIES  
 LEE AYKROYD AND DAVID LEEYER AND JIMMY KATZ  
 WRITER AND DIRECTOR



I thought I was free of the school system after I graduated but I learned I'd be Mr. Aykroyd's wife doesn't think me out when I'm late for faculty meetings. When I came back to teach I was sure he was dead by now.

Instead it's just an incredible simulation. David Aykroyd just your ticket to now.



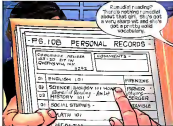








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Gasp! Aiden!



Finn, that girl's dangerous! But she works out perfectly.



Gasp! Sorry! Coming though! I have to finish school! My dad!



Now can I call out?



30 minutes later...

I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't been reporting me home. I really appreciate everything, Mr. Parker.



You can call me Parker, that's the one who has to call me Mr. Parker.









I told her about it, all of it—from helping Allison at school, to taking out the trash at her home, hearing how her mom died out a living, and then realizing I put her older brother away for committing a few months earlier.



Go, if you helped make the problem, I guess you kinda have to fix it.

I didn't say I made the problem.

Hope didn't.

Hope didn't.



5 Minutes Later  
across town...

Would be this with first one back too.

But I really didn't like losing my tooth.

I say we left our old landlord here decide if we go back and rough anyone up. Then he won't beat us up for beating anyone up as should have.



We still got a lot of good stuff though. Gotta be take care of the back-end, man.



Have some business today?

We can't - it we can't go, but we need your money back.



Where's Rudolph? I wanna hear him out.

Want to pour some of his stuff off?

Go then, losing the case—













...in case  
Mia is trouble,  
just quit. I can  
play thump with  
no irritable  
script...



Don't for that part, about  
not jailing her brother.

You carry  
the weight of the  
world on your shoulders,  
Peter. It's too big a burden  
for anyone. Trust me  
on this one.



We haven't had time  
to chat in office a long  
time, so I thought I'd  
drop by and see how  
you were doing. You  
don't seem too  
stuck around.

Funny,  
Benji. I  
thought you  
were the one  
who went off  
to Africa.

Which is  
nowhere near a  
subway station.  
I might add.



Obviously you  
haven't checked  
the latest maps.  
You'd be surprised  
about the government  
builds in the night  
when no one's  
looking.

No, you want  
to tell me what's  
got your brow  
furrowed?



It's  
hard to  
explain.

You ever hear of the  
Principle of Unintended  
Consequences?

Try  
me.

I read a  
book once,  
that wasn't  
it.



Tell somebody you  
love them, or let them  
and you can't foresee all  
the possible consequences  
you do "A" because it's a good  
thing, but "A" has consequence  
"B" which is a bad thing for  
somebody else.

Sometimes I focus  
so much on what I'm doing  
right now, so for something  
that I forget even bad  
guys have families.





I don't know how  
to fly it. I don't  
know how to give  
her that Rubik's.

But, that doesn't  
mean I'm going  
to stop trying.

To be continued...



**M  
A  
X**  
COMICS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS



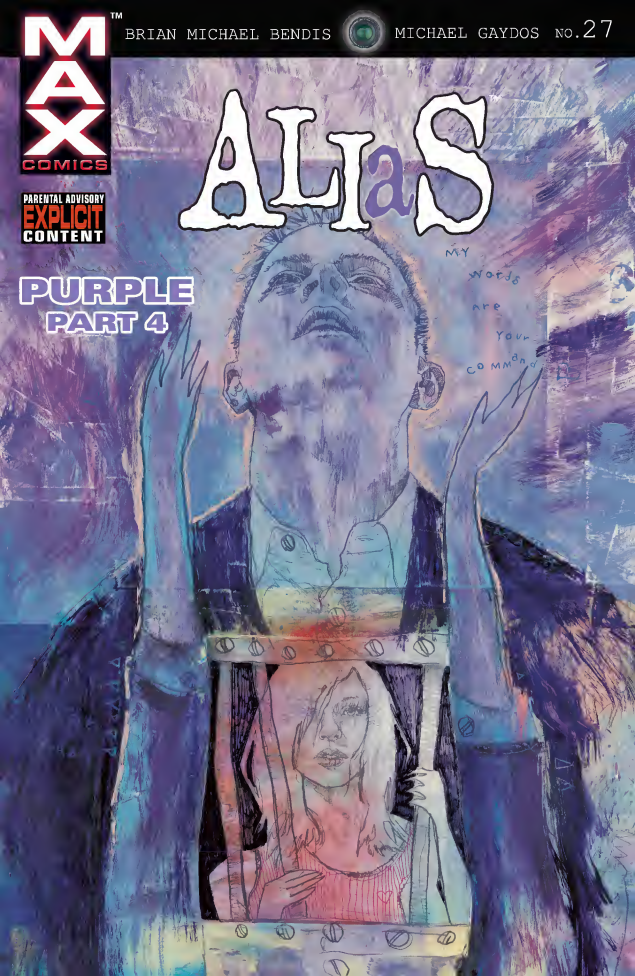
MICHAEL GAYDOS NO.27

# ALIAS

PARENTAL ADVISORY  
**EXPLICIT  
CONTENT**

**PURPLE  
PART 4**

MY  
WORDS  
ARE  
YOUR  
COMMAND



Previously in

# ALIAS

created by  
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS  
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS  
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH  
actions

Virtual Calligraphy's  
CORY PETT  
letters

DAVID MACK  
cover

MARC SUMERAK  
assistant editor

ANDY SCHMIDT  
editor

TOM BREVOORT  
supervising editor

JOE QUESADA  
editor in chief

BILL JEMAS  
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.



Well, you look very purple.

I, uh, I came here to ask you to--

Interior shot: Jail Day.

Jessica Jones... the ex-costumed super hero, now private eye, comes face-to-face with her greatest foe, her worst nightmare...

the enigmatic Killgrave, the Purple Man.

...tight shot on Jessica.

she stares ahead blankly...

Trying not to give Killgrave the satisfaction of how much this confrontation is getting to her.

But her eyes are glassy with held back tears, her quivering lip betrays her.

Even talking through the high-tech prison monitor, even without direct contact of any kind, even with the guards and the security...

...she feels the Purple Man's piercing gaze...

...memories of their intimate time together flooding through her. Flooding up inside her.

There are things that they shared that she never spoke of...

...even to her lovers.

The truths only *they* know.

Cut to--

--tight on the purple eyes of the Purple Man.

Piercing.  
Hypnotic.

Filling Jessica with an intense feeling of--  
sorry to interrupt, but I am here to-- I need you to--

The families of some of your victims have asked me to ask you to see if you could--

Do they know?

Killgrave, I just need you to focus on these poor families whose lives you have sent into disarray by--

Oh, so we're going to pretend you and I don't know what's really going on?

You don't want to embarrass yourself in front of your readers.

These families have each lost loved ones because of something you made them do. What I am here to ask you is--

Ooh, you know what? Hey, I'm not saying that I'm an expert in the dramatic arts... (Because I am certainly not...)

I'm a pawn in this just like you, just like all of us.

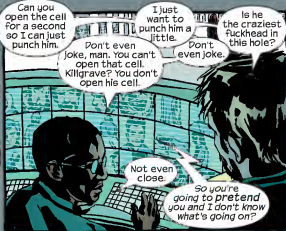
But if this starts with you coming face-to-face with me, your darkest secret, your greatest challenge...

...I wouldn't flip to the back of the book.

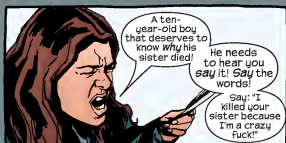
something really bad is going to happen to you Jessica.

I wouldn't turn to the end.

I bet something really horrible happens.











I know you talk to them.

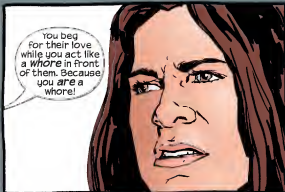
Hoping they like you, hoping they buy the next issue.



You're the biggest whore in the history of the medium!



You're their dirty whore, you'll always be--



You beg for their love while you act like a *whore* in front of them. Because you *are* a whore!



Well, I'm glad we got to catch up...



Jessica, whatever you do...

...don't contradict the continuity!



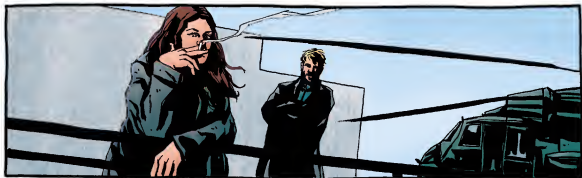
They'll eat you alive!

They'll.

Eat.

You.

Alive!

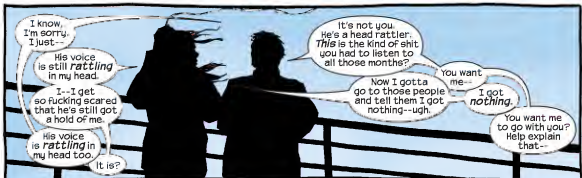


What are you thinking?

What do you want me to say?



I shouldn't be smoking--that's what I'm thinking.



I know, I'm sorry. I just--

His voice is still *rattling* in my head.

I--I get so fucking scared that he's still got a hold of me.

His voice is *rattling* in my head too.

It is?

It's not you. He's a head rattler. *This* is the kind of shit you had to listen to all those months?

Now I gotta go to those people and tell them I got nothing--ugh.

You want me--

I got *nothing*.

You want me to go with you? Help explain that--



No.

Don't you have some secret agent thing you have to do to save the world?



Not 'til Thursday.



Thank you for this.

Oh, okay.

I'm sorry I'm such a bitch.

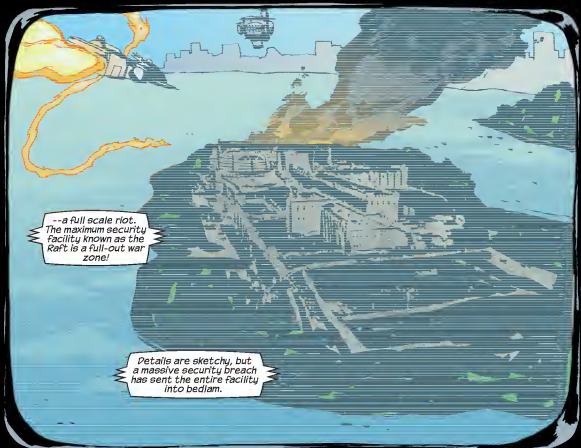
You're not.

I am.

No. For a comic book character, you're pretty well rounded.

Don't make jokes.





--a full scale riot.  
The maximum security  
facility known as the  
Raft is a full-out war  
zone!

Details are sketchy, but  
a massive security breach  
has sent the entire facility  
into bedlam.

But--wait--  
we do have,  
yes.

Authorities  
have released this  
picture...this man,  
Killgrave--yes.

Killgrave, the  
Purple Man, escaped  
from the Raft facility.  
We don't have details  
as of yet.

But word from  
S.H.I.E.L.D. is that this  
Purple Man is extremely  
dangerous.

If you see him, do **not** make  
any attempt to communicate  
or engage him in any way.

If you see him, contact  
authorities with your  
location immediately.

We're getting more  
details now on this Killgrave's  
history and we will also have  
for you a list of the super-  
powered prisoners that are  
contained at the Raft--

Authorities are keeping  
details hush-hush for now but we  
do know that the Fantastic Four,  
the Avengers and S.H.I.E.L.D. are all  
working together with authorities  
to contain the situation before it  
reaches our shores.



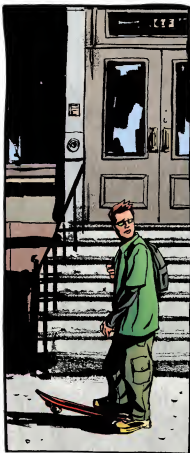
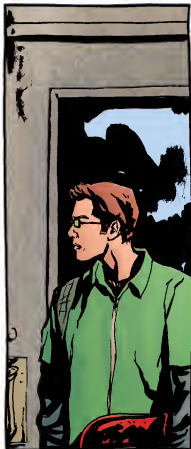










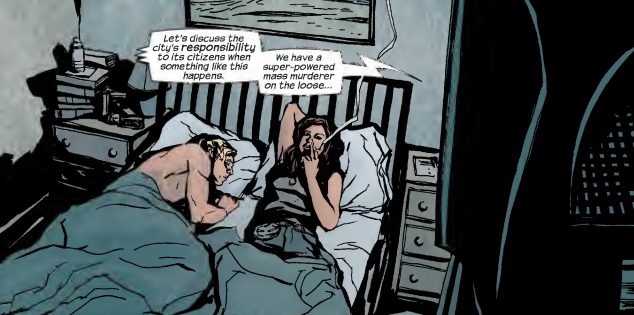






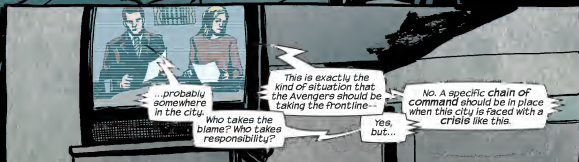






Let's discuss the city's responsibility to its citizens when something like this happens.

We have a super-powered mass murderer on the loose...



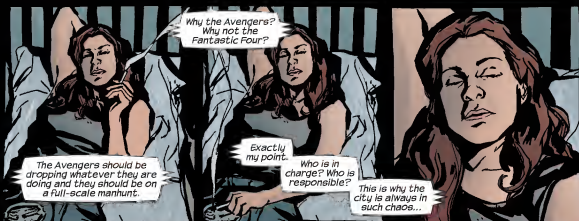
...probably somewhere in the city.

This is exactly the kind of situation that the Avengers should be taking the frontline--

No. A specific chain of command should be in place when this city is faced with a crisis like this.

Who takes the blame? Who takes responsibility?

Yes, but...



Why the Avengers? Why not the Fantastic Four?

The Avengers should be dropping whatever they are doing and they should be on a full-scale manhunt.

Exactly my point.

Who is in charge? Who is responsible?

This is why the city is always in such chaos...









To be concluded...

# NEW X MEN

OCT 2001



GRANT MORRISON ■ ETHAN VANSICNER ■ PRENTISS ROLLINS

MARVEL

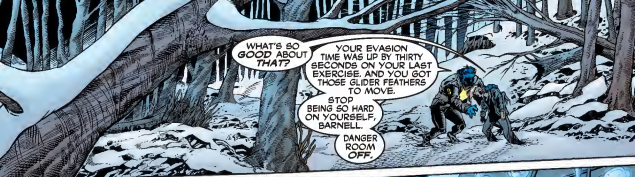
FRANK  
CHVITSEY  
TOWNSEND

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WHAT'S SO GOOD ABOUT THAT?

YOUR EVASION TIME WAS UP BY THIRTY SECONDS ON YOUR LAST EXERCISE. AND YOU GOT THOSE GLIDER FEATHERS TO MOVE.

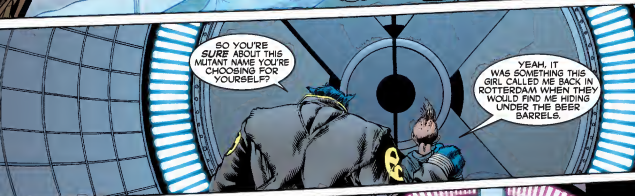
STOP BEING SO HARD ON YOURSELF, BARNELL.

ANGER ROOM OFF.



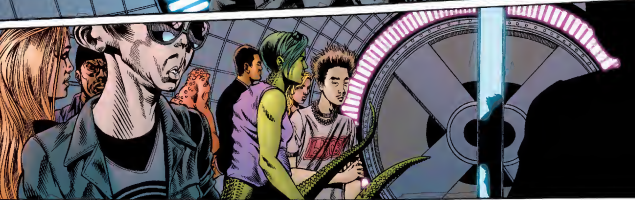
NOBODY EXPECTS YOU TO GRADUATE TO THE X-MEN OVERNIGHT.

YOU'RE HERE AT XAVIER'S TO LEARN, AND TO DEVELOP YOUR MUTANT GIFT.



SO YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THIS MUTANT NAME YOU'RE CHOOSING FOR YOURSELF?

YEAH. IT WAS SOMETHING THIS GIRL CALLED ME BACK IN ROTTERDAM WHEN THEY WOULD FIND ME HIDING UNDER THE BEER BARRELS.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET BARNELL BOHUSK, THE BEAK.

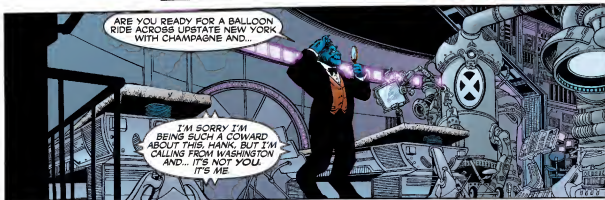






HI, HANK...

WELL HELLO, TRISH.  
RROOOwrrr!



ARE YOU READY FOR A BALLOON RIDE ACROSS UPSTATE NEW YORK WITH CHAMPAGNE AND...

I'M SORRY I'M BEING SUCH A COWARD ABOUT THIS, HANK, BUT I'M CALLING FROM WASHINGTON AND... IT'S NOT YOU. IT'S ME



YOU'RE STILL THE SAME LOVELY HANK INSIDE, EVEN SINCE YOU CHANGED SO MUCH, BUT... I KNOW YOU CAN'T HELP YOUR EYES, BUT YOU LOOK AT ME LIKE I'M PREY SOMETIMES AND...

...AND THE ENQUIRER RAN A STORY ABOUT US... THE WORD "BESTIALITY" WAS USED THREE TIMES...

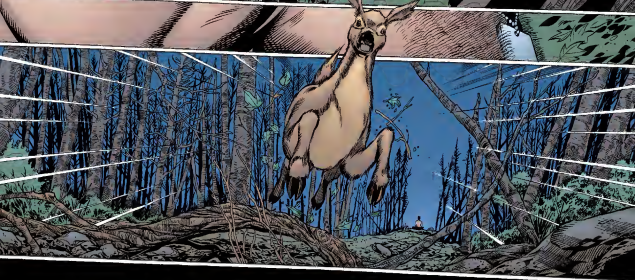
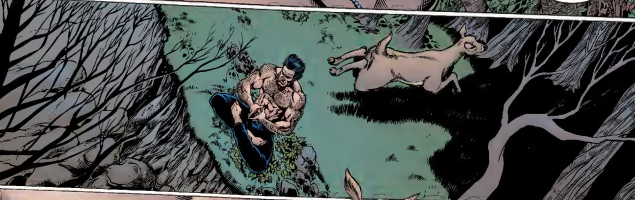
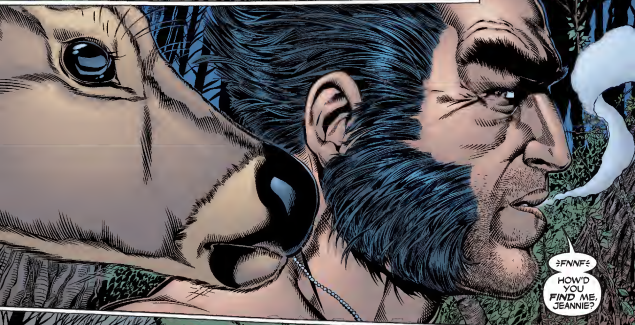
I COULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO HURT YOU, DEAR, LOVELY HANK, BUT THIS COULD RUIN MY CAREER AS A BROADCASTER.



OH, GOD, I DIDN'T MEAN IT LIKE THAT.

OH, HANK, I'M MAKING SUCH A MESS OF THIS  
I'M SO SORRY.



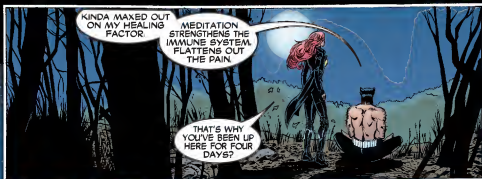




ALPHA WAVES.  
THEY MAKE  
YOUR MIND  
GLOW.  
IS THAT  
YOGA?

ZA ZEN. SITTING  
MEDITATION.

I GOT HALF-BURNED TO  
DEATH AND THEN THE FLESH  
WAS STRIPPED OFF MY ARM—  
ALL IN ONE DAY.



KINDA MAXED OUT  
ON MY HEALING  
FACTOR.

MEDITATION  
STRENGTHENS THE  
IMMUNE SYSTEM.  
FLATTENS OUT  
THE PAIN.

SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT.

I'VE BEEN  
TRYING TO  
FIGURE OUT  
WHAT THAT  
BIG STAR  
IS.

THAT'S WHY  
YOU'VE BEEN UP  
HERE FOR FOUR  
DAYS?



THERE, IN  
THE MIDDLE  
OF ORION'S  
BELT.

LOOKS LIKE A  
SPACESHIP.

YEAH,  
WELL, THAT'S  
BECAUSE IT IS A  
SPACESHIP.

AFTER COMING  
OUT AS A MUTANT ON  
GLOBAL TV, THE PROFESSOR  
HAS DECIDED TO TAKE A  
SURPRISE VACATION WITH  
EMPRESS LILANDRA IN  
THE SHI'AR GALAXY.



LEAVING US TO DEAL  
WITH THE MOB AT THE  
INSTITUTE GATES.

MAYBE I'D DO  
THE SAME IF MY  
EX RAN HIS OWN  
SPACE EMPIRE.

IT ALL  
SEEMS SO  
WEIRD.





WHAT ABOUT YOU, JEANNIE?

LONG CLIMB FOR A FORTUNE COOKIE.

OH, YOU KNOW... SCOTT ME SAME OLD SAME OLD.

FORGET IT.

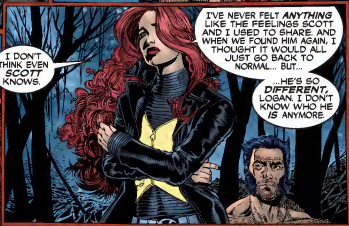
YOU ALWAYS BELONGED WITH THAT GUY, JEANNIE. COUPLE OF DUDLEY DO-RIGHTS MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR WHATEVER IT IS *THIS* WEEK.



MY TELEKINETIC GIFTS ARE COMING BACK AND IT'S LIKE THIS BIG MUSCLE... I FEEL SO STRONG AND ALIVE AND SCOTT... SCOTT'S JUST SOMEWHERE ELSE.

I DON'T KNOW. MY HEAD'S HOLLOW AND I FEEL REALLY LONELY, LOGAN.

I DON'T THINK EVEN SCOTT KNOWS.



I'VE NEVER FELT ANYTHING LIKE THE FEELINGS SCOTT AND I USED TO SHARE. AND WHEN WE FOUND HIM AGAIN, I THOUGHT IT WOULD ALL JUST GO BACK TO NORMAL... BUT...

...HE'S SO DIFFERENT, LOGAN. I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS ANYMORE.

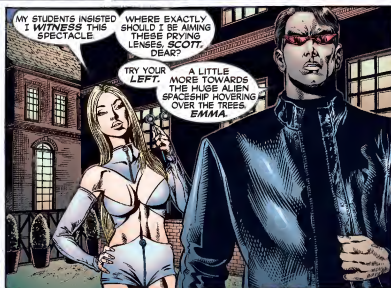
AND YOU'RE MY FRIEND...

...AND I WISH HE WOULD JUST HOLD ME THE WAY HE USED TO. I WISH IT DIDN'T MATTER...

I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT.









WE HAVE FIVE PERMANENT TEACHING STAFF ALONG WITH FIELD AGENTS

THERE ARE CURRENTLY ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-TWO PUPILS, ALL MUTANTS.

BEHIND THE WOOD-PANELLED WALLS, BENEATH THE POLISHED FLOOR-BOARDS OF THE **XAVIER INSTITUTE** LIES A STATE-OF-THE-ART MUTANT LOCATION AND RESCUE FACILITY.



THIS ENTIRE OPERATION HAS BEEN **SECRET** FOR YEARS.

AND YOU CHOSE NOW FOR THE **X-MEN** TO GO **PUBLIC**? IS THIS REALLY WISE?

HUMAN PROTESTS WILL FADE WHEN THEY SEE WE HAVE NOTHING TO HIDE AND MUCH TO **OFFER** THEM.

MUTANTS HAVE LIVED IN **FEAR** AND COVERED BEHIND MASKS FOR TOO LONG.



I SENSE THE TIDE OF HISTORY TURNING...

WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO SEE ME ABOUT, HENRY...?

...SHOULDN'T YOU BE ON YOUR DATE?



OH, I DECIDED THAT THE CHARMS OF A VIRTUAL **AUTOPSY** FAR OUTWEIGHED THOSE OF A ROMANTIC BALLROOM RIDE WITH MYSELF.



HER **REAL** BODY'S STILL IN DEEP FREEZE, BUT I MADE THIS COMPUTER DISSECTION MODEL OF THE **CASSANDRA NOVA ENTITY** SHORTLY AFTER SHE ALMOST KILLED US ALL.

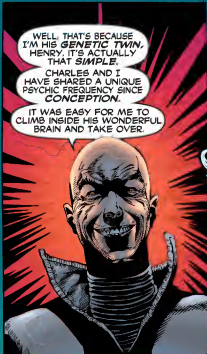
AND...? WHAT IS IT, HENRY?

YOU CROSS-REFERENCED CASSANDRA NOVA'S **DNA** WITH CEREBRA'S GENETIC LIBRARY FILES, DIDN'T YOU...?

YES, THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT. I WANTED TO SEE IF WE HAD ENCOUNTERED ANYTHING LIKE HER **BEFORE**. AND...



WHY DOES CASSANDRA NOVA HAVE THE SAME DNA AS YOU, PROFESSOR?



WELL, THAT'S BECAUSE I'M HIS **GENETIC TWIN**, HENRY. IT'S ACTUALLY THAT SIMPLE.

CHARLES AND I HAVE SHARED A UNIQUE PSYCHIC FREQUENCY SINCE CONCEPTION.

IT WAS EASY FOR ME TO CLIMB INSIDE HIS WONDERFUL BRAIN AND TAKE OVER.

DO YOU GET IT NOW? CHARLES HAS LEFT THE BUILDING. I'M CASSANDRA NOVA, XAVIER.

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO HAVE SOMEONE THROW UP ON YOUR SOUL, HENRY?



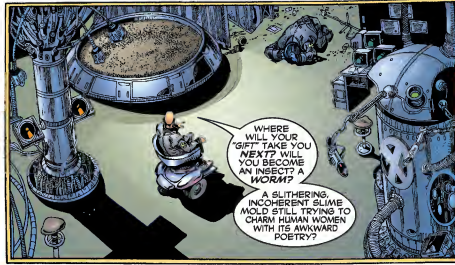






YOU'RE ONE OF NATURE'S WORTHLESS, FAILED EXPERIMENTS.

IS THIS YOUR SPECIAL MUTANT "GIFT," HENRY? THIS SLOW CRAWL BACKWARDS DOWN THE EVOLUTIONARY SPIRAL?



WHERE WILL YOUR "GIFT" TAKE YOU NEXT? WILL YOU BECOME AN INSECT? A WORM?

A SLITHERING, INCOHERENT SLIME MOLD STILL TRYING TO CHARM HUMAN WOMEN WITH ITS AWKWARD POETRY?

I... I AM A MEMBER OF THE EVOLVED SPECIES HOMO SAPIENS SUPERIOR. I... I HAVE A DOCTORATE DEGREE! I CAN TURN THE PERIODIC TABLE INTO A DIRTY RHYME IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES TO GET YOU OUT...











YOU'RE RIGHT!

EVERY DAY I WAKE UP AND I LOOK IN THE MIRROR, AND I FEEL LIKE MORE OF A MONSTER THAN THE DAY BEFORE... EVERY DAY!

SO WHY NOT JUST RIP OFF YOUR FACE WITH MY TEETH?

SHALL I TELL YOU?

BECAUSE I BELIEVE IN ART... AND MUSIC AND LITERATURE AND... AND REASON!

BECAUSE I DON'T BELIEVE IN THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE.

AND BECAUSE TO INJURE ME IS TO HURT MY BROTHER, YOUR BELOVED PROFESSOR.

LOOK BEHIND YOU.

OH, SURE, I'M...

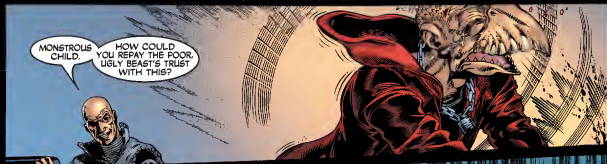


UCCH!

DON'T DO THIS TO ME...

DON'T MAKE ME HURT HIM!





MONSTROUS  
CHILD.

HOW COULD  
YOU REPAY THE POOR,  
UGLY BEAST'S TRUST  
WITH THIS?



**NO!**

I  
DON'T WANT  
TO! I DON'T  
WANT TO!

3UNNHE

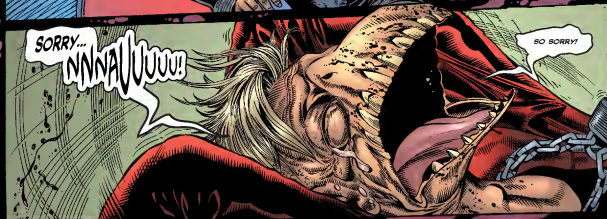
NNAAU!

GGH!



CHARLES  
TRIED TO MURDER  
ME ONCE, A LONG  
TIME AGO.

NOW THAT I'VE  
FOUND HIM AGAIN, I  
THOUGHT I'D SMASH  
HIS PRECIOUS DREAM  
DOWN TO DUST  
AND MAKE HIM  
WATCH.

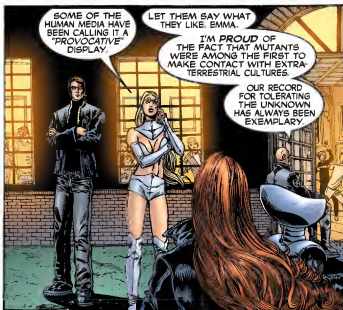


SORRY...

NNNAUUUUU!

SO SORRY!









WE'LL  
MISS  
YOU.

I KNOW  
YOU DOUBT MY  
JUDGMENT... YOU  
WORRY THAT I'M  
LEAVING AT A  
DIFFICULT TIME  
FOR US ALL.

BUT MY  
SOUL... MY SOUL IS  
SO WEARY, JEAN.

THERE'S  
BEEN TOO MUCH  
DEATH.



I KNOW,  
BUT DON'T  
STAY AWAY  
TOO LONG,  
CHARLES.

I...  
SHOULDN'T  
NEED MUCH  
TIME.

I KNOW  
I CAN TRUST  
YOU AS ACTING  
HEADMISTRESS,  
JEAN.

I'M SURE  
NO PROBLEM  
WILL ARISE THAT  
YOU CAN'T  
HANDLE.



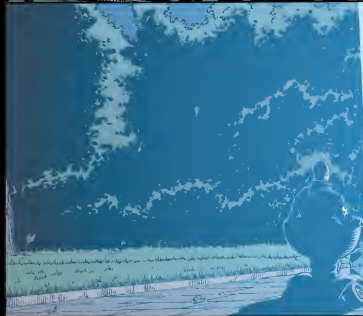
WELL, AT LEAST I  
DON'T HAVE HALF  
THE GALAXY TO  
TAKE CARE  
OF.

GIVE  
MY LOVE  
TO LILANDRA  
AND THE  
EMPIRE.

I WILL.

IMAGINE THE  
RESPONSIBILITY OF ALL  
THAT **DESTRUCTIVE**  
**POTENTIAL**. THE POWER TO  
CRACK THE FIRMAMENT  
AND EXTINGUISH  
SUNS...





NEXT: BERM-FREE GENERATION

**MARVEL**  
PSR 58 495

AVERY  
STRACZYNSKI  
ROMITA JR.  
HANNA

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



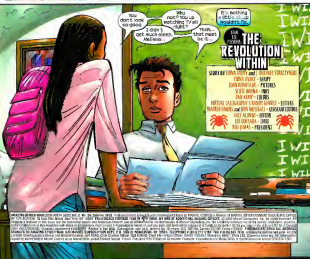
DIRECT EDITION



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58536-04718-1  
\$2.25 US \$3.75 CAN

UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES II OF II









The cops said we  
fell apart, my  
help and...

Well, come  
right on time,  
just like I told  
you to

Well, whoa,  
what's the  
problem--?



Your brother left  
on an order to  
get off the job he  
was on. When we  
heard you were  
looking for him,  
we figured  
out. If he couldn't  
find him, he could  
always get it  
from you.

Top. It's  
a total. Power



But I can't just  
live in without. It's  
Mallory. I've  
been watching

What's to do...?  
What to do...



You  
look scared  
good

I ain't  
scared of  
you

Yeah,  
he's not  
scared of  
you--

Don't  
help



**CRASH  
BLANK!**

The  
hell level!



**THUD-CLANG!**

**AAAAAH!**

Well,



We've got them!  
Get out of here!



You was anything out there, Harold?

Surely an idiot, he never saw anything

What is all this talk? What? What?

Yes?



Chen, get!

Thank!



One more crime report, I'll let the neighborhood deal with these guys. I gotta keep my eye on Melius.



Tomorrow I'll figure out some way to keep her out of trouble at least for one night, so I can be alert, and awake, and get some serious investigative work done. Wouldn't be that much to ask for.

--and the coefficient, ever here, relates to the mineral dear here by well, it doesn't, they don't get along, but--

Mr. Parker?



Mr. Parker, the bell ring a minute ago?

I don't



Wait... the only reason I  
possibly ad him was because  
it was the one who turned  
him over to the police.

Well, I  
mean... I've seen  
him around,  
and...



So you're the creep who flunked  
him out of senior class, huh? You're  
the reason he ended up on the  
street?

That's  
why you... I mean  
no, Sir...

That's  
why you've been  
trying to be nice to me,  
to make up for being  
a creep.



No, that wasn't me. I haven't  
been teaching that long. I  
just started here this  
semester.

Oh.



...you know, if he hadn't flunked  
senior class, he'd have been a high  
school honors student. When he  
flunked that class, he graduated  
sure, but he didn't get to go  
to college.

Sorry to  
hear that.



It'd probably be a whole  
teacher's story if he  
wasn't like you in school  
sorry for being real,  
Mr. Parker.

Well,  
anyway, I'd  
better get inside  
and crack open  
the books.

Right,  
see you in class  
tomorrow.



If I don't sleep through  
class again, that is...  
wonder if I could get Miss  
Florence to substitute for me  
tomorrow. She doesn't have  
a life either. I could use  
a whole day's sleep. I...

Wait, aren't  
those the guys  
Mollie was  
hanging with  
last night?



I told you  
there's a few spots  
we can check out before  
I get back to my usual  
place. It's a pain,  
but she's persistent.  
Yikes!



Oh great.

My guess,  
there's not waiting  
I had to ditch my  
teacher. Anyway, I only  
have 'til six o'clock  
before then starts home  
between shifts for  
dinner - oh, let's get  
going!



Stick my  
teacher!

At least she's only  
gonna be out until  
4 p.m. But I can't just  
follow them around  
like this. Gotta try  
another approach.



well, there is one  
option available to me  
to keep her content  
overnight at least.

If I don't find out where  
her brother is, she's  
gonna get herself into  
more trouble. And I can't  
keep this up forever.





One slightly illegal action and thirty minutes later...



I start at the courthouse because someone there must have access to newspaper files. Joshua Goodridge. I need to find out what he was paroled and what address or other information was on his parole papers when he left jail...and I don't have a lot of time before the courthouse closes.



The women at the counter aren't exactly helpful. It was a lot easier getting information as a photographer for the paper. These days, "helpful" teacher for high school kids doesn't allow me to bring my weight around once only...



Joshua Goodridge was released on good behavior by Judge Simms. That is all I can tell you. I will not divulge other parts of his record such as arrest records, when he was released or any other personal information.



Complete. Tell me where he's staying now?

I have no information on his current whereabouts. Only his parole officer would know, but his records release it either...that's strictly confidential, however.



No, that expedition was about as helpful as a snail.



Excuse me?

Peter is so...

What are you doing here?



Just attending to some legal matters, nothing serious. Prior to the courts, when turning a business. You?

I'm looking at that guy I told you about the other day.

An idiot, him. Interesting case. Well, best of luck to you.



Yeah, you too.

I don't believe him, but I was is entitled to his own private life, after all. Besides, I have important cases to attend to tonight and



Wait a minute. Interviewing case?

But no usual. He's gone. Now I know how it feels when I do that to people.

Maybe it was nothing.



My kid, for me. I'm gonna be working late again tonight, but I think this should be the beginning of the end.

Now, you got that case? Great! Listen, I'm gonna be on the Spider phone tonight...

What? What's wrong with calling it the Spider phone? I never. I'm not gonna be on this one, okay? You have the number for the other phone, right. And then to call me. No, it's okay. I have it set to buzz before it rings. Right, bye!



It was time to do some old-fashioned journalistic investigation.



A few of my journalist pals used to frequent this place, because there was one particularly good informant who used to hang out inside.

I started checking with him for leads on Spider-Man. That way if I originally suspected anything, started asking around if I was doing my job. I had him to confirm that I was checking around, which I wouldn't do if I were Spider-Man.

I have a complicated life.

Yo, Peter! Long time no see! What's it be?

A tomato salad.



Oh, come to join coming up, as usual.



Hello, Peter. This is a hell of a title.



I've been out of the journalism rounds for a bit.

Need something, I take it?

I'm looking for a job by the name of Joshua Goodridge. He left jail on parole but the court house isn't buying it. I don't know about it, and I can't find out where he went.



Thanks, Bill.

No problem. It's on the table.

There are only three places for a guy to go after jail...



Good luck to what he was doing before.

Get lucky. Not there.

Just worse, crime, parole. Like the worse I'd say. If he's going for something higher than that, he'll die. Well, would be it.

My gut tells me he's on that one. What's the third option?



Oh, the third option...



I don't talk about the third option...



So if I tell you about it, you never hear it from me.

That's fine. Not like I know who you are anyway, like that newspaper and all that. I estimate the information will be worth your while.

There's a place, downtown, outside the prison district, where a lot of different gangs are congregating. No one knows what the hell is going down, but it's gonna be big. I tell you about it only because you said this guy just got out of jail. A lot of the guys coming into that place were jailed and just rightly let out or escaped. It's bad info down there.



Without the  
subtletizing part.



I did some more  
digging in the underworld  
and double checked the  
information my contact  
at the bar gave me...



And all arrows point to  
the same part of town...







Feeling the night  
belling turn out to be  
easier than I thought.



It's the only one  
that's resisting  
"turn 'em off" is  
tongue in the  
mid-light district  
the heads work.



This looks like a  
big to find, then I know  
so it's where things  
actually doing.



I need a better look  
from if it's just in my line  
when I can see it. What  
things are to do, at least  
to get a good look at  
their faces and see if  
there's another who's.



GREEEEAK



Looking at this...  
Looks like the other  
is about to start.



We need  
that there are  
no more in  
this.

The one  
is a little bit  
better, but it's  
not a good idea  
to be in a  
place where  
there's a  
lot of people.

There's a lot  
of people in  
this place, but  
it's not a good  
idea to be in  
a place where  
there's a lot  
of people.



Oh, this is a good  
one. In this some  
things are in a  
place where  
there's a lot  
of people.

Look  
how fast  
it's going.

One could  
say that's a  
good thing, but  
it's not a good  
idea to be in  
a place where  
there's a lot  
of people.

Know your  
place, and look  
for things out  
there.

A completely  
new kind of  
thing, one for  
which there's  
no one else  
in the world.  
It's not a  
thing, it's a  
thing.



where is the  
new  
world?

There is a  
new world  
out there.



There's no  
one else  
in the world.  
It's not a  
thing, it's a  
thing.

Oh, this is a  
good one. In  
this some  
things are in  
a place where  
there's a lot  
of people.



There's a lot  
of people in  
this place, but  
it's not a good  
idea to be in  
a place where  
there's a lot  
of people.



There's no  
one else  
in the world.  
It's not a  
thing, it's a  
thing.



I'll have to talk  
about that  
later. Right now.

DANNY  
I FORGOT  
ABOUT THE  
MESSAGE  
BOY.







I'm right here, sir.



You can get these guys to tell you pretty much anything you want.

Okay, I want answers.

We all need answers. It's the right questions you're asking. That's where it starts.

That's where what starts?



Everything begins with questions. I can't even tell you how many might have been a huge question. Perhaps. What am I? But let's leave the answering for a moment and get to all of this.

When did you first meet Jackson?



It's a busy intersection, during a car-jacking. I left the car for the police to arrest.

And what happened to people who are arrested?

They go to jail.

And what do they do in jail?

This is stupid.

What do they do in jail?

"Serve out their sentence."

How?

Prison, this is stupid.



Let me put it another way. How many hours in a day are there? Twenty-four, yes? Now do you spend twenty-four hours in jail?

Eating, sleeping, brushing, watching TV, I guess. Some probably get visitation.

They also get books, if they like about ordering food. There are many people who use their whole lives in prison to read books. What do you suppose I was a read about?

ONE WAY

"I'm thinking the anti-help  
baseballers are probably not  
really big with the inmates."

"There are a few people who  
start to read books by  
J. K. Simmons, Benedict  
of Spandau, Aristotle, the  
Buddhist sutras, Plato,  
Marcus Aurelius... Why?"

"They find these books  
because they are looking  
for something they are  
looking for outside of  
themselves in authority,  
people they have failed  
to find in the authority  
of the world today."

"No, you don't ask questions.  
We do not think critically  
as a society. We are told  
not to think by TV, radio,  
pre-packaged news, used  
books, drive-throughs,  
satellite classes, info night,  
infomercials, or the news."

We are not uneducated, are, but we are not  
taught to ask the right questions. There  
are a few books going to a few minds  
in this country. Even less in this world.

PAROLE

"Yeah, I  
do all do  
that. And  
most of us  
don't read,  
rob or  
transform  
criminal  
thief auto."

GRANTED

"Do you pay attention  
to all the men and  
women you have thrown  
in jail, again, again?"

"I—that  
would be  
disrespectful  
by now."

"And perhaps ONE out of  
ten thousands picked up a  
book one day, a book about  
no violence, about truth,  
or about critical thinking,  
about finding one's own  
voice. Would you even  
know about that man?"

One fragile  
moment where they are  
alone with nothing to distract  
them from their own mind, a mind  
that they've been too afraid  
their whole lives to listen to, a  
mind that finally opens up and  
starts to learn. One day, in  
one jail cell, in one part  
of this city.

Would  
you ever  
know about  
it?

"That's what  
I thought. And that  
is why you still have a long  
way to go at being a true  
guardian in the public  
arena, even after all these  
years hard at work. To  
protect the public is to  
not abandon anyone,  
anywhere."

"Sounds great. Does it  
bother you that it's  
impossible?"

"Impossible? He  
works with him because  
he doesn't ask us to  
worry everything he has  
to tell us. He encourages  
us to think for  
ourselves and make  
things change."

Unlike you. He stops things as  
they go wrong, but you don't  
do anything to stop them  
from going wrong in the  
first place.

"I see  
you're still sore  
about my choice  
of the word 'loser'  
on your radio."  
—GARY











**M  
A  
X**  
COMICS

PARENTAL ADVISORY  
**EXPLICIT  
CONTENT**

TM

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS



MICHAEL GAYDOS no.28

# Alias<sup>TM</sup>

**PURPLE  
PART 5**





Previously in

# ALIAS

created by  
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS  
story

MICHAEL GAYDOS  
art

MATT HOLLINGSWORTH  
actions

Virtual Calligraphy's  
CORY PETT  
letters

DAVID MACK  
cover

MARC SUMERAK  
assistant editor

ANDY SCHMIDT  
editor

JOE QUESADA  
editor in chief

BILL JEMAS  
president

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of alias investigations- A small private investigative firm.







Oh my  
god!! You--you  
bastard!!

YOU  
KILLED HIM!!  
YOU KILLED  
HIM!!



Well, I  
am the bad  
guy.





But no, I didn't.

I didn't kill anyone today, yet.

You--

Be quiet.

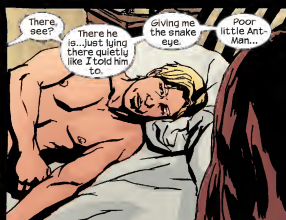
See, the interesting part of my mind control power is that I can make you *do* whatever I want...



(And I'm being honest here...)

Seeing you lying there with your insipid, B-list, hack Avenger boyfriend made me want to see *you* see him dead...

...so I asked you to see him dead.



There, see?

There he is...just lying there quietly like I told him to.

Giving me the snake eye.

Poor little Ant-Man...



You best stop giving me that look, little Ant-Man.

I didn't kill you because it's cheap drama compared to what I *plan* on doing today.

But that doesn't mean I *can't* or *won't*.

I want you to look at me--look at me like you look at *her*...

Look at me like you want to fuck me because I'm the best a third-rate character like you could do.

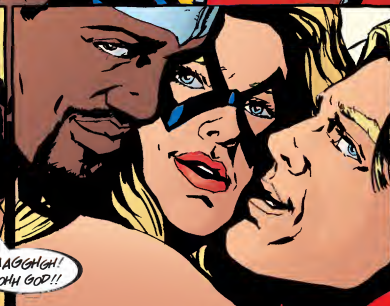
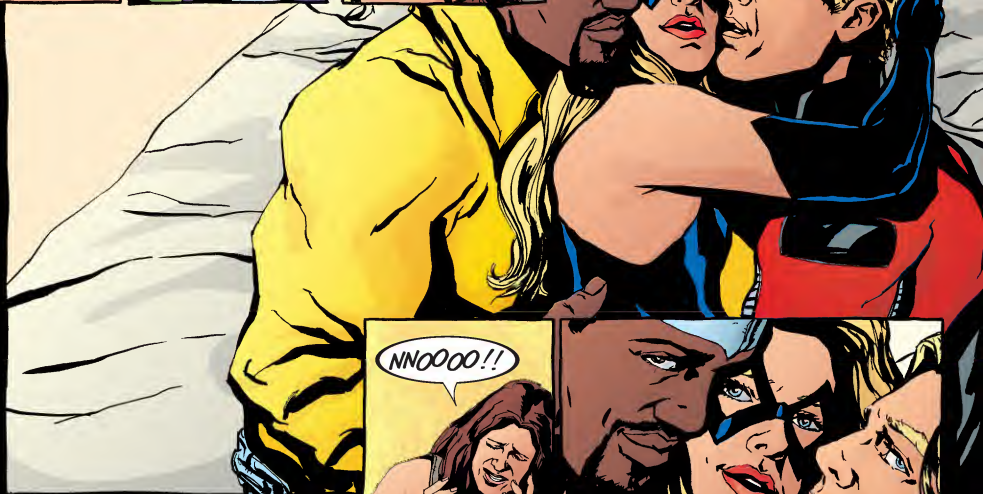


Close enough.

Jessica, stand up.



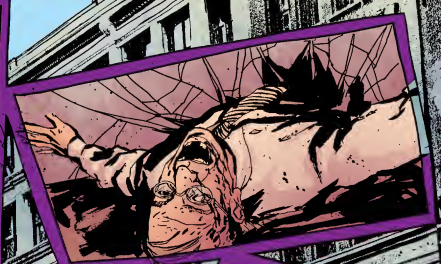
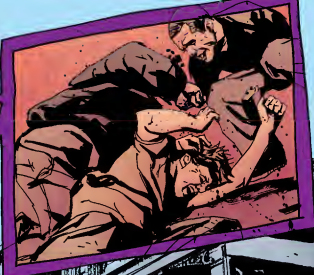
















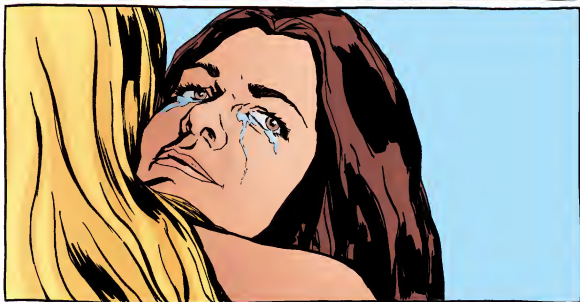






























Do you want it?



Very, very, very much.



Alright then.  
New chapter.

The end

TO BE CONTINUED IN... THE PULSE NUMBER ONE ON SALE IN FEBRUARY!



# A FEW WORDS FROM BENDIS...

This is the last issue of ALIAS? It's over! That's it? What the fuck?

Yeah, this is the last issue of ALIAS. And it's all my fault.

I wrote #28, which you just read, and I was like, "Uh, I think I just wrapped up the series." But having read it, as you just have, you know that we peaked. The point of the book has been examined, revealed, explained and dealt with in what I would call a satisfactory way. And we never 'jumped the shark.'

But I, like you, am far from done with Jessica.

What happened was—I let Joe Quesada, the man who keeps the staples from falling out of the books, know that I thought ALIAS might be done. He said Marvel was toying with the idea of a CSI in the Marvel Universe kind of book, and that maybe I could take Jessica, who everybody already likes, and create something that worked all these ideas together.

Very inspiring words.

Then, if I did that, it wouldn't need to be MAX anymore, though I like saying 'fuck' a lot (some might say too fucking much); the big effort was stifling a couple of things I wanted to do with Jessica—like using Spider-Man and some other big name Marvel guest stars.

See, we can't have the kids picking up an issue of ALIAS looking for Wolverine and getting a mouth full of my potty, we just can't. But still, I have these story ideas. So...

ALIAS is called THE PULSE now. THE PULSE. It's a brand new, ongoing Marvel comic starting this February.

THE PULSE is a Daily Bugle focused series. It will center on a section of the paper that will cover superhuman happenings. It's the mysteries of the Marvel Universe revealed.

Jonah will hire Jessica Jones in a kind of 'first look' deal. He gets first crack at her p.o.v. of the world and Ben Ulrich, one of my all-time favorite Marvel characters ever, will be her writer.

Plus, Jessica is pregnant now, and Luke and Jessica will deal with the compli-

cated aspects of bringing a child into this world of heroes and villains. Jessica's life is different and the book will reflect that.

Worried about the tone of the book now that it is no longer MAX? Well don't. Readers of DAREDEVIL know that I can be adult and gritty without using the f-word. And sex was never the motivation of ALIAS. The stories of this series will be focused on bigger issues but the characters that you love in ALIAS will be there in full glory—except Jessica will be happier, at least for a couple of pages.

But I tell ya, honest to God, if all I ever got to do in this whacked out business

Matt Hollingsworth was one of my favorite colorists before we started working on ALIAS and DAREDEVIL. Working with him and trying to guess how his mind will interpret the scenes has been thrilling.

Thank you to Nancy Dakesian, Kelly Lamy, Cory Petit, Richard Starkings, Wes Abbott, Oscar Gongors, Jason Levine, Rodney Ramos, Al Vey, Stuart Moore, Tom Brevoort, CB Cebulski, Nick Lowe, Joe Quesada, Rick Mays, Mark Bagley, Bill Sienkiewicz, Howard Chaykin, Chris Claremont, Ralph Macchio, and Andy Schmidt who brought this puppy home.

But most of all I want to thank Bill Jemas. Bill Jemas read an eleven page one act play that I wrote that was pretty much the first half of issue one; he read it and literally put the MAX line into gear the next day.

His words were: "Why can't we publish this? We should be able to publish this." There's a lot of things Bill will be remembered for in comics, and I hope that this is one of them.

But speaking of Mark Bagley, Mike Gaydos couldn't make the schedule to launch THE PULSE with me because he is finishing up a huge graphic novel called HEAVEN'S WAR, and hopefully he will be back with us as soon as he can. So guess who I wrangled in to draw the first arc of THE PULSE? Well, it's the award-winning maniac with a pencil, Mark Bagley, my co-conspirator on ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN.

A lot of people, including myself, think that Bagley and I bring out the best in each other. I am so happy he agreed to try this with me.

So if you liked ALIAS you'll love THE PULSE, if you like ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN, you'll love THE PULSE, and if you like ads for Hulk Underoos, you will love THE PULSE. I hope you join us for the next big chapter in Jessica Jones' life and the newest look at what makes the Marvel Universe tick.

And one more time for posterity...  
FUCK!

Bendis!



was write ALIAS for these 28 issues, I would have had an amazing, fulfilling career. This was an honor and a privilege. I shit you not.

I would like to thank many people for the success of this book—you, the fans, first. Your devotion to the book and compassion for Jessica has been inspiring to me as an author.

Michael Gaydos is a genius of subtlety and expression and I thank him for his unflinching linework. Not too many people know that Mike and I went to art school together, where he mopped the floor with me every day I went there. But now I have gotten him back by making him draw three years of talking heads.

# MARVEL KNIGHTS®

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PSR 50  
430

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • ALEX MALEEV



MARVEL.COM

**HARDCORE**  
5 OF 5

# DAREDEVIL®

*THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!*



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ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK IS BLIND, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, A RELENTLESS AVENGER OF JUSTICE, DAREDEVIL THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



**BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS**

WRITER

**ALEX MALEEV**

ARTIST

**MATT HOLLINGSWORTH**

COLORS

VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY'S

**CORY PETIT**

LETTERS

**JOE QUESADA**

EDITOR

**KELLY LAMY**

ASSOCIATE MANAGING EDITOR

**JOE QUESADA**

EDITOR IN CHIEF

**BILL JEMAS**

PRESIDENT

Previously in Daredevil...

One of the biggest tabloid newspapers in the city ousted Matt Murdock: Daredevil's secret identity was revealed.

The secret is out.

Matt Murdock is now faced with a continuing uphill battle of publicly denying his secret life as Daredevil because simply admitting it would get him disbarred and jailed.

But Matt's public struggle makes his alter ego more popular with the people than ever before.

And now... The Kingpin has returned. Wilson Fisk is on a quest of revenge against those who ousted him from his once untouchable label of KINGPIN OF CRIME.

The Kingpin starts a series of covert moves to distract Daredevil from tracking his moves.

The Kingpin commits a murder that points the police to falsely investigate Matt Murdock. The Kingpin then recruits Typhoid Mary, one of his deadliest and most insane assassins, to attack Matt Murdock in his civilian life.

Then Bullseye, who has assassinated both of Daredevil's greatest loves, offers Matt Murdock's death in return for a piece of the Kingpin's new empire.

But Daredevil brutally wins over both Mary and Bullseye, giving them to the FBI. There is nothing left standing in the way between Daredevil and the Kingpin...

Special thanks to our guest artists (in order of appearance): Gene Colan and Dave Gutierrez, Lee Weeks and Tom Palmer, Klaus Janson, John Romita Sr and Al Milgrom, Joe Quesada and Danny Miki, Mike Avon Oeming, and David Mack.

## Hardcore • Part 5

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*Atlantic City*



*Chinatown*

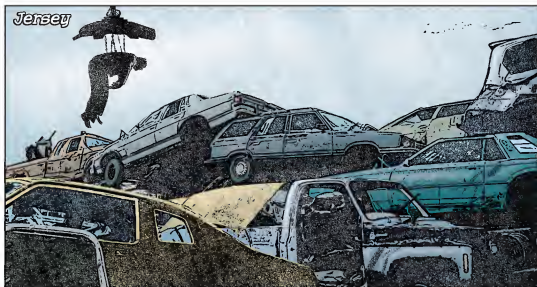


*Wall Street*





*Jersey*



*Montgomery,  
Pennsylvania*



*Harlem*





Philadelphia



Brooklyn



Hell's Kitchen





Effective *immediately*  
I am retaking control of  
my territories.

I  
*am* back in  
business.  
The  
terms remain  
as before my  
absence...

...but the  
punishment for  
disobedience will be  
much more severe  
and handled much  
more swiftly.

I want to  
make it perfectly  
clear that your behavior  
in my absence was  
*disgusting*.

Payments  
for moneys  
past due will  
be expected  
shortly.

Mr. Fisk,  
you- you- you  
have to *understand*  
we were left without  
clear leadership, with-  
out answers, without-

Are you  
under the  
impression that  
we are having a  
conversation?















Hmmm.

I thought that the combination of the police, Typhoid Mary, and Bullseye, in such a short period of time, might do the trick.

I thought at least it would keep you off your game.



And I thought your crew stabbing you into a coma--

Your son betraying you--

And your wife selling you out would have done the trick.

Guess we never did get the hang of each other, did we?



But I imagine you must be quite tired.

Bleeding.

Burnt, maybe.

Exhausted.



I missed you, Matthew.

I did.

I almost called you.

You made the papers all the way in Sweden. When the tabloids outted you.

It was very funny-- the way they worded it.

I almost called and read it to you.

It was one of the first things I saw with my own eyes after my reconstructive surgery.

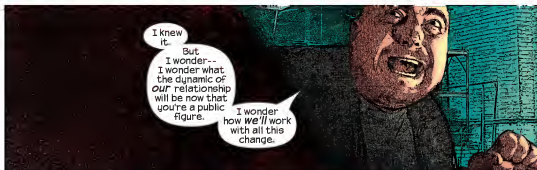


I knew  
you would  
dodge it. I  
knew it.

That's why  
I never outted  
you myself.

I knew  
the *threat* was  
always stronger  
than the *reality*  
of it.

I knew  
you'd spin it  
around somehow--  
deny it with sheer  
force of will.



I knew  
it.

But  
I wonder--  
I wonder what  
the dynamic of  
*our* relationship  
will be now that  
you're a public  
figure.

I wonder  
how *we'll* work  
with all this  
change.



No,  
Wilson.  
No.

This is  
the end of the  
road for us.

This  
is it. Right  
here.

You're  
done.



you  
should know  
me well enough by  
now to know-- it's  
done when I say  
it's done.



No, it's  
done.

I'm sick of  
outwitting you.  
No more games. No  
more chessboard  
of life.

Now I  
think I'm just  
going to beat  
the s%#\*e out  
of you!!













No!!!

No.

He's just  
a man.

But he won't--  
he won't stop.  
He'll never stop.

He'll keep  
murdering--

And  
hurting.

And  
taking.

And taking  
and taking  
and taking.



He thinks  
he's entitled.

He thinks he  
*deserves*  
everything  
he takes...

...and he will  
*never* stop.

Johnson 709

A comic book panel showing Daredevil in his red suit with a white 'D' on the chest, punching a large, balding man in a grey suit. The man is recoiling with a pained expression. The background is a dark, industrial setting with debris on the ground.

And if after  
all of this--

If after *everything*  
that has happened  
to him-- he *still*  
won't stop--

What will  
finally *end*  
this?

What do I  
have to *do*??


How many *times*  
do I have to fight  
*this* fight?

A close-up comic book panel focusing on the faces of Daredevil and the large man. Daredevil is on the left, looking up at the man with a determined expression. The man is on the right, looking down at Daredevil with a menacing, grimacing expression.

Outsmart  
him?


Overpower him?  
Fight him? Cut  
him? Bruise him?

How many  
more times?!!



How many *times* am I supposed to fight this fight before something actually *changes*?

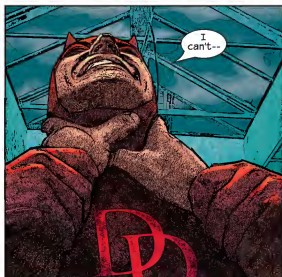
I can't breathe.



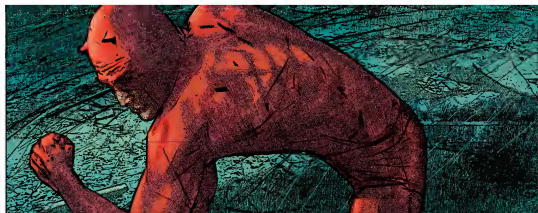
How many times do I have to do this for it to have meaning?

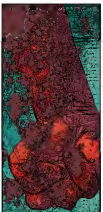
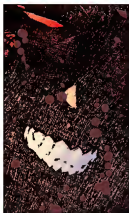
My heart.



















This is the Kingpin! *Your* Kingpin!!

This is Wilson Fisk!!

And I *beat* him with my bare hands!!

And this man is going to rot in jail for the *rest* of his life for the hell he has made of this city!

And if I could do this to him, imagine what I will do to *you*, any of you!!



If, from this second forward, you sell your drugs--

Rob!

Or whore!

Anywhere near my city--

If you can't *control* yourselves, if you can't figure a way to be *productive* in this life...

Find somewhere else!!

Far from here!!

Far, far from here!!

I am here to say: if you people so badly need some sort of Kingpin, someone to lord over you--

Well, from now on... it's me.



I am not protecting this city any more.

I am *running* it!!

And I say: the people of Hell's Kitchen are *my* people.

This is *my* territory now--

And I say: **GET OUT OR CHANGE.**

**Tonight!!**

You think you know me? You think you know who I am?

These are the new rules.

**This** is how it will be from now on.



Spread the word.

And if you think I'm *kidding*...

Look at the carcass in front of you--





Look at  
him!!

END

MARVEL  
PSR 1

THIN  
AIR  
PART 1

THE

# PULSE

5 CENTS

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • MARK BAGLEY • SCOTT LOMANA

DAILY

SPECIAL EDITION

PRINTED IN THE USA / PUBLISHED WEEKLY / 100% RECYCLED PAPER / 100% POST CONSUMED WASTE / 100% SOY INK / 100% FIBER / 100% CLOUDY / 100% BLUE / 100% MAYHEM



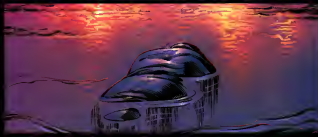
## SPIDER-MAN: HERO OR MENACE?

Masked men swing into action amidst urban jungle



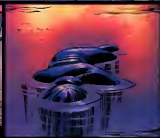


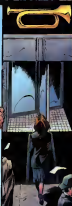
Central Park...













Reside Jones.

Well, it's then lunch.  
It is.  
Here you are.  
I've always here. What are you doing here?

I got, y'know, a meeting.

Who who?  
Clash?  
No, yes.  
Now.  
Exactly.  
What about it?

I think he is - I think he's offering me a job.

Really? I think so, but...  
Who knows with a tin.  
Exactly.  
A job to do what?

I really don't...  
You look great.

Yeah? Really, you really do.

Where's Eddie?

Runo.  
You do you look.

Yeah? Now. Well, it's Runo, because actually it's.

Deanna.  
Oh, let's.

Yeah.  
Uh, yeah, see you around.





## GET OUT!



The Fantastic Four evicted

It seems that my feeling that these super heroes are sociopathic vigilantes with various issues with authority might not be the popular opinion in this city.

People want their heroes and they'll look anywhere to get them.

Even to people who wear masks.

## SPIDER-MAN:



## MURDERER?

And at this point, who's murder is where it is.

I do have to consider that my personal desire for them, and what they represent, is now hurting my paper.



## AVENGERS DISASTER



Bobble here, for years now, has been warning me that the right happens.

And damn if he wasn't on some level right.

I don't know.

But I have to do something before we sit idly by to death here.

## SPIDER-MAN NO MORE



I have to try something different.



The offer is to follow.

We're going to start a special weekly section of the paper.

I hate the name, but it's the best so have right now.

Even, well, we'll report on the new "on" hero super heroes.



Everything from the big stories to the social stuff.

Profiles, current events headlines, and exclusive in-depth reporting of major ongoing stories.

Not that I shoot and cut. And the network run every time some Chinese tourist with a camera looks stupid and one floor for half a second.

I'm talking about the real stories.

With perspective and analysis. The whole sheen.

And for this, what I need is a new point of view.



I don't want you to write.

I just want you to write.

I want your points of view or other people's stories. I want your stories.

Ben and I will write the stories. You'll just be the stories or be there for the stories.

We're buying your town.

Oh, uh, I don't-- I don't know how to write.

Oh, uh, I don't-- I don't know how to write.

Oh, uh, I don't-- I don't know how to write.

Oh, uh, I don't-- I don't know how to write.

Oh, uh, I don't-- I don't know how to write.

Oh, uh, I don't-- I don't know how to write.

Oh, uh, I don't-- I don't know how to write.



That's, um, that's a very interesting.

Go, what do you need from us?

Economic, political, now we'll have a vigilante analyst.

And when business is bad, you start dividing outside the box.

Also, as I said, this is an area I need personal help with, and I am paying you to help me.

But you, uh, this is an unconventional decision because business is bad.

But you, uh, this is an unconventional decision because business is bad.

But you, uh, this is an unconventional decision because business is bad.

But you, uh, this is an unconventional decision because business is bad.















Look  
who it is...

Yikes! Yeah,  
this is going to be  
a nightmare.

**BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS**  
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**MARK BAGLEY**  
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**SCOTT HANNA**  
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**FRANK D'ARMATA**  
WITH **BRIAN REBER**  
COLORS

VIRTUAL CALL GRAPHS  
**CORY PETT**  
LETTERS

**MIKE MAYHEW** WITH  
AWALONS! **ANDY TROY**  
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**THE PULSE** CREATED BY  
**BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS**

*To be continued...*



**NEW**  
**X**  
**MEN**

**MORRISON**  
**GRANT**  
**RAPMUND**



Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom, Homo superior.

Stan Lee presents...



## PREVIOUSLY

### THE X-MEN



**CYCLOPS**  
Scott Summers  
Optic Blasts



**BEAST**  
Henry McCoy  
Super Strength/  
Agility



**WHITE QUEEN**  
Emma Frost  
Telepath,  
Diamond Skin



**PROFESSOR X**  
Charles Xavier  
Telepath



The X-Men, a group of heroes with strange and amazing mutant powers, are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them. They have been called together by their mentor, PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER, to search the globe for mutants who may be in need of guidance, and to promote unity between humans and mutantkind.

Yet as mutants gain more acceptance in the world, they also become more vulnerable to attack. It was only a year past that 16 million mutants were killed by Sentinels in Genosha, a tragedy that took the life of the X-Men's oldest foe, Magneto.

And now, after completing various missions in Europe and the Middle East, the X-Men return home to discover there may be even worse trouble brewing from within. Several of Xavier's young students have grown restless and rebellious in the X-Men's absence. And with Open Day rapidly approaching — the first time the school will open itself to both mutants and humans alike — what powder keg awaits?

### THE XAVIER STUDENTS



**QUENTIN QUIRE**



**TATTOO & SLICK**



**GLOB HERMAN**



**STEFFORD  
CUCKOOS**

# MUTANT TOWN, N.Y.C. LAST NIGHT



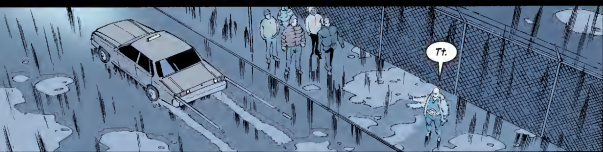
Hey, Jumbo  
Carnation!

Going  
home alone  
tonight?

Are you  
kidding?  
I prefer  
crochet!



Cab!



Tt.



Well... hello,  
boys!

I don't suppose  
any of you big,  
primitive humans  
could help me  
find a taxi?

See  
what I told  
you?

This is  
the guy.

He was  
on TV, all  
over the news.



He's  
famous.

How about  
signing your  
autograph here,  
brother?





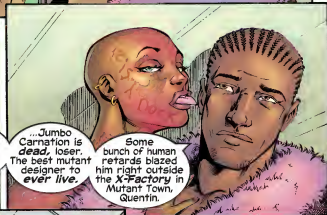
**THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR  
HIGHER LEARNING.**

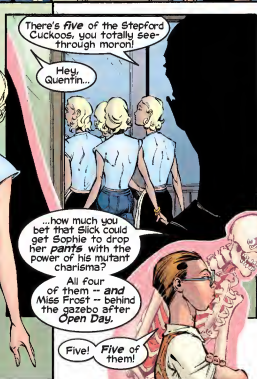
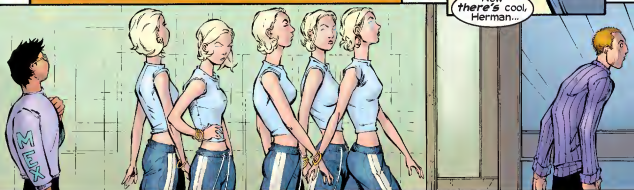
**TODAY**

Everybody,  
listen up!

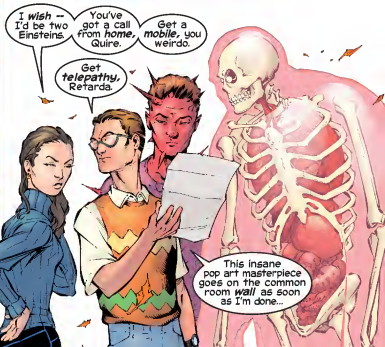
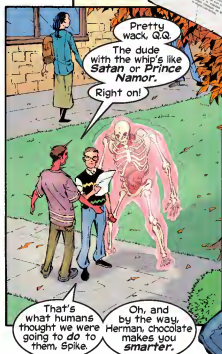
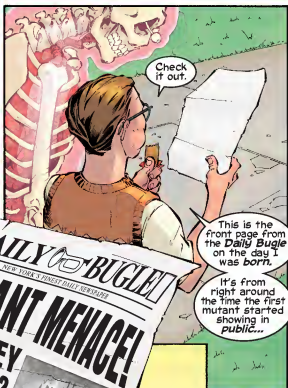
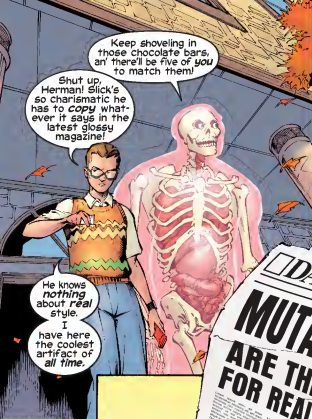
Jumbo  
Carnation  
is dead.











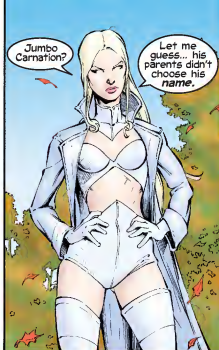


STAN LEE  
PRESENTS:

# NEW KID Ω MEN

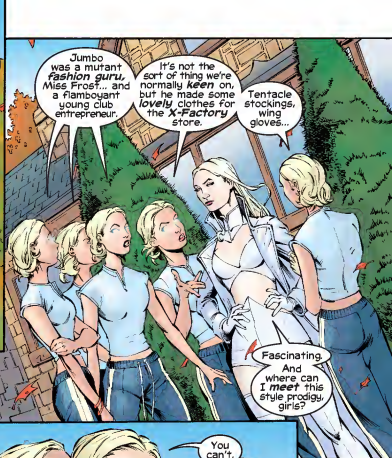
What?  
My  
mom is  
what?





Jumbo Carnation?

Let me guess... his parents didn't choose his name.

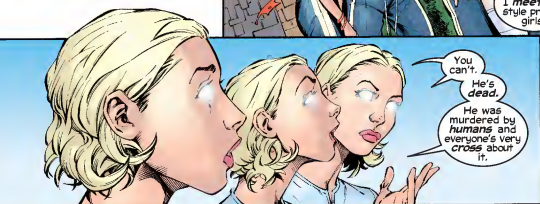


Jumbo was a mutant fashion guru, Miss Frost... and a flamboyant young club entrepreneur.

It's not the sort of thing we're normally keen on, but he made some lovely clothes for the X-Factory store.

Tentacle stockings, wing gloves...

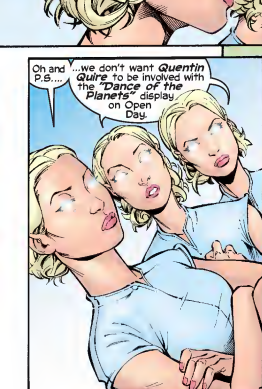
Fascinating. And where can I meet this style prodigy, girls?



You can't.

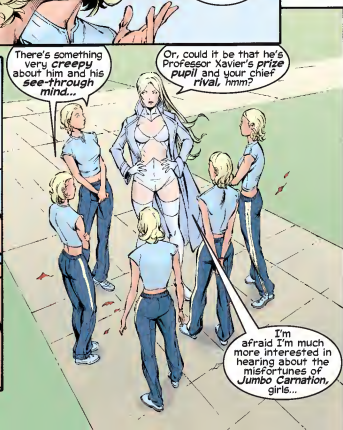
He's dead.

He was murdered by humans and everyone's very cross about it.



Oh and P.S....

...we don't want *Quentin Quire* to be involved with the "Dance of the Planets" display on Open Day.

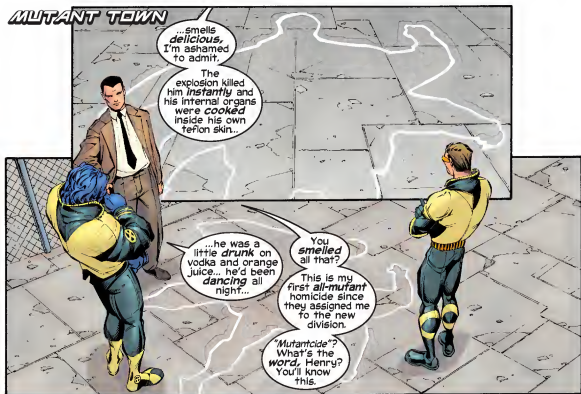


There's something very *creepy* about him and his *see-through* mind...

Or, could it be that he's Professor Xavier's prize pupil and your chief rival, hmm?

I'm afraid I'm much more interested in hearing about the misfortunes of Jumbo Carnation, girls...

# MUTANT TOWN

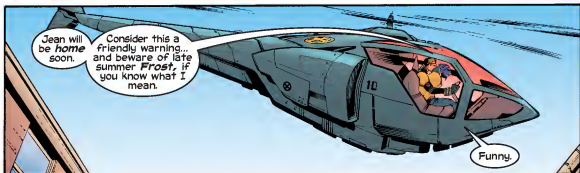








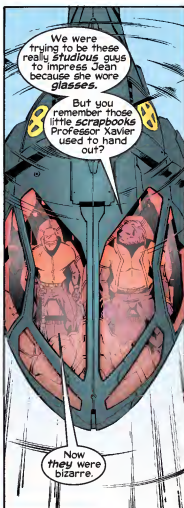






You know, I caught a *whiff* of something back there that made me think about when we used to hang around the school library, remember?

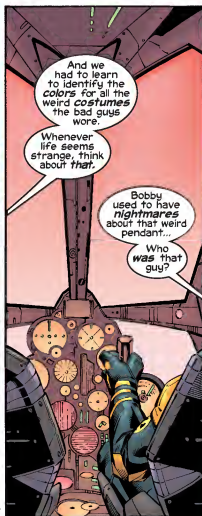
While Warren and Bobby were out chasing girls?



We were trying to be these really *studious* guys to impress Jean because she wore *glasses*.

But you remember those little *scrapbooks* Professor Xavier used to hand out?

Now they were *bizarre*.



And we had to learn to identify the *colors* for all the weird *costumes* the bad guys wore.

Whenever life seems strange, think about that.

Bobby used to have *nightmares* about that weird pendant...

Who *was* that guy?



*El Tigre!*

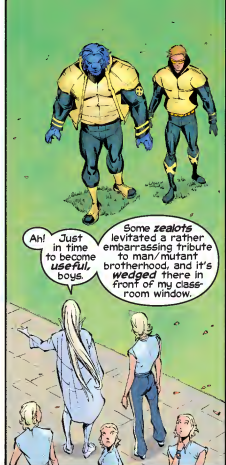
My God, can't you still *see* those drawings with the beautiful water coloring?

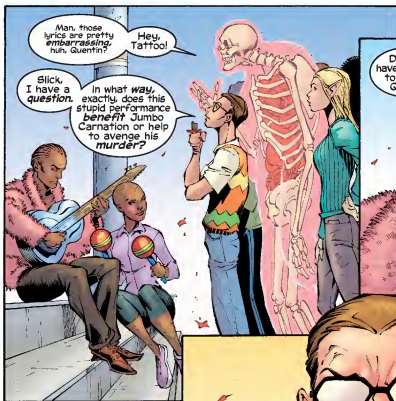


The idea of Professor Xavier sitting up nights *hand painting* those things scarred my psyche more than any actual mutant terrorist ever could.

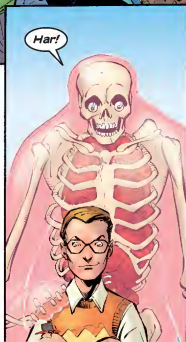
After Genosha, the old troublemakers don't seem to *bother*, do they?

Everyone's in *shock*.





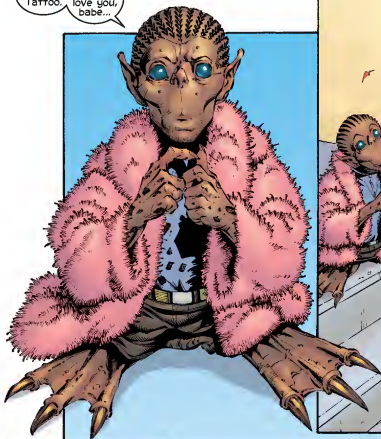






It's  
still me,  
Tattoo.

I -  
I still  
love you,  
babe...



What  
are you all  
looking  
at?

I'm still  
the same  
guy!



It's all *fake*  
and *illusion*.  
That's what *cool*  
is. That's what  
*charisma*  
is.

That's what  
*everything*  
is.



## XAVIER'S OFFICE

...you test highly  
for super-  
intelligence...

...and these  
"antigravity floats"  
you invented have given  
*Martha Johansson's*  
brain a mobility we  
never thought  
she'd have.

You're one  
of the Xavier  
Institute's most  
**promising**  
students,  
Quentin.



So you  
understand why  
it seems so out of  
character for you to  
*humiliate* another  
student in this  
way.

You know  
you're welcome  
to spend some  
time at the  
school's *Pacific*  
*retreat*...

I think  
Slick *deserved*  
it, Professor.

I had a kind  
of *realization* and  
I felt Slick was just  
betraying the ethos  
of the Institute by  
using *deception*.

Okay, so  
Slick was a bit  
of a *pain*, but  
no one got  
hurt.

I  
think it was  
*wrong* to  
take away his  
tangible ego,  
Quentin.

It took  
him a long time  
to overcome his  
*shyness* by building  
up an illusory  
self-image.



He  
was a  
*liar*.

And I  
don't need a  
*"retreat."*

I  
just need a  
*haircut*.



## MUTANT TOWN

Everybody  
deserves it, you  
fat loser.

The  
Professor's a fake,  
Mom and Dad are  
strangers.

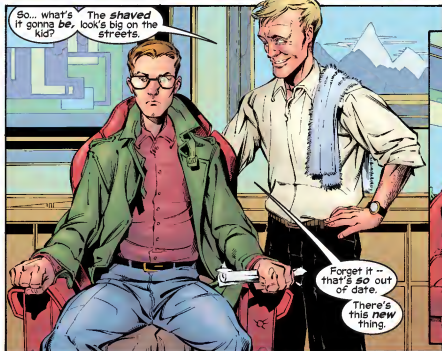
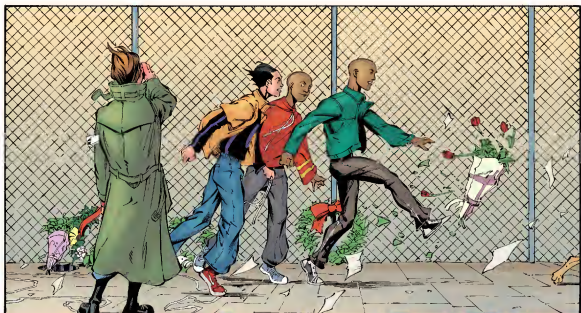
Everything's  
a lie.

MUTANT  
SCUM  
HE DESERVED IT

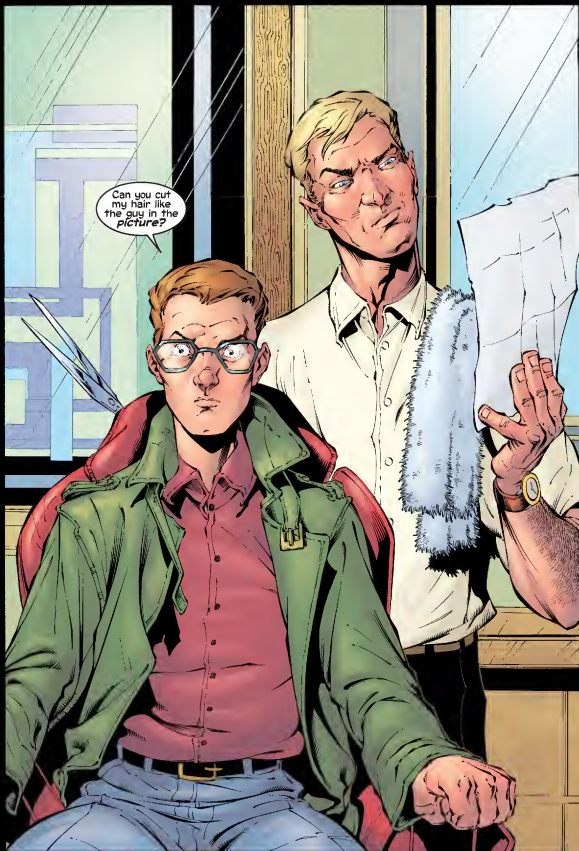
And  
the drugs  
can't hurt  
me...  
...can  
they?











**MARVEL**  
PSR 2

**THIN  
AIR  
PART 2**

# THE PULSE™

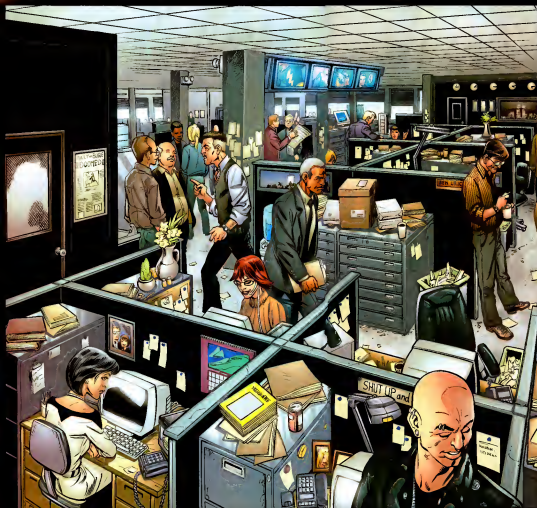
BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • MARK BAGLEY • SCOTT HANNA



**DIRECT EDITION**







I am.

I can feel it.

It's time of clock  
and I have no story.

I need a story. That's  
what this stupid job is.  
It's all it is.

Finding a story. Getting a  
story. Reading a story.  
making a story.

Four million  
people in this  
city.

Every one of them cheating, robbing,  
killing, stabbing someone out of  
something somewhere...and I have  
no story!

Half the people in this room are  
probably closet mutants and  
I have no story.

I've been here two weeks  
and I haven't found one story  
worth publishing.

But I have to find something  
or I am out on my toosh by Friday.

No joke. I am  
so done. It's not  
even funny.

But I've never worked for a paper like  
this. My last job was at one of those  
big, old-fashioned, great metropolitan  
newspapers...

...and I guess, basically, everyone I  
knew...and the whole thing on earth  
would you have a job at a big,  
respectable newspaper to come work  
at a paper like the *Metropolitan Daily Bugle*?

And by the way, I'm not talking about  
Andrew Dinkins or Ted Koppel or  
Alvin Karpis or Ted Richards or sleeping  
with Madonna...no.

Tabloid gets a crap reputation  
because people don't know what  
the word means.

Tabloid is the forest. The folded  
newspaper format. And it's the only  
thing we have in common with those  
pieces of rag trash.

No. This is a real tabloid newspaper.

And I wanted to work here...in  
New York City...for exactly this  
kind of paper.

My other job felt shallow and...and  
uninspired. Look at this place! Look  
how alive it is.

We are the voice of the people.  
We're the voice of the common man.  
The computer, the coffee out.

We speak for everyone in a language  
they work and understand.

Me personally? No. I'm not speaking  
for anyone because I have no story!

I'm just not used to the  
position of this place yet.

I mean, every place has  
them. The perfect. I just don't  
understand how this place works.



At my old paper we never even  
saw the publisher. His office  
was in a different part of the  
building. I think I saw him walk by  
once at a Christmas party.

But here at the Bugle,  
J. Jonah Jameson is  
everywhere!

We've got his boards  
rolled up and we all over his  
shirt, and he's running around  
in everyone's face.

Swearing, cursing, setting  
headlines, dictating  
assignments, enforcing  
policy...

...he's everywhere!

I don't know him or anything  
but yes, man, if you hired  
people to do a job, let them  
do their job.

What's he so worried about?  
Guys got more money than  
Tony Stark and he's running  
around like it's all about to end.

And hey, who knows,  
circulation's way down.  
Maybe it is about to end.

People don't read  
anymore. They don't read  
anything. Books, magazines.  
They don't read.

This is the first generation  
where newspapers aren't a  
habit. The habit is broken.

Now you have to get on a  
real dog and pony show to  
compete with the four other  
daily papers, and the five 24-  
hour news networks, and talk  
radio, and the internet...

...and people  
don't read.

Maybe it's  
getting to  
him.

But I think got the  
feeling he's always  
been this way.





But I mean it...

...telling him a guy like  
Robbie Robertson was  
better in Chief if you're  
not going to give him  
editorial control?

And Robbie's the  
real deal, man.

And it's not just saying  
this because he *hates* me.

This guy was reporting on the  
Klan down in the South when  
young, black men would  
disappear and never be heard  
from again.

The guy is  
a reporter's  
reporter.

My first meeting  
with him, I actually  
had chills.

I never met anyone in our  
business who so wholeheartedly  
believes that what they are doing  
is the single most **IMPORTANT**  
thing a person can do in our  
society.



He wants to bring the  
city together with  
words and not...

Fig. Term,  
right?





















YOU KNOW,  
I OBTAIN VISIONS  
FOR YOUR INTEREST  
AA

AAAGGG!!!

That--  
that was a  
close one,  
Folks!  
But you  
have it here live--  
live on Fox News  
channel four!













Hi, yep, I'm  
Fern Kiddler. I'm  
a reporter from  
the Daily Bugle.

We're  
doing a piece on  
the 100 most powerful  
people in Manhattan  
and...

Oh.

And my editors have  
assigned me Mr. Osborn  
for obvious reasons,  
and I was hoping to  
get a reaction.

Oh, that's  
just wonderful.  
Problem is, though,  
he's in on a phone  
conference right  
now.

Oh.

Can we  
schedule  
something  
for later?

Well, I have  
to fly out of New  
York tomorrow  
to interview Tony  
Stark... is  
there...?

You're in  
the city?

Yes, not  
too far from you,  
actually.

Let's  
see...

Well, he has  
his phone conference  
with the West Coast  
now and then he has  
a reception at it.

If you want  
to pop on over, I  
should be able to get  
you 15 minutes or less  
time before he arrives.

You get  
to see his new  
offices.

Actually,  
that would be  
fantastic.

Security  
will know you're  
coming.



# OSCORP

Can I get you something to drink?

Oh, no, I'm fine.

He's changing into his suit and will be with you in a moment.

Thank you so much.

Are you sure I can't get you

Oh, I'm fine.

Good evening.



Mr. Osborn, thank you so much for seeing me.

Oh, please! I'm flattered. What's the piece about?

The 100 most powerful people in the city.



You work for J. Jonah Jameson.

You, sir?

And he's putting me on a list like this?

Gum, why wouldn't he?

J. Jonah Jameson?

Yes, sir.

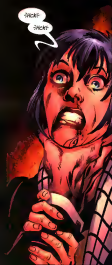
Just interesting, is all. So let's get to it.



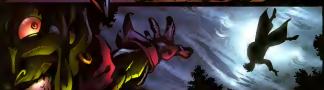












To be continued...



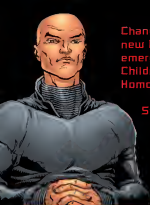
# NEW X MEN<sup>®</sup>

## RIOT AT XAVIER'S PART ONE

**MARVEL**  
PG 135

MORRISON  
QUITELY  
TOWNSEND





Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom, Homo superior.

Stan Lee presents...



## THE X-MEN



**BEAST**  
Dr. Henry McCoy  
Super Strength/  
Agility



**CYCLOPS**  
Scott Summers  
Optic Blasts



**PHENIX**  
Jean Grey-Summers  
Telepath/  
Telekinetic



**WHITE QUEEN**  
Emma Frost  
Telepath/  
Diamond Skin



**WOLVERINE**  
Logan  
Healing/  
Adamantium  
Claws



**XORN**  
Identity  
Unknown  
Healer

## PREVIOUSLY

The X-Men, a group of heroes with strange and amazing mutant powers, are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them. They have been called together by their mentor, PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER, to search the globe for mutants who may be in need of guidance, and to promote unity between humans and mutantkind.

Currently, there's trouble brewing at the Xavier Institute, a school founded to teach young mutants how to use their powers responsibly. With X-Men BEAST, CYCLOPS, JEAN GREY, EMMA FROST, and WOLVERINE now gathered on campus, there has been growing concern about some of the students. One of the newest X-Men, XORN – a healer who before coming to Xavier's was imprisoned in China – has been chosen to teach a special class for some of the Institute's more difficult students. But there seem to be even worse young students to worry about...

After the mutant fashion designer and club entrepreneur Jumbo Carnation is murdered by a gang of humans in the Mutant Town section of lower Manhattan, some students become disillusioned with Professor Xavier's dream of Utopia. And as Open Day rapidly approaches – the first time the school will open itself to both mutants and humans alike – not all students are taking the idea of unity with humankind lightly.

One such student is the Xavier Institute's most promising young pupil, an Omega-level telepath named Quentin Quire. Having just learned he was adopted, and in the midst of what may be secondary mutation, Quentin has decided that everything in the world is a lie. Now, with a growing habit for a new drug called Kick, Quentin Quire is quickly becoming more powerful than the X-Men could ever imagine...

## THE OMEGA GANG



**KID OMEGA**  
Quentin Quire  
Omega-Level  
Telepath



**GLOB HERMAN**  
Jelly Grip



**RADIAN**  
Light Blasts



**REDNECK**  
Radiant Hands



**TATTOO**  
Chameleon Skin

## THE SPECIAL CLASS



**ANGEL**  
Wings, Flight



**BASILISK**  
Strobe Pulse



**BERK**  
Wings, Flight



**DUMMY**  
Gaseous Form



**ERNST**  
Super Strength



**MARTHA JOHANSSON**  
Mutant Brain

# THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING

Welcome to  
the *special class*,  
everyone.





teaching children <sup>NEW</sup> <sup>MEN</sup> about fractals







Shaff: This is awful hard work, Mister Korn, sir.

Yeah! How come everybody else gets to sit in class and watch mind movies?

Because maybe "special" equals "garbage", Angel!

All the **freaks** and **losers** are now halfway up the mountain so no human has to **throw up** when the school's "Open Day" happens!

shyUK:

I'm sure I explained that we will be back **long before** Open Day, Beak.

The hardest part of our climb is almost **done** now.



Mister Korn... is it true you were **locked away** for years and years?

Martha says you were locked in **jail** for something.



Once.

Men chained me down in a great iron dungeon for many years... until the **X-Men** found me.

Now it is my joy to walk these hills, with their radiant stones and fertile, living systems.



Inside my head, where you and others have a brain, I have a **little star**, Ernst.

I was bound in darkness, but I never lost the freedom to **dream**.



I know... but how did you **pee**?

?

shyuk:



## BACK AT XAVIER'S

...I agree, certainly, that stereotypical portrayals of mutants *have* come a long way since I founded the Xavier Institute...

...my X-Men and I have spent many years working to liberate the negative image of *mutants* from the hands of bigots and propagandists.

But in light of our efforts to *heal* the split between humans and mutants and especially in the context of the upcoming Open Day for both races...



...let's just say your mode of dress seems somewhat deliberately... *provocative*, Quentin.

That's all.

These clothes are part of a creative history project, Professor Xavier.

I think it's time young mutants *reclaimed* some of the offensive imagery produced by "bigots and propagandists" in the mass media.



I wanted to use the Open Day to make a strong, confrontational statement about *how far* we've all come from those dark days of persecution.



That's all, Professor.





This is ridiculous.

I actually have an *important* question, Professor.

If my *clothes* are provocative, doesn't it follow that it's *more* provocative to invite *humans* into a school filled with vulnerable mutant children?



Didn't humans provide the weapons which just killed *sixteen million* of our people in Genosha?

Didn't they just *murder* one of our greatest artists, Jumbo Carnation?

We live under *constant* threat.

Miss Frost, please...



This is an *immediate* threat to all of us, Quentin.

I'm not here to tell you or anyone else what to do, but we have reason to believe the stimulant known as "Kick" is *neuro-toxic*.

Using these inhalers may irreparably *damage* the mutant X-Gene.



Arm yourselves with information.

Please *think* before you act.





One more thing, Professor.

I don't know if you realize this or not, but my clothes are based on designs by the late, aforementioned **Jumbo Carnation**.

Ah, sit down and shut up, Quire!

I was having the best day of my life in Hugh Hefner's head till you started up...

Maybe you've heard about him -- he was **murdered** in the streets the other night.



Jumbo dreamed of seeing **mutant models** on the Paris fashion catwalks. He dreamed of having his talent **accepted**.

Just like I dream of a world where I don't have to live side by side with his human **murderers**!



Just because some birds are irrefutably **black**... it does not follow that **all** birds are **blackbirds**.

You are falling into logical error, Mister Quire.



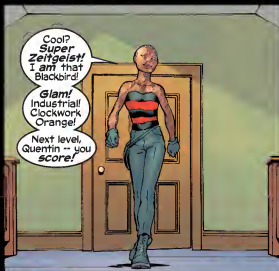
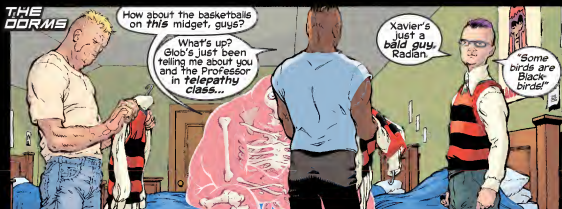
I was just **testing**.

I'm only playing **devil's advocate**, Professor.

You've always encouraged us to **dream**...



...I just wondered what would happen if one of us had a dream you **didn't** like?







**MUTANT TOWN,  
NYC**



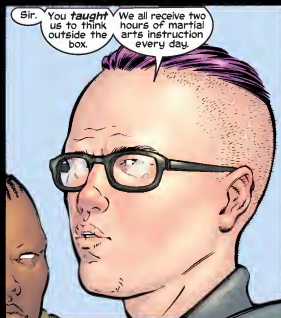
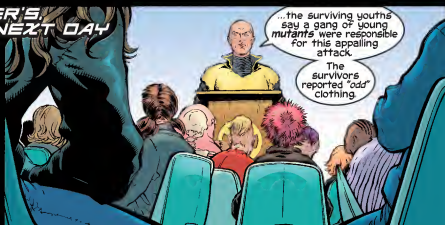






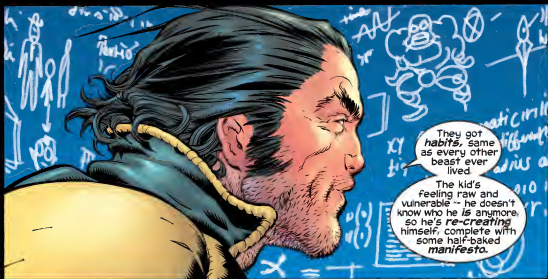


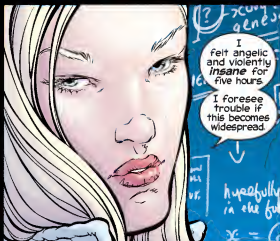
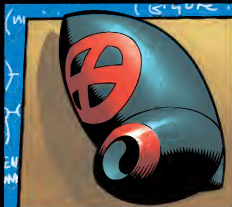
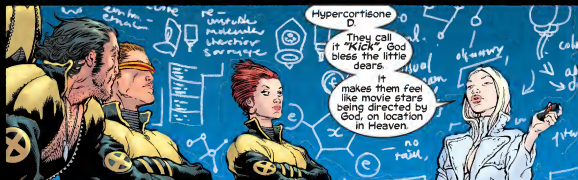
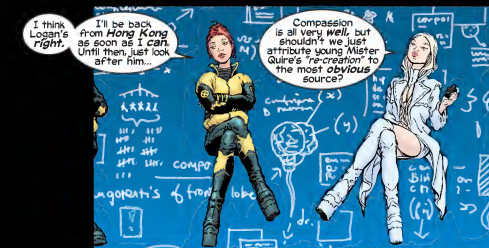
## XAVIER'S THE NEXT DAY



# THE HEADMASTER'S OFFICE







## THE SPECIAL CLASS



Mister Xorn!  
Can't we go home to the mansion now?  
Mister Xorn!



We have only just gathered our dead wood, Ernst.  
Now step back.

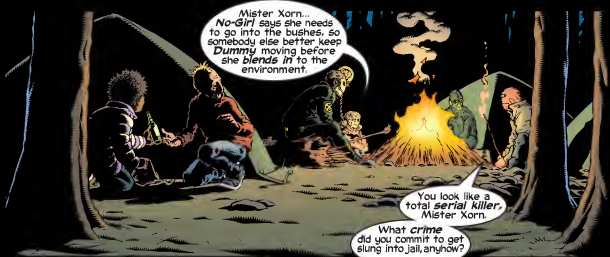


There.

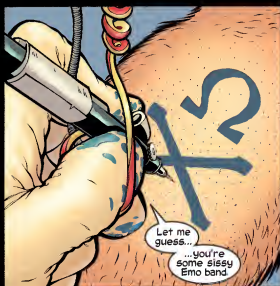
We are the heat and the light in the forest. See?

Without us, this is only a place. With us, it becomes an adventure.





# MUTANT TOWN





**MARVEL**

PSR 506

AVERY  
STRACZYNSKI  
ROMITA JR.  
HANNA

**VIBES**

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®









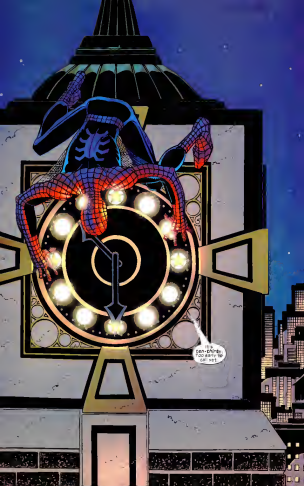






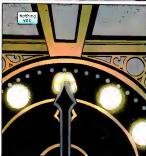






It's  
pen-pine,  
too early to  
call yet.













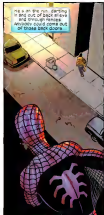








I move  
fast.



me a pin the run, darting  
in and out of back alleys  
and through hallways.  
Anybody could come out  
of those back doors.



One just got a  
lot more random.



He's weirded  
again. But.



where'd he  
get off? Can

me is my  
responsibility  
now. I can't  
lose him.



Oh. There  
he is.



Worst case, he could be  
killed. He'll be dead. He'll  
shoot. If I try and wait  
him, he could shoot or not.

It's time to  
go the  
hard way.

Yep...  
now it's  
going.

what—

Whoa! Whoa!  
Whoa! Whoa!  
Whoa! Whoa!

Just  
thought I'd  
come in. Check  
out the view.  
Nice night.  
Isn't it?

Perfect for  
hanging around.  
Target location.  
Eliminating  
your gun.



It's not my gun...  
it's my dad's gun  
if he finds out...

ser well, and  
he'll be really unhappy.  
but he'd be more unhappy  
if you did all this and got  
yourself killed in the  
same time.

But I had to...the other  
kids, they always said I  
wasn't anything...that I was  
a loser...they were always  
standing up to me...I  
wanted to show them...  
show them I could be as  
tough as the other  
tougher.

well, I think you did that,  
now you have 50 shots if  
you're smarter than  
this one, and you're  
also smarter.

EEEE

don't  
wake him...

spidey's  
making you do  
everything...you're  
in charge here!  
tell all your  
decisions.

I know...  
what it's like  
to get beat  
up a lot.

yeah  
right.

what...you never watch  
the news? I've been danced  
up on by everybody, this side  
of the river, and I used to  
be a kid just like you, before  
I got...like this.

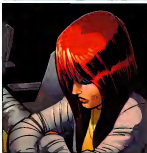
if you get hurt,  
they'll catch you,  
they'll see you're a  
jerk. why want  
that?

you want to  
give them that  
satisfaction? Or  
do you want to be  
your own guy?  
because the gun  
doesn't make you  
your own guy.

The gun  
just kills people.  
People like you. Or  
those cops down  
there.

don't  
give them the  
satisfaction.

don't.





**BLEEP-BLEEP-  
BLEEEEP!**

Is  
that?







Could it be Spider-Man's  
last act?

# THE B E

JOHN HENRY and  
J. MICHAEL VON DORF  
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EDITOR  
JOHN BARNETT JR.  
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SERIE HANNA  
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EDITOR  
DAN GRIFFIN  
EDITOR

THE END

**MARVEL**  
PSR 3

**THIN  
AIR  
PART 3**

# THE PULSE

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS

MARK BAGLEY • SCOTT HANNA

DAILY BUGLE















You're  
going to...

It is  
a good  
offer.

Real?

What?

Is it  
Jameson?

I...

Jameson  
is Jameson.

Listen...

I'm going  
to hire you up, pick  
your bones clean, and  
boil you out with  
the trash.

I actually  
don't think he  
is going to...

Please.

I don't  
no.

And if he  
does, we are  
getting paid  
for it.

You're  
getting paid.

We're  
getting paid.  
We're... no, listen—  
we're having  
a crisis.

No, you  
know, when  
something happens  
to one of us it  
happens to both  
of us.

But... yes.  
Right. If he does and  
makes you infamous,  
then, if I'm hanging  
around you...

Then I'm  
going to be famous,  
and I don't want to  
be famous.

Are you  
serious?

What?

You're  
serious?

I am so  
serious.

Like...









NE-DO NOT CROSS - POLICE LINE - DO NOT CROSS - POL

NE-DO NOT CROSS - POLICE LINE-DO NOT CROSS - POL









she was in the reservoir?  
Yeah, for at least what did he say? Yeah, at least 7 hours she was in there.  
Ever see a body... dead body all water-logged?

Yeah.  
On yeah, and, yeah...  
...was dropped in.

Well, yeah.

No, I mean from up high.

Up high? Yeah, I don't see that, mean? Now high?

Yeah, she had all these, strange, coil-ant? Impact wounds.  
Slight? Get, get? Like she let the water hard.

From up high.  
Yeah.  
And is that like the duct?  
On this, so she was strangled to death.  
Big marks, man, forensic indentations and bruising on her neck.  
And it was definitely a gas pipe, a gas pipe, not a pipe, but big.  
Lord.

Yeah.  
Problem for gas is she's scared in that crap water for like all that time.  
So fibero and all that, we got nothing.

Except... it was a gas.

Why do you keep looking at your watch all the time?  
Well, it's coming, which this.



How did you--?

Plude, the clockwork?

Every day same time zooms right by like a spaceship

Someone's dropped her.

Prose up high.

Yeah, but I don't think it was from her.

Maybe gonna live around here or something

Every day







DALEY HUNTER, 9:35 PM











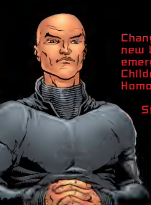




**NEW**

**RIOT AT XAVIER'S**  
PART TWO





Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom, Homo superior.

Stan Lee presents...



## THE X-MEN



**PROFESSOR X**  
Charles Xavier  
Telepath



**XOAN**  
Healer



**BEAST**  
Dr. Henry McCoy  
Super Strength/  
Agility



**EMMA FROST**  
Diamond Skin



**CYCLOPS**  
Scott Summers  
Optic Blasts

## PREVIOUSLY

THE X-MEN are a worldwide team of mutant volunteer workers gifted with new evolutionary talents. They are a rescue and emergency force on the front-line of the genetic battlefield of the 21st Century. Founded and financed by the brilliant telepath PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER, the X-Men are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them.

At the XAVIER INSTITUTE — X-Men headquarters and a school founded to teach young mutants how to use their powers responsibly — a new threat has surfaced from within.

QUENTIN QUIRE, one of Professor Xavier's most brilliant young students, has begun a rebellion against the tolerant teachings of his mentor. Quire and his gang of followers — GLOB HERMAN, RAOIRAN, REDNECK, and TATTOO — are hooked on a new drug called KICK that enhances their mutant powers up to five times. The drug is more dangerous than the kids realize — it may not be the X-gene and has been linked to multiple deaths in the mutant community. But Quire and his gang can't stop. Angry and high on Kick, they have already avenged the death of the mutant fashion designer Jumbo Carnation by attacking the humans who lynched him. Now they plan to destroy Professor Xavier's dreams for OPEN DAY — the first time the Xavier Institute will be open to mutants and humans alike.

Meanwhile, a squad of U-MEN — a group of organ hunters founded by John Sublime who wish to harvest the organs of mutants — has targeted a class of Xavier's students on a camping trip off school grounds. This is the special class of the Institute's remedial students led by their teacher XOAN. Two of Xom's students — ANGEL and BEAK — sneak off to get drunk and fool around, while the others — BASILISK, DUMMY, ERNST and MARTHA THE MUTANT BRAIN — are left at the bonfire with Xom, just wishing the camping trip would end. And no one can keep track of NO-GIRL, the mysterious entity of a girl who may or may not be a part of the class.

With less than 24 hours until Open Day, the Xavier Institute is in for a world of trouble...

## THE OMEGA GANG



**KID OMEGA**  
Quentin Quire  
Omega-Level  
Telepath



**GLOB HERMAN**  
Jelly Grip



**RAOIRAN**  
Light Blasts



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Wings, Flight



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Strobe Pulse



**BEAK**  
Wings, Flight



**DUMMY**  
Gaseous Form



**ERNST**  
Super Strength



**MARTHA JOHANSSON**  
Mutant Brain



## U-MAN CENTRAL



For we U-Men beings, a funeral like this is an occasion not for sadness, but for rejoicing.

A time, even, of greedy anticipation.

U-Man Smitts died of blood poisoning when his mutant lung grafts went rotten after a week of agonized waiting.



Bob wasn't pure enough to bear his transplants...but we are.



For today is the day of the Recycled Man! The third species eternal!

Homo Perfectus!

Let the harvest begin.



He promised me his x-ray corneas...

The jaws are mine!

Do we all get a bit of him or is it just the group leaders?

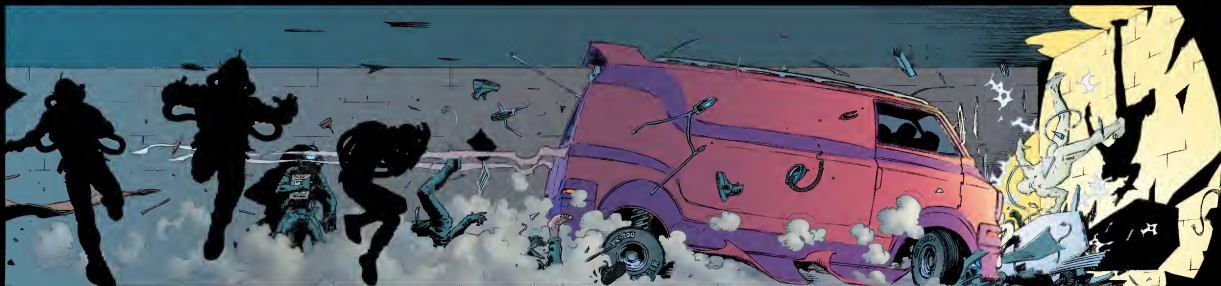


NEW



MEN

WHEN  IS NOT 









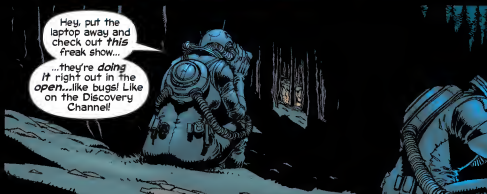


We just called to *confirm* that mutant colony sighting... we think it's some sort of *Camping trip* from the nearby Xavier Institute.

≡TT≡

No response.

Bob  
Smitt's *funeral*,  
remember?



Hey, put the laptop away and check out *this* freak show...  
...they're *doing* it right out in the *open*...like bugs! Like on the Discovery Channel!



The chick's wobbling like a rubber glove filled with *milk*, and the other thing...

...the other thing's like... like stuff I used to see hanging on hooks in my Uncle Buck's butcher shop.



Urrr...  
what's he doing now?

Why can't I have telescopic vision like *U-Man Parr*? Her grafts just *took* - no antibiotics, no infection...

...these binoculars are *useless*.

Shhh!

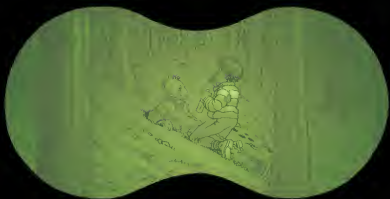
I just checked with the *Sublime* website.



In answer to my brief question, *Master John* says it's our right and duty to harvest the organs of these mutants.

The younger the better.





NEARBY...

So, Mister Xorn...

... I *definitely* saw you sneaking a peek at *No-Girl's* sexy fat butt just a moment previous.



No.

I still cannot see No-Girl anywhere, Basilisk.

Oh, she's around.

Martha says she's bored in her bubble.

What are we going to do now, Mister Xorn?

Do?

This is us doing

I...I thought we would meditate...

...hoped we would become friends and learn something about ourselves and our limits.

But...I cannot tell when you are trying to be funny or when you are trying to be cruel.



Hmm?

Uh, meditate?

Hyukk

Don't that make you go blind?

U-Men!







He can't just *leave* us here...the guy is *eight feet tall* with the power of a tiny *blue star* in his head!

While we're the Xavier School remedial class!



Xorny is so *dead*.

I bet we'll find him all *cut up* with his head severed off and stuff.

He's got a *sun* for a head!

You can't sever a sun, Basilisk!

Can you?



Oh, noooooo

We all have to work together as a *team*, like they tell us every week in assembly.

Hey, this guy's making a really creepy hissing noise, like your gran'ma dying...



Uurr

What is that horrible *stink*? Like egg and parmesan cheese.

Was that you?

That's *Dummy*, dum-dum.

He's a *living person*.



Martha says he's *right* - the smell is *Dummy* escaping into the air.

Dummy's an intelligent *gas* in a suit!

A smart fart!





So when did common sense stand on its head and make you the leader anyhow, Beakum?

You are the ones who **make** me the leader by standing there doing @!@!

You guys make **me** look like the **X-Men!**



But we're **supposed** to be losers.

That's the point of us.

That's why they put us in Mister Xom's special class.



No way!

No way are we losers!

Do **I** look like a loser to you?



You'll **never** be X-Man material, Beak!

And Angel's only here 'cause she likes the taste of finger-lickin' frozen chicken!

Hyukkk



Okay, leader... ...fifteen minutes ago, you were begging me to tell you what went where - now **you're** the big man with the plan?

Why is everybody now **picking** on me? We are in a death and life situation!

You are the one who can **fly**, Angel, so fly for help!!



What kind?

Psychiatric?



'scuse  
me

help

please



don't  
want to leak  
away

The *smell* of  
this guy is escaping  
from the hole in his  
pervert suit.

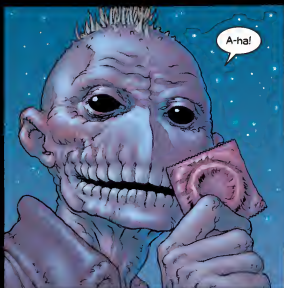


He's  
gonna  
die.

I never  
saw a human fart  
die in front of me  
before.

That is  
what you  
think.

All we need is  
something rubber  
to patch him  
up, yeah?



A-ha!



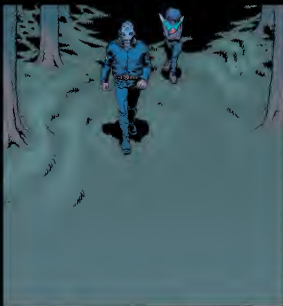
Wohh











This promises  
to be an evening  
of high octane wit and  
cruelly sophisticated  
chat, girls.

Henry has that thrilling  
'I'm going to eat you all alive'  
twinkle in his eye.

I'm  
flattered.

You know,  
I keep seeing this  
hairstyle turning up  
everywhere.

*Quentin Quire's*  
set have been trying to  
make it fashionable.

Let's *not* talk  
about him - he's a  
particularly unpleasant  
boy with B.O.

We're still  
sure he plans to disrupt  
the *Open Day* tomorrow  
somehow.

We've been wise to  
trust those intuitions of  
yours before, girls.

Where *is* Mister Quire,  
anyway? I'd like to speak to  
him before tomorrow.

Did he take your  
*precognition class*  
today, Emma?

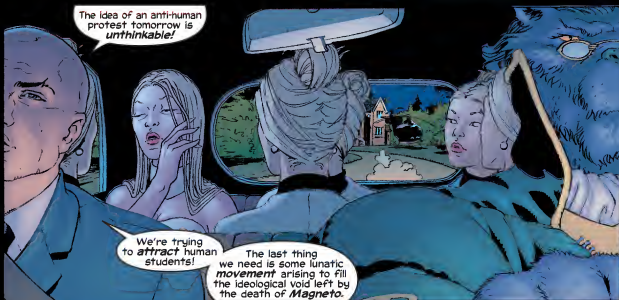
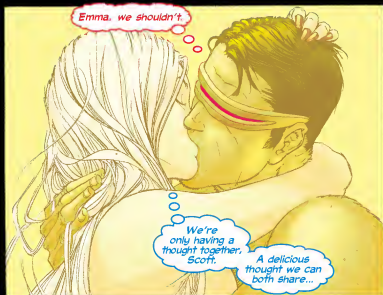
Miss  
Frost!

Hmm?

Oh.

Please...  
forgive me, girls...  
Charles

Miles  
away.



LATER...

Thank you  
for a very enjoyable  
and amusing evening,  
everyone.

I'll be  
shutting down my  
thoughts until  
tomorrow...

Hunh --?

Wow. So now what happens  
when the X-Men turn  
up to kick our asses,  
Quentin?

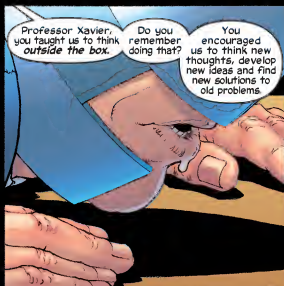
Bring  
them on, I  
say.

We have  
all night to  
prepare.

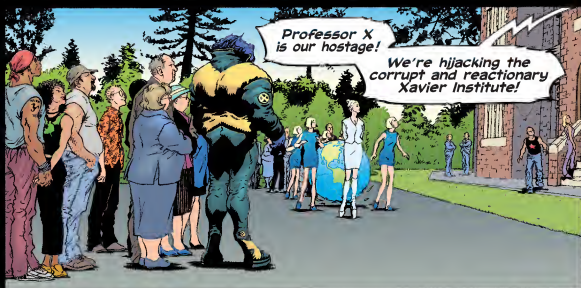
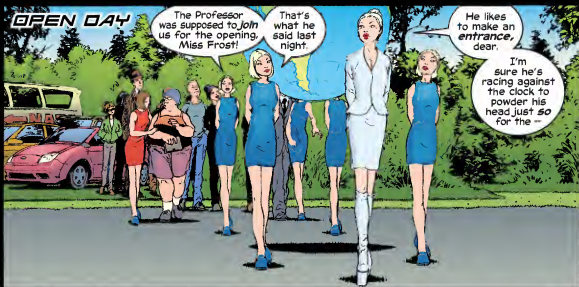
Wolverine's  
all yours,  
bro.

Save some  
cookies for me,  
chunky boy.

You  
wanted to *see* me,  
Professor?







**MARVEL**  
PSR 508

STRACZANSKI  
ROMITA JR.  
RANNA

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



**THE BOOK OF  
EZEKIEL!**  
CHAPTER ONE

**DIRECT EDITION**



7 09605 04716 1

\$2.25 US \$3.25 CAN

## PROLOGUE

## Somewhere in Peru

# THE BOOK OF EZEKIEL

J. MICHAEL STEELE, JR.

JOHN R. MATA JR.

# SENTIMENTANA

# NATIONAL

## FOR YOUR PETIT

WARREN SIMONS

AMEL ALONSO

## THE QUESADA

**DAN DUCKLEY**  
OWNER

Knock it knock.

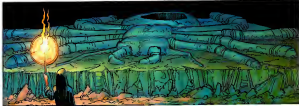
I'm not doing this—













And  
in whatever  
for what, will  
happen to  
you

Don't  
write me off  
yet, Wagal.



Ghaur  
have tried  
before, but I always  
survived. I will  
survive this.

Perhaps  
but, understand:  
I will help you the one  
time more, but then you  
cannot return, if you try,  
I will not be here, and  
the door will be closed  
to you.

But...



I must do  
this, because if  
you return again  
you will not be as  
you are now. And  
either you will die...  
or I will die.

This  
is the  
last.  
I'm  
sorry.



Just... do it. The bleeding  
died it out of me, out of my  
system, enough to buy me  
the time I need.

And  
then?



And then,  
I'll do what I  
have to.

Will help  
me. Give me back  
hard to make sure  
of it. Will help.



You  
mean be  
will die, do  
you not?

Just  
so it is  
right? Just  
do it.

You cut  
the man, who bleed  
the spider? You cut the  
spider, you bleed the  
man.









"Just get me the  
hulk away from  
these two freaks."



What the  
heck were you  
thinking? You  
could have  
been killed!

Are you  
talking?



Well, both  
children of the  
spider, Peter.  
Both hunt me.

We  
never had a  
choice.

Maybe.  
Maybe not. But  
I don't like taking  
chances like  
that.

So you  
you don't  
do it?



And what was that,  
bit with the eyes?

I got  
scared away.  
Peter—the hero  
of the hunt.

And stop  
calling me  
Peter!

Sorry,  
P. I mean  
thinking.



I mean,  
I suppose I  
should be grateful  
that you showed  
up—

That  
would be a  
commodious  
start.

—but  
still.

It worked  
out in the end  
thanks what  
matrons.



Right.

All things  
considered it's...  
good to see you again,  
Kekel! So what brings  
you back to New  
York?

You do, P.  
But I'll tell you  
the whole story  
over dinner.

At your  
place.

Your  
wife does cook  
doesn't she?



"Depends. Does ordering  
in from Domino's count  
as cooking?"

"Absolutely, P."

"—and there  
were three very  
nice hats, and they were  
just similar enough that  
I couldn't choose  
between them."



"Now, perhaps it's just me, but if I were  
running a hat company, I'd want to make  
my products different enough that you'd  
want to buy all of them. Instead of  
making them so similar that you feel  
forced buying this one and that one  
because this one has a red ribbon  
and that one has a blue  
ribbon."



"Not that I  
own a lot of hats to  
begin with, and I wasn't  
looking to buy two hats in  
any event, but it's the  
principle, isn't it,  
Harry James?"



"And then  
these fit in people  
from across the room  
and not only did they cut  
in line, they bought up all  
the pink hats when everyone  
finished it, a not pink hat  
season on Venus. That's  
the rule: no white shoes on  
Earth after Labor Day, and  
no pink hats on Venus  
after July."



"Isn't that  
right?"

"Oh,  
huh."



weren't...  
listening...

I'm  
sorry, Miss,  
this—

I understand,  
you've clearly got  
a lot on your mind  
right now.

Is it  
anything you  
want to talk  
about?



When I  
went to L.A. for  
the movie, they...  
they didn't want me  
for the role. They  
said they didn't want  
some model with  
features of being  
an actress.

I told  
Peter I turned  
the job down. I just  
couldn't. I couldn't  
handle it all.

But I've  
been wondering...  
are they right?



Actors are paid to walk and talk  
and be dramatic. Models are paid to  
sit still, shut up, and be distant. We're  
talking here about two different  
skill sets. Maybe I don't have it...  
maybe I should just be what  
I am, do what I've done.

Would  
you like my  
opinion?

Yes,  
please.



The film roles you've done  
so far... in one you were the  
beautiful girlfriend who was  
in jeopardy. In another you  
were the beautiful girl who  
tempted people to their  
death. In another you  
were the beautiful woman  
who inspired the hero...

It seems  
to me they like...  
you because they need  
someone beautiful to fill  
a niche in the plot, not  
because they want  
someone who can  
act.



You haven't  
played a character for...  
well, you've only played  
things that move the  
story ahead.

I know,  
which makes me  
think maybe I'm  
expecting too much...  
maybe I'm shooting  
too high. Is that  
possible?

Yes,  
Miss Jane,  
it is.



But it's also  
just as possible  
that you haven't  
shot high enough.

I left that  
newspaper behind  
on purpose,  
incidentally.



**THEATER DIRECTORY**

I have to tell this to a couple...

**THEATER DIRECTORY**

I have to tell this to a reporter...

EVER OPEN

No. But or... tells me, you think he got his powers from Gappa the Spider King?

Well, no one's told me that. Actually, it is.

EVER OPEN

No. But or... tells me, you think he got his powers from Gappa the Spider King?

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Panel 1:

- Barry Allen: "Look, I know the source of my abilities..."
- Iris West: "...and they're all clearly based on the scientific attributes of a super's natural abilities."
- Professor Zoom: "That so?"
- Barry Allen: "The how, yes, but not the why."

Panel 2:

- Professor Zoom: "Then what about your 'super' 'powers'?"
- Barry Allen: "Iodine can do it all around them, they know when..."
- Iris West: "Why, but you don't fast, you are able to control things behind you. Well, well, obviously behind you, but you obviously control you, but you can sense danger—a constant—from some distance, even behind you, some times even before it happens."

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[illegible]

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The image consists of two panels from a comic book. In the first panel, Barry Allen (left) and Iris West (center, seen from behind) are talking to Professor Zoom (right). Barry says, "Look, I know the source of my abilities..." Iris adds, "...and they're all clearly based on the scientific attributes of a super's natural abilities." Professor Zoom responds, "The how, yes, but not the why." Barry asks, "That is?" Iris says, "That is?" In the second panel, Professor Zoom explains, "Then what about your spider 'bombs'?" Iris asks, "Spiders can spit all around them, they know where..." Professor Zoom concludes, "Why, but you don't. But you are able to send things behind you. Not just objects behind you, but you can send danger—a bomb—right from some distance, even behind you, some times even before it happens."







"Thank you  
for the lovely  
dinner."



Go  
back in a few  
M.O.

One  
thing, Mary Jane...  
whatever Peter may  
think, I do know a  
few things about  
testing.

And about  
power.



We have as much power  
as we choose to have. And  
I have the power to see  
things... things that  
happen.

I told you  
on the stage. I see  
you before an audience.  
And I see your every  
doubt removed  
forever.

We  
never mind, you know.



What  
was that  
about?

Were  
you ever a  
boy scout, Peter?

Noah, but  
what does  
that...



"Just doing my  
good deed for  
the day."



Not  
right.

Yeah,  
it is.  
So why  
do I get the  
feeling you're  
about to use  
it for me?



You're  
in danger,  
paler. I'm  
going to  
you, and  
everyone you  
care about.



"You've probably noticed  
that for the past year,  
more and more of your  
battles have been with  
forces coming from the  
supernatural side of  
the street."

"This is not a  
coincidence. It's  
what I warned you  
about before."

"You've been  
noticed."

"Your power has a super-  
natural aspect to it,  
whether you care to admit  
it or not, and sooner or  
later, what goes around  
comes around."

"He not  
going to  
stop."

"And it's about  
to get a whole  
lot worse."



Most, you have to understand is that power has three components.

Those that want it.

Those that give it.

And the final component, those who control it. The gatekeepers.



The spider is your father. Most believe power comes through superior talent or wealth. But the way you got your power circumvented that, which wasn't so bad, as long as the gatekeepers didn't notice.

But now that I've been noticed—

The ball is coming due.



I told you that you were going to go through several trials in terms of supernatural forces arrayed against you. I told you that the worst of them, Shethro, was not the best.

And that there was one more coming. The most dangerous of all.



And I'm guessing you didn't come all this way to tell me I've been held up in traffic.

I'm afraid so.

It's coming. The gatekeeper is coming. Maybe even tonight.

You have two choices. You can choose to plant your ground here, and try to fight him.

Unfortunately, you will almost certainly be killed in the process. He will also come after you wherever you go, which means your presence will put Mary Jane in danger.

So what'll choice number two?

Come with me.

Where to?

South America.

South America? Are you out of your mind?

Probably, sure as hell I wouldn't be within a hundred miles of you if I were sane.

"Because unlike you, I know exactly what kind of hell is coming your way very, shortly."

There, quieter... I am not an... clown.





**MARVEL**  
PSR 4

**THIN  
AIR  
PART 4**

# THE PULSE

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • MARK BAGLEY • SCOTT HANNA

# WANTED!



**THIS  
WEEK IN**



009411-0000-1  
\$2.99 US \$4.25 CAN



#### Norman Redden suspected of murdering Team 6 pilot

## THIN AIR PART 4

Ben Ulrich, Staff Writer

**T**errn Kiddle, a new reporter for the *Daily Bugle*, was having the worst day of her professional career. None of her stories were coming together and she believed that *Bugle* publisher J. Jonah Jameson was getting ready to fire her.

Terri was surprised to hear a friend tell her that there are missing people at OsCorp, the company she works at owned by Norman Osborn.

With fear of being fired looming over her, Terri trucked her way into the office of industrialist Norman Osborn to question him about the missing employees.

Norman quickly and violently strangled her to death with

## his bare hands

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of Alias Investigations, a small private investigative firm.

Jessica is now pregnant with the baby of her boyfriend Luke Cage, here for hire.

Ben Ulrich, a reporter for the *Daily Bugle* who has seen better days, works the Kipper murder...and all roads lead to Osborn.

And with that, Ulrich makes a phone call he never thought he would.

He calls Peter Parker Spider-Man.



Ben Urish Staff Writer



East Farnham Staff Writer



Joseph A. Jones, Consultant

**Writings:** *Broken Michael Berridge*

Pencil: Mark Bailey

### Index: Scott Harris

**Colonel: Pete Pantazis**

Latter: Virtual Collaboration

## Core Beliefs

Contest Art Mike Morneau

### With Amazon's Arctic Time

Assistant Editor: Nicole Wiley

Editor: Andy Schmidt

Editor in Chief: Joe Robinson

**Publisher:** T. Joseph Jameson

### Internet: Jan. 2004

Dean Buckley

The Paper created by

Brian Michael Bendis

































she works in accounts payable at Oscorp.

Your landing afternoon—she has a late drive with Kidd. It is at this point that she says that there are missing people at Oscorp.

A few people there have up and disappeared.

At Oscorp missing people.



Jonah, Kidder was new here—she didn't know our history with Oscorp. she went there and didn't come back.

I'm going to the police with what I have, and then I am writing the story.

The police will be able to access Kidder's phone records.

If she called Oscorp, if she made any type of communication with Korman, an appointment.

If she went to Oscorp, if anyone saw her.

I understand.

Will you Dugan it?

If Oscorp was the last person to see her alive.



Why not?

And if Oscorp comes swinging back at us again.

Like last time.

That's all.

When you were all right.

There's it. For you and that's it. For the Dugan!

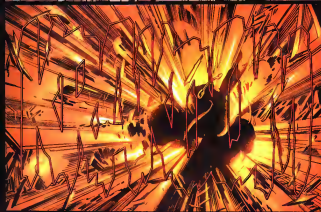
I'm not wrong.





# OSCORP











To be continued...

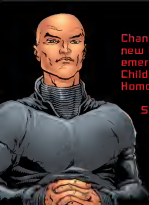
**MARVEL**  
PG 137

MORRISON  
GUILTY  
AVALON

# NEW X MEN



RIOT AT  
**X**  
XAVIER'S  
PART THREE



Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom, Homo superior.

Stan Lee presents...



## THE X-MEN



**WOLVERINE**  
Logan  
Healing,  
Adamantium  
Claws



**PROFESSOR X**  
Charles Xavier  
Telepath



**ICEMAN**  
Healer



**BEAST**  
Dr. Henry McCoy  
Super Strength/  
Agility



**EMMA FROST**  
Telepath  
Diamond Skin



**CYCLOPS**  
Scott Summers  
Optic Blasts

## PREVIOUSLY

THE X-MEN are a worldwide team of mutant volunteer workers gifted with new evolutionary talents. They are a rescue and emergency force on the frontline of the genetic battlefield of the 21st Century. Founded and financed by the brilliant telepath PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER, the X-Men are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them. But at the XAVIER INSTITUTE -- X-Men headquarters and a school founded to teach young mutants how to use their powers responsibly -- a new threat has surfaced from within.

QUENTIN QUIRE -- a top-level Omega telepath and Professor Xavier's prize student -- is devastated when he learns he was adopted. And later, after the popular young mutant fashion designer Jumbo Carnation is murdered by humans, Quentin is pushed over the edge. He renounces Professor X's teachings as old-fashioned and recruits a gang of followers -- the OMEGA GANG. Comprised of students GLOB HERMAN, RAOJIAN, REDNECK, TATTOO and, of course, QUENTIN himself, the Omega Gang have all become addicted to the power-enhancing drug, KICK. Angry and high on the addictive drug, the Omega Gang have already murdered several humans in retaliation for Jumbo Carnation's death.

Now, on the morning of OPEN DAY -- the first day the Xavier Institute will open its doors to both humans and mutants alike -- Quentin Quire and the rest of the Omega Gang have kidnapped Professor Xavier and launched an all-out attack on the school...

## THE OMEGA GANG



**KID OMEGA**  
Quentin Quire  
Omega-Level  
Telepath



**GLOB HERMAN**  
Jelly Grip



**RAOJIAN**  
Light Blasts



**REDNECK**  
Radiant Hands



**TATTOO**  
Chameleon Skin,  
Ghost Form



**KICK**  
The Dangerous  
Power-Enhancing  
Drug

## THE SPECIAL CLASS



**ANGEL**  
Wings, Flight



**BASILISK**  
Strobe Pulse



**BEAK**  
Wings, Flight



**DUMMY**  
Gaseous Form



**ERNST**  
Super Strength



**MARTHA JOHAN-  
SON**  
Mutant Brain

**XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR  
HIGHER LEARNING**







We're not international criminals. We're not famous super-terrorists.

It's true we want to **tear down** everything you've created and **replace** it.

But it's not because we're **monsters**. It's because we're **young** and it's **our right**.



I'm saying all this **out loud** because I had the brilliant idea of **thought-proofing** you, Professor Xavier.

It's adapted from a blueprint of **Magneto's helmet** we found on the net.

He had a **lot** of good ideas, you know.



Yes. He was kind to **animals** and he could dance the **tango** to championship standard.

He was also a **psychopathic murderer...** and a poor role model in most other respects, **Quentin**.

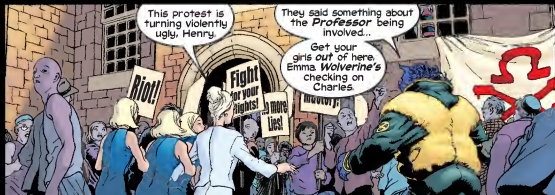


**Sneeeeer.**

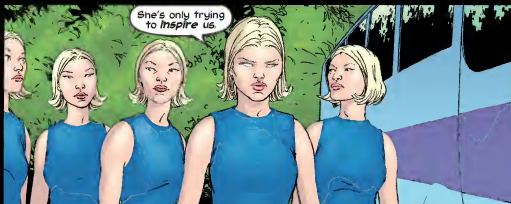
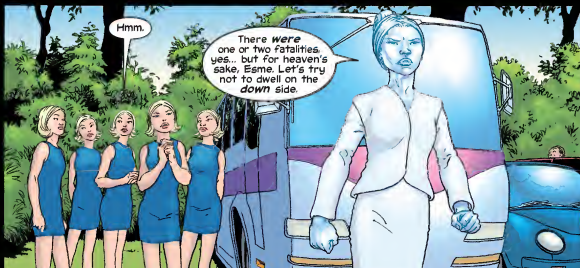
**Humans** killed **Jumbo Carnation**, Xavier. And where were you? Watching the **opera**?

Humans bomb our cities! Humans trash our whole culture and what do you do?

Invite 'em over for **dinner!**









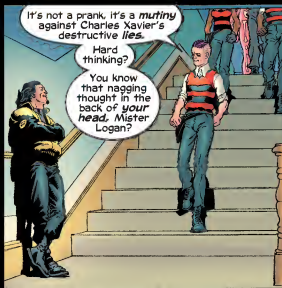


# NOT AT ALL NEW NOT AT ALL MAVENS M-M-N











James!

No.  
James. I'm  
here!

Here.

James.



Wolverine.

That's  
*Wolverine*  
you  
just messed with  
you suicidal  
genius.

He'll  
hunt you  
down...

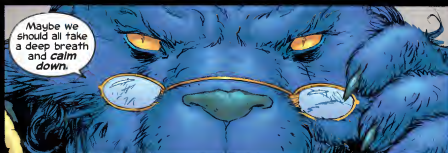
No, he won't,  
Redneck... that's  
just his *image*. It  
doesn't matter,  
anyway.

What we do  
here will *never*  
be forgotten.



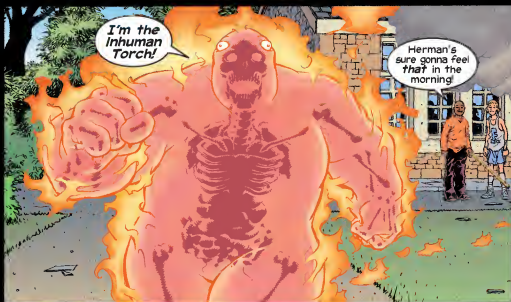


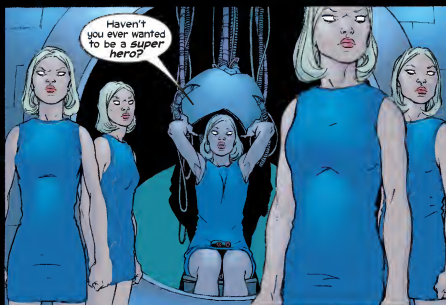
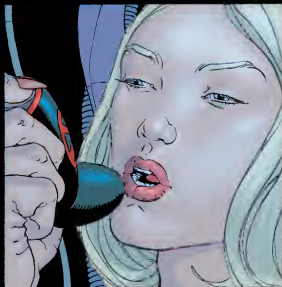
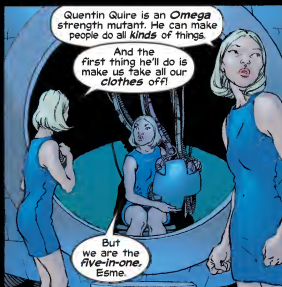








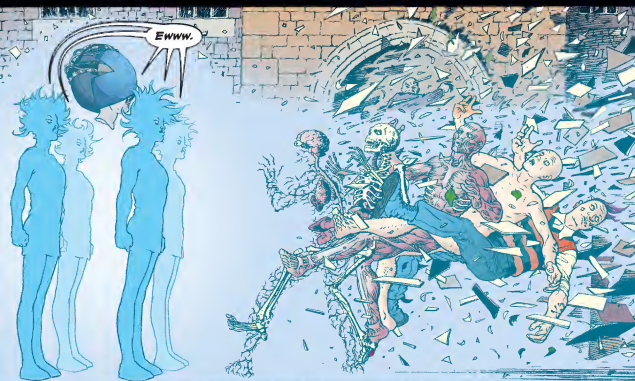


















Then you didn't think this through at all, did you, Mister Quire?

S-Sophie--?

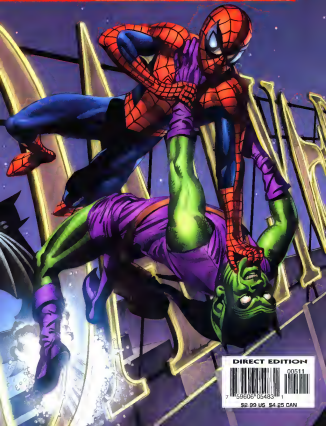


**MARVEL**  
PSR 5

**THIN  
AIR  
PART 5**

# THE PULSE

BRIAN MICHAEL BENDIS • MARK BAGLEY • SCOTT HANNA



**DIRECT EDITION**



7 59606 05483 1

\$2.99 US \$4.25 CAN









Lady, I know I look cute in the tights...but there are much better ways to meet me

See, this is why Ben Urish needs to hire me as a body guard

Again?!

HAHAHAHAHA

Just stay here and try to catch your breath. You're okay. You're doing great.

AAAAAAAAA! My baby!! My baby!! you were holding a baby!!

I'm PREGNANT!! HE KILLED MY BABY!!

Oh good!! He killed my baby!!

















I am sorry I took so long.

There was a mutant attack up town and I was... anything.

You were in an explosion?

Give me a minute here.



Are there any bleeding?

No.

No to good.



This might be cold.



Take I own attack in Occorp. Get it take a bath.

Yes.

Let's use Clay.



See that change?

Oh no.

No, please, don't show me this.

No, look, see? See how?



That's the heart.



It's racing.



It's beating.



It's dying.





# DAILY BUGLE

## NORMAN OSBORN IS THE GREEN GOBLIN *COP KILLER CAUGHT TO FACE TRIAL*



My client  
has been charged  
with nothing

My client  
surrendered himself  
to the authorities and  
is fully cooperating  
with the police

My client is  
a victim in this  
just like every-  
one else...

--compounded  
by the constant attacks  
and harassment by the  
Daily Bugle and its publisher  
J. Jonah Jameson.



The Bugle has  
taken every opportunity  
to slander and malign my  
client--and this time it  
has gone too far!

To use this  
tragedy as yet another  
excuse to lob wild and  
unfounded accusations  
is not only totally  
inappropriate...

...but repulsive  
to the memories of the  
fine officers and GeCorp  
employees that died during  
Spider-Man's vicious  
attack on GeCorp.

It's a sad day  
when honorable men  
like Norman Osborn  
are the victims of  
this city.









Come on  
out, Osborne!

You  
do not mess  
with Luke Cage's  
family!!

Come  
on out!!

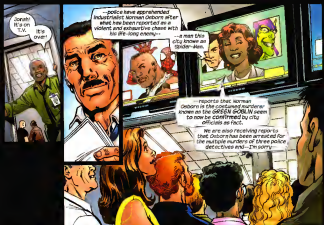


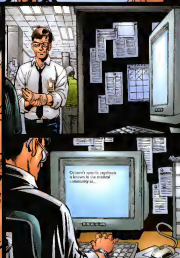














**MARVEL**  
PSR 507

STRACZYŃSKI  
ROMITA JR.  
HANNA

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®



DIRECT EDITION

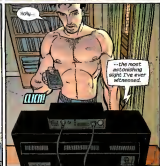


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# THE BOOK OF EZEKIEL

COVER 110

J. MICHAEL  
STRACZYNSKI  
SAVORY

JOHN  
ROBAITA JR.  
PH. THOMAS

SCOTT  
HAMPA  
H&I

MATT  
MULLA  
TODAY

DAVID GREENE  
TORY PETRO  
ETHEREAL

BRANDEN  
SAMMONS  
ARTISTBYNIGHT

ARIEL  
ALVAREZ  
TODAY

JON  
WIESNER  
BLACK HONEY

DAN  
DUBIELZ  
PAPERKAT

Literally millions of spiders have come out of every hiding place in the city, every nook and cranny, and have swarmed over nearly half a mile of prime Manhattan real estate. And they show no sign of stopping. Thousands of people have been bitten by the spiders, and hundreds more have been frightened into heart attacks and seizures.

Entomologists contacted by WGEF have no explanation for this swarming behavior but say they are concerned because the average home can have as many as two hundred spiders in, on and below the structure.

For another opinion, we contact ed J. Jonah Jackson of the Philly Bugle.





"That's where MJ was heading for her audition!"





I saw the audition notice. I read the script. It's a great script. I think I could do a good job with it.

My assistant explained that there are no engine rooms anymore in this play, right?

Yes, twice.



All right, fine then, let's get this over with.

Yes, make it a little. I love sugary lots of chocolate and cinnamon, and be sure to get one of those huge sculptures, otherwise I'll turn my hands.

Go on, Mary Jane, go on, write all morning.



And I said to her, I said, but I Anne, that man is never going to marry you. He talks good, but he's like one of those bellow clouds you see out on the ocean, big and full of wind but they disappear as soon as things get hot.



What you want is a man of character. A man who will stand by you when other men would run. A man who...

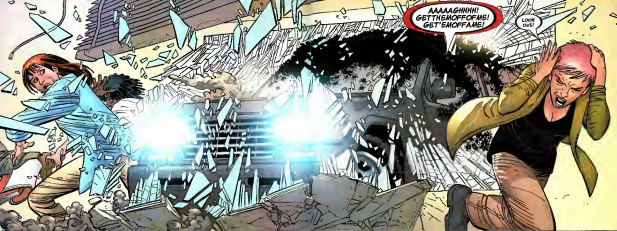
But there's another two paragraphs I was barely getting started...

Thank you, Mary Jane. I think that will be...



Yes, well, my mother had a car that started about the same way on cold mornings - all that awful noise, and...

...oh my goodness!









You sure you'll be okay from here?



I'm fine...I should have to get a taxi to get here before I'm long gone.

I'm going to find out what's at the center of the city.

Well, going to the center of it.

You sure that's a good idea?

Shrinescape. But I have to start somewhere.

So what're you going to do--



Catch you later, MJ.

Good luck when this is over, you can find me in the shower. For the next four days.

Good that.



Have to find the shooter of all this, because that's where--

Lower here. To enter?



I wanted you to see this yourself. I told you something like this would happen. The Gintoseper is down there somewhere, and he's not going to rest until he finds you. The only way to stop this is to get out of town...come with me--

I can't.

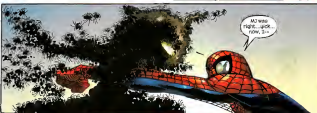


You can't help them by slaying. You'll only make it worse--

Yes also.

EEEEEEEE!







You believe  
you stand upon solid  
ground, that the earth  
is firm beneath  
your feet.

You are  
wrong.

The ground  
moves beneath  
you. It swells and  
flexes and flows like  
water through sand,  
like mudia beneath  
dunes. In constant  
motion.

Put your  
feet to the  
ground, and feel  
the heartbeat of  
the earth.

Hear  
the whisper of  
bubbles and  
shapers.

Labors and  
destroyers.

And  
tenders.







There were so many others  
on that day, in that room  
together, then...



...with the  
aplan.

The  
hunter

Wounded  
irradiated  
Dying.

Angry.



Why you?

Given  
the power, what  
would they have  
done with it?

They  
would have  
sought revenge,  
perhaps. Bought  
riches.



They were  
soft, especially the ones  
who thought themselves  
so hard.

They would  
have crumbled  
under the weight of  
the gift. They would not  
have known what to  
do with it.



Because  
they were not  
hunters.



Why you?

Because  
you were a hunter  
without death.

You  
were chosen for  
your rage.



You were chosen because of every insult worded you suffered.

Chosen for every time you were tripped, trapped, struck, beaten and humiliated before others.

Chosen for the fact you were forced to stand in check for the words you could not speak.

Chosen for the blind rage that gripped your heart for a vice at every fist and foot and room that too are kicked and cut you.

And for the greatest rage of all, the one you reserved for yourself, for being unable to fight back, because there were always more of them, and they were always bigger, and they were always stronger.



But what if that changed?



Who could be a better hunter than one who had been prey?



Someone who would be driven to fight back against the dark forces cast by the world, who would never stop even though they were bigger and more, and perhaps even stronger than he was.



Because having once been prey, he would never allow himself to appear such again. Would never surrender. Would take death before he let it do so.



Why you?



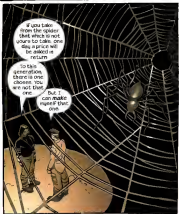
Because of all those who were there that day, there was only one hunter.

And as the science you worship tells you, the observer like, and the presence of the observer affects the observed, and at the end of the mathematical day, there are no accidents, no coincidences, there is only...

professional courtesy.



"What you are doing is dangerous... I tell you again for necessity."







When that time comes, Eddie, your only hope is to divert the powers you have bargained with, to bring them to attack the chosen, and in so doing eliminate your competition.



For, failing that, to convince him to fight them on your behalf... and bring him here, to the beginning, to this place... that his blood may take the place of your own when the madness, and the death, follows...



Lungs working again... I can breathe... some kind of drug-induced hallucinations...



But if any of that was true...

That's why Eddie wanted me to come with him to South America... maybe it's why each of the supernatural forces I've fought came the same time he showed up... he was trying to get me to fight them on his behalf...

...when they were never really after me in the first place. They were after me. If that's true, then as long as I don't go to South America, I should be...



Surprised? Don't be. There are spiders everywhere, you know. Once you enter the magic, once you enter the story, there's no telling where you'll come out.

The only thing I do know, P, and I'm real sorry about this... is that having gotten here, you won't be allowed to leave. Not alive.

Because now it's my life or yours. And I intend to live.

But for what's coming, and how you'll go, I am sorry, P.

Sonest and true.

To Be Continued...

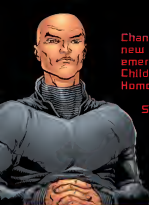
# NEW X MEN

**MARVEL**  
PG 138

MORRISON  
QUITELY  
AVALON



RIOT AT XAVIER'S  
CONCLUSION



Change is coming. A new breed of man has emerged. They are the Children of the Atom, Homo superior.

Stan Lee presents...

# NEW X-MEN<sup>®</sup>



## THE X-MEN



**WOLVERINE**  
Logan  
Healing,  
Adamantium  
Claws



**PROFESSOR X**  
Charles Xavier  
Telepath



**XORN**  
Healer



**BEAST**  
Dr. Henry McCoy  
Super Strength/  
Agility



**EMMA FROST**  
Telepath,  
Diamond Skin



**CYCLOPS**  
Scott Summers  
Optic Blasts

## PREVIOUSLY

THE X-MEN are a worldwide team of mutant volunteer workers gifted with new evolutionary talents. They are a rescue and emergency force on the frontline of the genetic battlefield of the 21<sup>st</sup> Century. Founded and financed by the brilliant telepath **PROFESSOR CHARLES XAVIER**, the X-Men are forever sworn to protect a world that hates and fears them. But at the **XAVIER INSTITUTE** — X-Men headquarters and a school founded to teach young mutants how to use their powers responsibly — a new threat has surfaced from within.

**QUENTIN QUIRE** — a top-level Omega telepath and Professor Xavier's prize student — has renounced Professor X's teachings as old-fashioned and recruits a gang of followers — the **OMEGA GANG**. Comprised of students **GLOB HERMAN**, **RADIAN**, **REDNECK**, **TATTOO** and, of course, **QUENTIN** himself, the Omega Gang have all become addicted to the power-enhancing drug, **KICK**. Angry and high on the addictive drug, the Omega Gang have incited a riot at the school. On **OPEN DAY** — the first day the Xavier Institute opened its doors to both humans and mutants alike — Quentin Quire and the rest of the Omega Gang kidnapped Professor Xavier and launched an all-out attack on the school.

Now, in the aftermath of the riot, school property is destroyed, humans are scared away, and one student is dead... Sophie, one of the Stepford Cuckoos, the girl Quentin loved...

## THE OMEGA GANG



**KID OMEGA**  
Quentin Quire  
Omega-Level  
Telepath



**GLOB HERMAN**  
Jelly Grip



**RADIAN**  
Light Blasts



**REDNECK**  
Radiant Hands



**TATTOO**  
Chameleon Skin,  
Ghost Form



**KICK**  
The Dangerous  
Power-Enhancing  
Drug

## THE SPECIAL CLASS



**ANGEL**  
Wings, Flight



**BASILISK**  
Strobe Pulse



**BERK**  
Wings, Flight



**ERNST**  
Super Strength



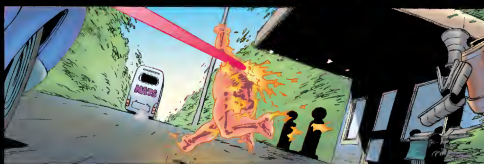
**MARTHA JOHANSSON**  
Mutant Brain

# *The Prime of* MISS EMMA FROST

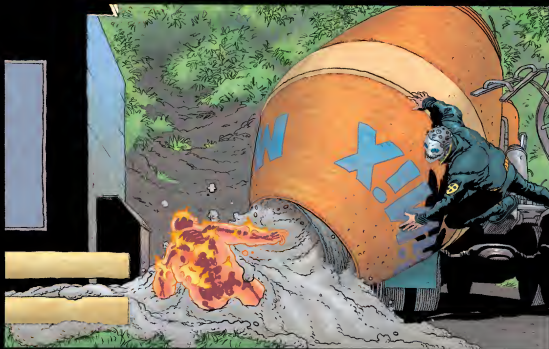
THE ROAD TO SALEM CENTER. WEDNESDAY.









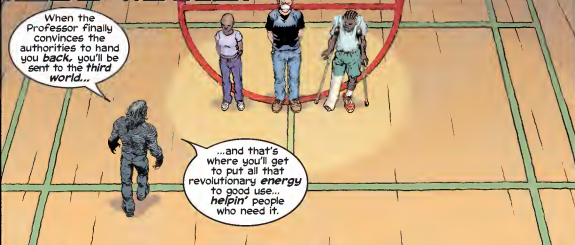




## THE XAVIER INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER LEARNING



## HOME OF THE X-MEN



## THE ROSE GARDEN, TUESDAY

"...beside me, gathering beauty as she grew. Like the bright shade of some immortal dream. Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of life's dark stream."

We must be **strong**, girls.

As strong as our dear **Sophie** who gave her life yesterday with such fearlessness and glory and panache.

I propose we create a **shrine** here among the roses she loved so much... Sophie's bower, where—

Girls?

What good is a **shrine**, Miss Frost?

Or perhaps you're hoping it might inspire **more** children to their deaths?

We were the **five-in-one**.

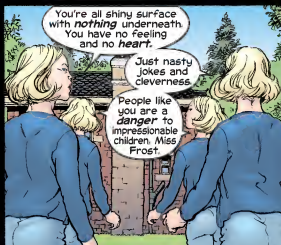
What are we **now**?

Oh, and we shan't be coming back here after the **prizegiving**, Miss Frost.

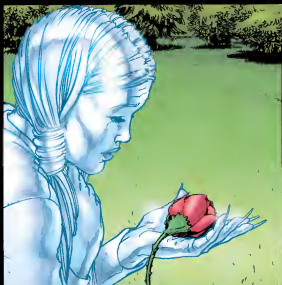
We'll be working to restore our telepathic talents in **Switzerland** with **Madame LaFarge**.

LaFarge?

But LaFarge has hair on the back of her hands.









THE INFIRMARY,  
THURSDAY

Henry...  
diagnosis.

Quentin's temperature is all over the place,  
Professor Xavier...brain scans look like seismic  
activity graphs during a *particularly* large quake...  
brain cells are converting to...and I'm serious...  
*faster than light* energy and *disappearing*...  
one by one.

I know as  
much about mutant  
biology as anyone else  
*alive*, so my best guess  
qualifies as current  
theory.



I think some kind of unforeseen  
*secondary mutation* is beginning  
to occur, triggered by Quentin's  
abuse of Hypercortisone-D --  
*Kick.*

I'm *here*,  
Quentin. But I can't  
see into your  
mind.

I hear  
thoughts in Chinese...  
and French...and Arabic...  
but...it's everyone  
thinking the same  
stupid thought...

ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF FATE OF  
MANKIND IF MUTANT'S ARE FACT  
DRIVEN OUT -- AS PREDICTED  
BY DR. BELIVAR TASH



THIS SCENE PREDICTED BY  
DR. BELIVAR TASH. THE  
MUTANTS ARE BEING  
DRIVEN OUT OF THE  
CITY. THE SCENE IS  
A WARNING TO THE  
HUMAN RACE. THE  
MUTANTS ARE BEING  
DRIVEN OUT OF THE  
CITY. THE SCENE IS  
A WARNING TO THE  
HUMAN RACE.

Just one  
thought divided  
into ignorant boxes...  
jabbering so hard it  
can't hear itself  
thinking...

I've  
heard it too,  
Quentin.

...everyone  
scared of their  
replacements...scared  
of their children...  
scared of  
themselves...

Like a hand  
scared of its  
fingers. The  
loneliness and loss  
felt in a world  
without  
telepathy.

I know.

...I'm streaming  
going away...into the  
bigger rooms...outside  
rooms bigger than the  
whole world. Professor...  
I understand  
things...

...I don't  
know who my  
parents are...because...  
because I haven't been  
born yet...I'll be born  
soon and meet them  
there in these  
rooms...

≡Hhrraauii≡

Henry!  
Fetch  
Xorn!

His healing  
gifts might be  
our last  
chance...





LATER...

Quentin Quire was liberated from his physical *cocoon* and born into a higher world at exactly 4:32 this afternoon.

I know how ridiculous that *sounds*, but in this case we believe it to be the literal *truth*.



My goal is integration with humankind, through peaceful coexistence and mutual self-development.

My methods are *non-violent* and require time and patience.

In light of recent events, I'm willing to consider that my approach may be in *error*.



You're free to continue this protest for as long as you have the inclination, bearing in mind that the school will be *closing* for the summer in exactly six days.

Following the break, I will be stepping down as Headmaster.

I hope to see you all at the prizegiving ceremony.





**MANHATTAN,  
FRIDAY.**

I look  
totally  
stupid.

Nonsense,  
Angel, dear. You've  
left "totally stupid"  
far behind and now  
you look  
*exquisite*.

Pose in the  
mirror, dear,  
and you'll  
see.



Listen, Miz Frost,  
there was something  
I wanted to talk to  
you about...

...like  
important  
stuff.

Any time,  
dear.

I've been  
searching for a  
new project and  
right now, *no one*  
needs my advice  
more than you  
do...



...the journey from ugly  
quacker to glamorous  
swan has begun, Miss  
Salvadore.

Let  
*Emma* be your  
guide.

Yeah,  
sure.

Mister Xorn  
keeps saying I'd make a  
pretty good *super hero*, too.

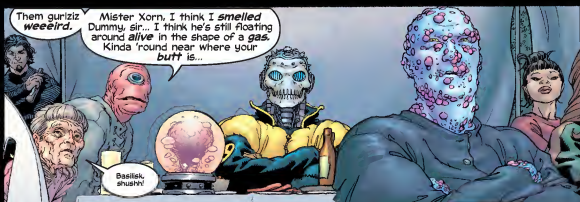
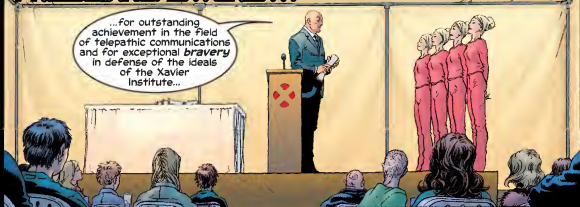


Taxi





## PRIZEGIVING, SATURDAY.






Angel, we're going to miss the **prizes!** This is the one time in my life I have the chance to be taken **seriously** as more than just a potential source of food for **dogs!**

Shut up!

Like we're **ever** gonna win anything in **this** rotten existence.



Trust me, Beak. If the can you were born in says **"Loser"** on the label then that's what's insi--  
**Huaaarrkk**

I am **not** a loser.



I am so **sick** of that word!

Okay, **you** be Mister Sunshine and show me how it's done!

**Two words, Beakie.**



I'm **pregnant**.

They'll throw us out of school unless we do something fast, Barnell.



**Us?**

What does this have to do with... with...

...oh, boy...

















Don't  
tell me.  
You can  
explain...

**NEXT: ASSAULT ON WEAPON PLUS**

**MARVEL**  
PSR 508

STRACZYNSKI  
ROMITA JR  
HANNA

# the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN®

THE BOOK OF  
**EZEKIEL!**  
CHAPTER THREE

DIRECT EDITION



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\$2.25 US \$3.25 CAN

Have to stay  
conscious. Have to  
focus. Have to--



Have to



**Are you getting  
travelling faster?**

# THE BOOK OF EZEKIEL

**MILHAEL  
S. RALYNSKY**  
SVP

**JOHN  
ROMITA, R.**

2000 1 2000 1 2000 1 2000 1 2000 1



Year	Percentage of respondents (%)
1997	65
1998	70
1999	75
2000	65
2001	68
2002	75
2003	80
2004	85

[illegible]



How did  
--use--

Garthiel.



Came to me-- came to me  
in New York, tried to talk  
me into coming to Route  
America... said the super-  
natural menace that had  
been coming after me  
were coming again, heard--



--but he was lying.  
They weren't coming  
after me. They were  
coming after him, as  
used--



--used  
me.



Just  
then.



--then darkness,  
and the voice--

--the voice,  
old, so old--



--so  
cold--

--the  
hunter--

Blood  
is the rule  
of the  
world.



--the  
truth--

Your only hope,  
succes, is to divert the  
powers you have bargained  
with, to bring them to attack  
the chosen, and in so doing  
eliminate your competition.  
Or, failing that, to convince  
him to fight them on  
your behalf--



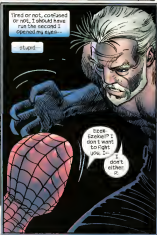
And the  
trap.

--and bring him here, to the  
beginning, to the place... that  
his blood may take the place  
of your own when the madness,  
and the death, follows."



And then...  
here

It's my life or yours.  
And I intend to live.  
But for what's  
coming, and how  
you'll go, I am  
sorry. It  
honest  
and true.



Tired or not, confused  
or not, I should have  
run the second I  
opened my eyes--

stupid--

Does  
Bazooka? I  
don't want  
to fight  
you. I--

I  
don't  
either  
D.





But I  
can't let  
that stop  
me now!

7

First, he  
was so fast.



He was always really  
so strong as I was...  
but, now there was the  
strength of machines...  
determined to survive  
at any cost... and I  
thought...



...this how I  
knew to show  
I came after?

"The face of  
the hunter."

The spider

Get  
off me,  
get...

A move like this, with anybody else, I'd have a four-second window to move... they'd hit the floor, get up, turn—

—off me!

—so for just a second, just a **SECOND**, I let myself forget who—

—no, not who—

—what I was fighting

Spider-sense doesn't work with him, because here he's me, a child of the spider. Didn't see it coming. Didn't feel it coming. Not until—

AAAGGGHHH!

Too late.





A dynamic comic book illustration showing Spider-Man in a blue and black suit fighting Doctor Doom. Doctor Doom is in the center, holding Spider-Man's arm. Several other Spider-Man characters are visible in the background, some in different poses. The scene is filled with action and intensity.

Someone who  
would be driven to  
fight back against the  
dark forces sent by the  
world, who would never stop  
even though they were  
bigger and more red  
perhaps even stronger  
than he was.

Because  
having once been  
red, he would never  
allow himself to  
become such  
again.

Would never  
surrender.

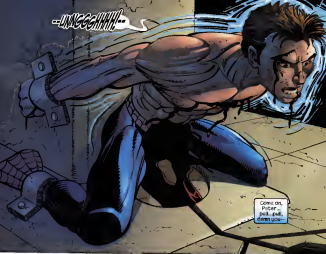
Would  
take death before  
submission.





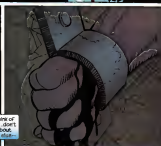








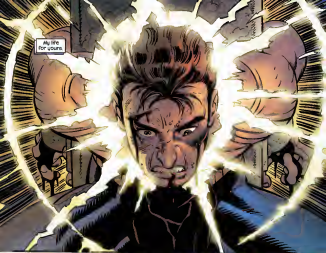
Don't think of  
the pain. Don't  
think about  
anything else—



--just think about  
MJ. Think about MJ.  
Think about--



My blood for  
yours. Your  
blood for mine.



A large, detailed illustration of Spider-Man's face and upper torso dominates the right side of the page. He has a determined, slightly weary expression. The background is a collage of various scenes from his life: a young Peter Parker in a rainstorm, two men talking, a man at a desk, a man in a suit, and a woman pointing. Each scene is accompanied by a speech bubble or text box.

I tried to help  
but there was  
nothing I could  
do--

Why do I seek the power  
of the Spider? so that I  
can help people, without it  
there's nothing I can do--

Before I can  
get started I  
need a base of  
operations, a  
company--

Look, Ezekiel, we can't  
get anything done unless  
the full board of Directors  
can agree on--

I know things are trouble,  
but I told them not to go  
and there's no time right  
now. I can't--

I want to, but--

Nothing I  
can do--



I can do it...

PARKER

Can't let her down...

I love you, Aunt May

Can't let this stop me

Depending on me

I love you, MJ

Won't give up

Never give up

Never...

I love you...

I can do it...

Can't let her down...

PARKER

RICHARD PETERSON

I love you, Aunt May

Can't let this stop me

Depending on me

I love you, MJ

Won't give up...

Never give up--

Never--

I love you...

I can do it...

Can't let her down...

I love you, Aunt May...

Can't let this stop...

Depending on me...

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Never give up...

Never...

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Never give up...

Never...

I love you...

I can do it...

Can't let her down...

I love you, Aunt May...

Can't let this stop...

Depending on me...

I love you, MJ...

Won't give up...

Never give up...

Never...

I love you...

I can do it...

Can't let her down...

PARKER

RICHARD PETERSON

I love you, Aunt May

Can't let this stop me

Depending on me

I love you, MJ

Won't give up...

Never give up--

Never--

I love you...

I can do it...

Can't let her down...

I love you, Aunt May...

Can't let this stop...

Depending on me...

I love you, MJ...

Won't give up...

Never give up...

Never...

I love you...

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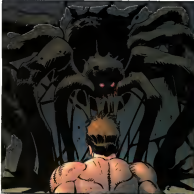
I love you, MJ...

Won't give up...

Never give up...

Never...

I love you...





Peter!



GET AWAY FROM HIM!



I made a mistake... I was trying... get away from him... get back...



It's me you want... I'm the one who never did a damned thing with my life... not him... leave him alone... you want to take somebody... take me... take me... take me...



...fuck it!

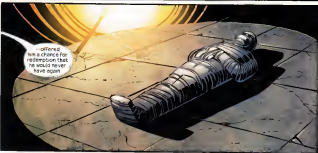






your life for  
his, his life for yours.  
The part of you that  
went into him understood  
what the part of him that  
went into you never would.

Your soul  
triumphed over  
his, and in so  
doing —



— offered  
him a chance for  
redemption that  
he would never  
have seen.



And in  
return, he gave  
you something that  
you thought you  
would never have  
seen.

Yeah?  
What's  
that?



Take a  
look around  
and work it  
out.







That's a great question, John. We'll see you again when school starts.

End

**MARVEL**